

C. A. Gould

# SONGS OF THE KING



Two Hundred and Ninety Thousand Edition

# SONGS OF THE KING

## PRICES

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# Preface

There has never been any great religious movement without the use of sacred song. Moses and the hosts of Israel sang of their deliverance on the shores of the Red Sea; the Angels of Heaven sang the Good Tidings Of Great Joy over Bethlehem's Manger; At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and ten thousand times ten thousand shall sing His praise eternally.

"God sent His singers upon the earth,  
With songs of sadness and of mirth;  
That they might touch the hearts of men  
And bring them back to Heaven again."

SONGS OF THE KING contains the cream of the old songs and the best of the new, and is sent forward to exalt Christ and save Humanity. "As long as the heart hath sorrows, as long as life has woes," the ministry of sacred song will be incalculable. Out of our years of experience with the great multitudes every where, we have selected, composed and edited these songs which have helped us so mightily to awaken the careless, melt the hardened and indifferent, and to guide the hungry inquiring souls to the Lord Jesus. Asking the Father's blessing upon all His workers in all places of His dominion,

We are,

Yours in business for the King

CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE,

DE LOSS SMITH.

Chicago, Nov. 1st. 1906.

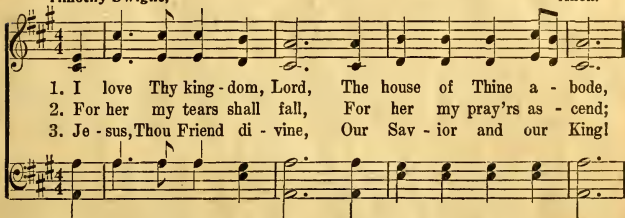


# SONGS OF THE KING

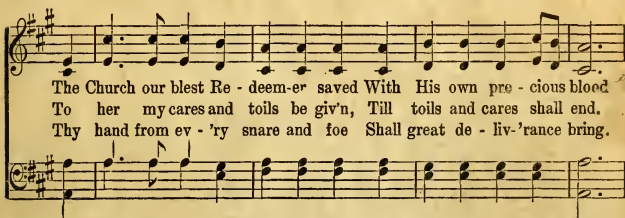
## No. 1. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight,

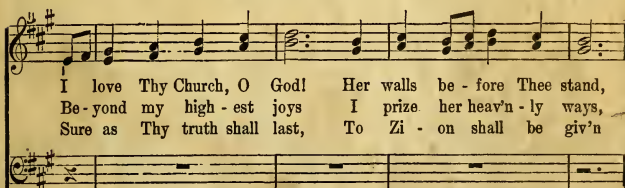
Anon.



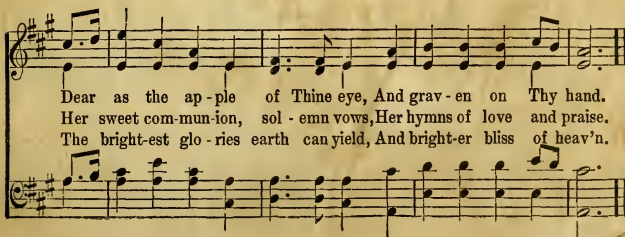
1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord,      The house of Thine a - bode,  
 2. For her my tears shall fall,      For her my pray'rs as - cend;  
 3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine,      Our Sav - ior and our King!



The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre - cious blood  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.  
 Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv'-rance bring.



I love Thy Church, O God!      Her walls be - fore Thee stand,  
 Be - yond my high - est joys      I prize her heav'n - ly ways,  
 Sure as Thy truth shall last,      To Zi - on shall be giv'n



Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.  
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

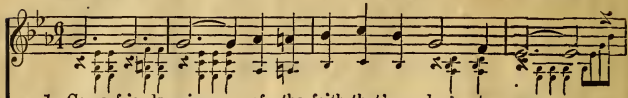
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## Christ is King.

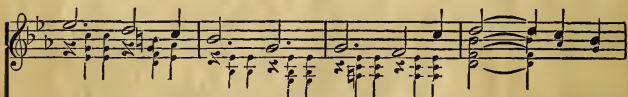
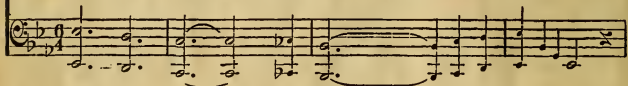
Chas. Reign Scoville.

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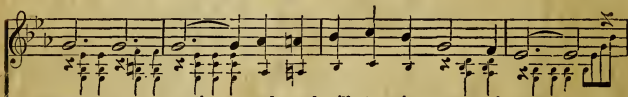
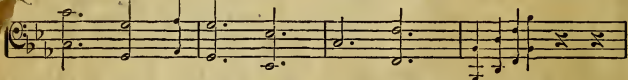
De Loss Smith.



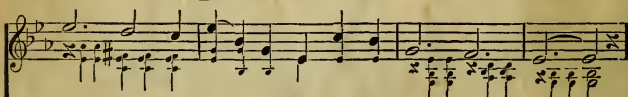
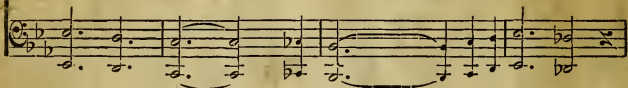
1. Come friends sing, of the faith that's so dear to me,  
 2. Cru - ci - fied, thus He suf - fered and bled for me;  
 3. At His feet on old Ol - i - vet's Hill they say,



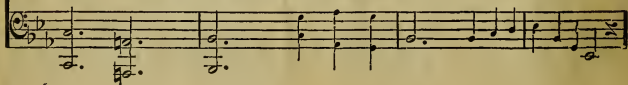
Re - vealed thro' God's Son, in Gal - i - lee; He brought  
 Death and the grave won sin's vic - to - ry; Then the  
 Cloud char - iots halt - ed, took Christ a - way; Then the



peace on earth and good will to the sons of men,  
 sky grew dark and the tem - ple veil rent in twain,  
 an - gels came and to wond'ring dis - ci - ples said



Go tell it to the world, her King reigns a - gain.  
 Rocks rent, and An - gels came, for He lived a - gain.  
 He'll come, and earth and sea shall yield up their dead.

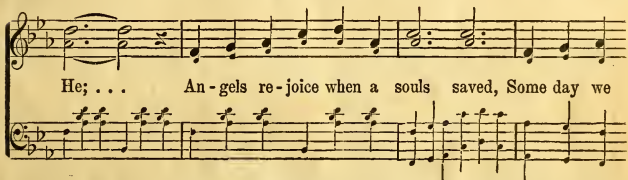


# Christ is King.

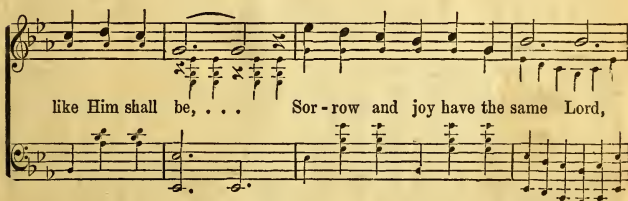
## CHORUS.



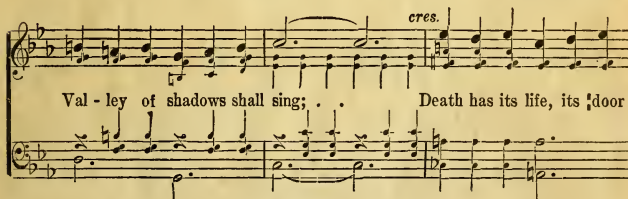
I am so hap-py in Je - sus, Cap - tiv - i - ty's Cap-tor is



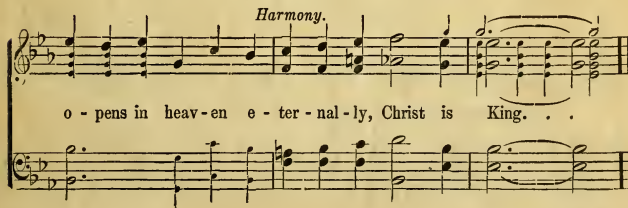
He; . . . An - gels re-joice when a souls saved, Some day we



like Him shall be, . . . Sor-row and joy have the same Lord,



Val - ley of shadows shall sing; . . . Death has its life, its 'door



o - pens in heav-en e - ter - nal-ly, Christ is King. . .

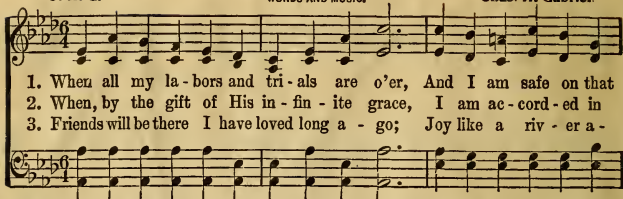
## No. 3.

## O That Will Be Glory.

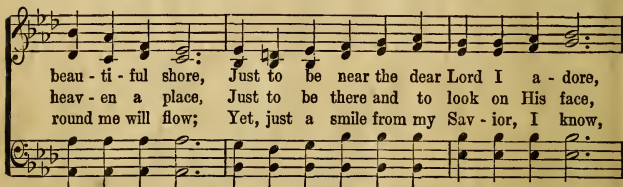
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

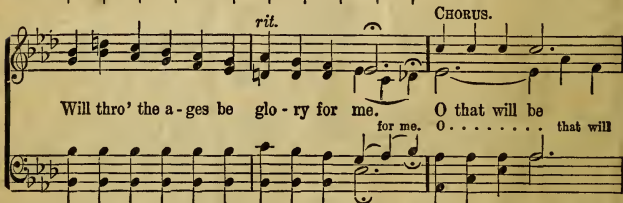
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that  
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in  
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -



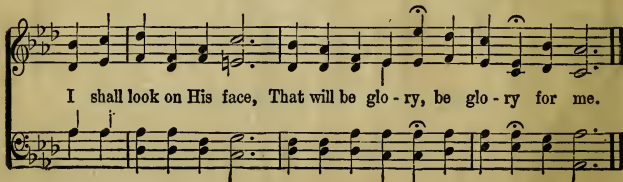
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,  
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,  
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,



*rit.* CHORUS.  
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. O that will be  
for me. O . . . . . that will



glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace  
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me. . . .



I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.



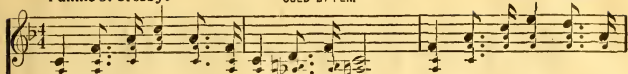
## No. 4.

## Girded for Battle.

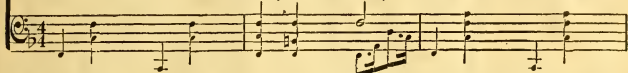
Fannie J. Crosby.

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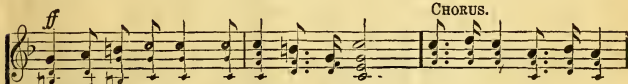
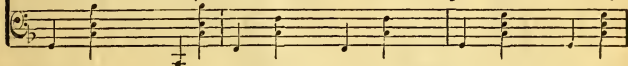
Victor H. Benke.



1. Gird - ed for bat - tle our forc - es we bring, Fear - less and faith - ful to  
 2. Gird - ed for bat - tle our path - way is clear, Since He is for us no  
 3. Gird - ed for bat - tle now on, to the field, Truth is our watch-word and

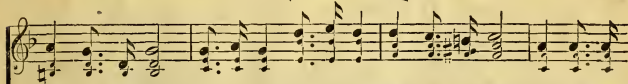


fol - low our King; Read y the le - gions of e - vil to brave,  
 dan - ger we fear, Le - gions can nev - er His sol - diers en - slave,  
 faith is our shield, Fierce tho' the con - flict its per - ils we'll brave,

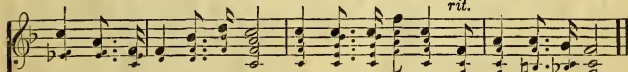
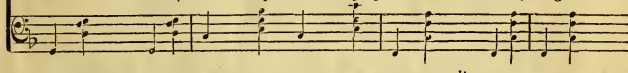


## CHORUS.

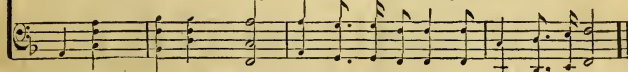
Trust-ing our Leader, the Might-y to Save.  
 He, our Commander, i might-y to save. Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!  
 He, our De-liv-er, is might-y to ve.



this our ac-claim, Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! praise to His name; Sing till the



ransomed that watch from the sky, Send back the answer, your tri-umph is nigh.



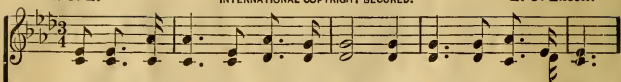
## No. 5.

## Grace, Enough for Me.

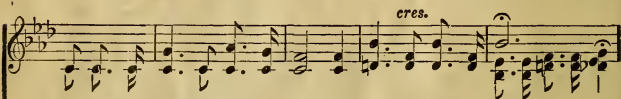
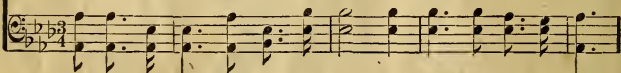
E. O. E.

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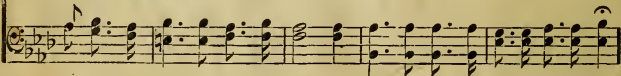
E. O. Excell.



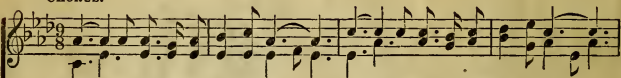
1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the vale, My por - tion there will be



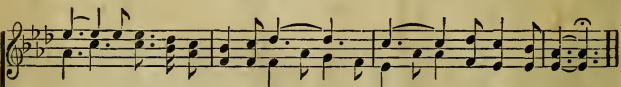
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.  
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me.  
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)  
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.



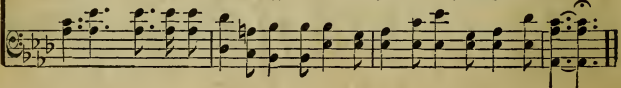
## CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, Grace as fath-om-less as the sea,  
 Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry, for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the rolling sea,



Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.  
 Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, enough for me.



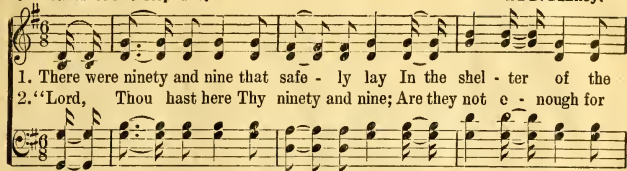
# No. 6.

# The Ninety and Nine.

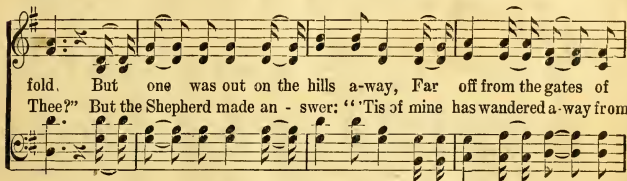
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Elizabeth C. Clephane,

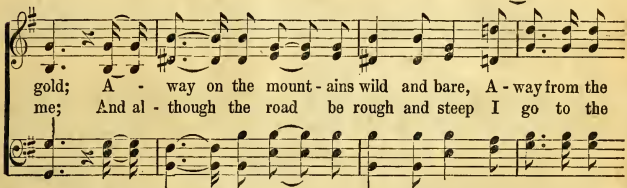
Ira D. Sankey.



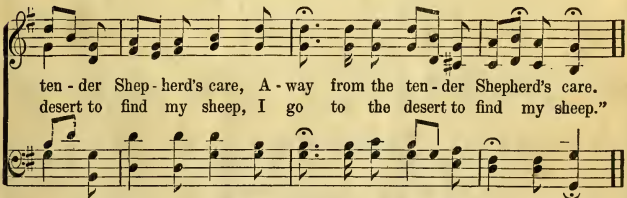
1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the  
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for



fold. But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of  
Thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer: "'Tis of mine has wandered a-way from



gold; A - way on the mount - ains wild and bare, A - way from the  
me; And al - though the road be rough and steep I go to the



ten - der Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.  
desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Or how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all  
the way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"  
They were shed for one who had gone  
astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back  
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and  
torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many a  
thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His  
own!"

## No. 7.

## The Great Change.

Chas. Reign Scoville.

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De Loss Smith.

1. Since I'm in Christ and par-doned from sin, O what a world is  
 2. Fath-om-less love of e - ter - nal length, Weak - ness has changed to  
 3. Things I once loved are things I now hate, Since I have en - tered  
 4. That which was gain I count now but loss, What seemed pure gold I

this I'm now in! All things are changed by power di - vine, For I love  
 won-der-ful strength, All things are changed in "All mine are Thine," For I love  
 thro' the "Straight Gate." Toil all is pleas-ure, life is sub - lime, For I love  
 see now was dross: Tho' but a branch, I live in the Vine, For I love

## CHORUS.

Christ and know He is mine. O what a change, O what a change,  
 O what a change, O what a change,

Since thro' His blood . . . I'm saved by His grace; . . . And as He leads, . . .  
 Since thro' His blood by His grace; And as He leads,

still I shall change, Un - til I see . . . . . His face. . . . .  
 still I shall change, Un - til I see beau - ti - ful face.

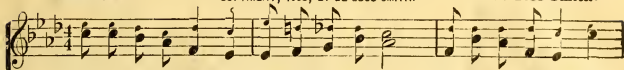


# No. 8. ~~X~~ Won't You Come Back Home?

James Rowe.

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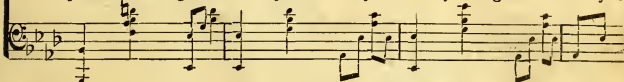
De Loss Smith.



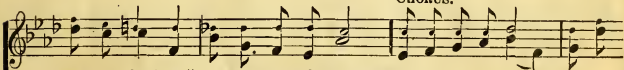
1. Soul a-stray in darkness, bowed by sin and woe, One still dear-ly loves you,
2. Tho' from Him you wander, un - der sin's control, Ev - er He is yearning
3. Think how He has suf-fered just to prove His love; E - ven now a man-sion
4. Swift the day is speed-ing; night is com-ing on; Turn, while Je-sus calls you



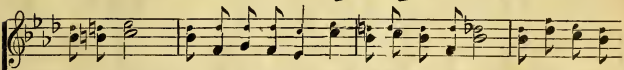
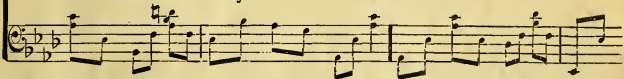
tho you downward go; Ten-der-ly He calls you in the gath'ring gloom; Hear Him for your wayward soul; Arms of love are o - pen, Why, despairing, roam From the He pre-pares a-bove— E ven while you wan-der on to endless doom: Won't you hope will soon be gone. In the path be-fore you lies a yawning tomb: Won't you



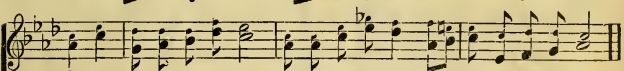
## CHORUS.



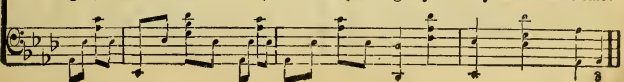
sweet-ly pleading: "Won't you come back home?"  
One who loves you? "Won't you come back home?" Won't you come back home, won't you try to love Him? "Won't you come back home?" Won't you come to Je-sus. love the Sav-ior? "Won't you come back home?"



come back home? Still He dearly loves you and is pleading "Come;" Grieve His heart no



longer; cease from Him to roam; Start tonight for glory: "Won't you come back home?"



## No. 9.

## The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

WORDS AND MUSIC

Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran - er here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is  
 2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and  
 3. My home is bright - er far than Shar - on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal

far a - way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of  
 turn a - way, from sin's se - duct - ive snare; That all who will o - bey, with  
 life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My sov' reign bids me tell how

CHORUS.  
 realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.  
 Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the  
 mortals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

mes - sage that I bring, A mes - sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye

reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

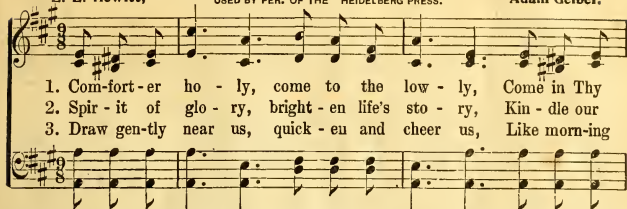
# No. 10. Comforter Holy, Come to the Lowly.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY RUFUS W. MILLER, FROM THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNAL.

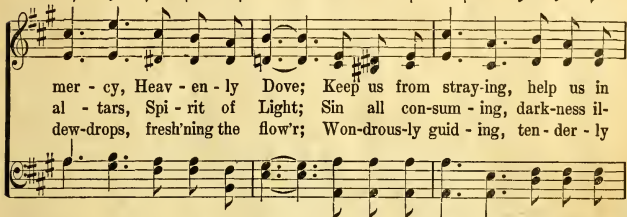
E. E. Hewitt,

USED BY PER. OF THE "HEIDELBERG PRESS."

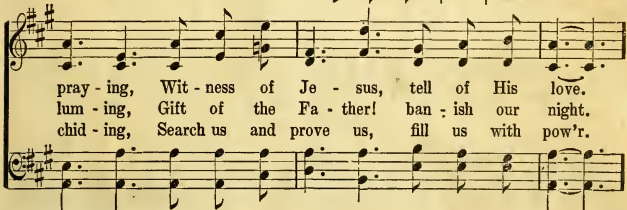
Adam Geibel.



1. Com-fort-er ho - ly, come to the low - ly, Come in Thy  
 2. Spir - it of glo - ry, bright - en life's sto - ry, Kin - dle our  
 3. Draw gen-tly near us, quick - en and cheer us, Like morn-ing

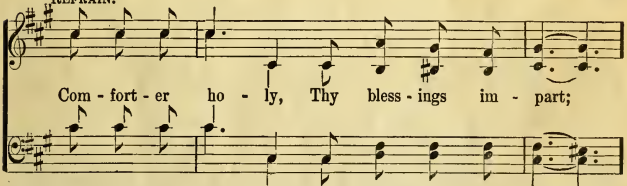


mer - cy, Heav - en - ly Dove; Keep us from stray-ing, help us in  
 al - tars, Spi - rit of Light; Sin all con-sum - ing, dark-ness il-  
 dew-drops, fresh'ning the flow'r; Won-drous-ly guid - ing, ten - der - ly

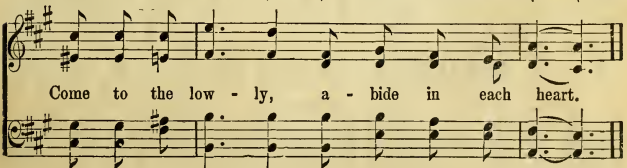


pray - ing, Wit - ness of Je - sus, tell of His love.  
 lum - ing, Gift of the Fa - ther! ban - ish our night.  
 chid - ing, Search us and prove us, fill us with pow'r.

## REFRAIN.



Com - fort - er ho - ly, Thy bless - ings im - part;



Come to the low - ly, a - bide in each heart.

# No. 11.

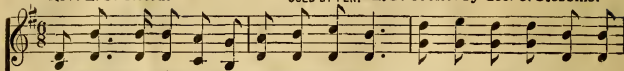
# Throw Out the Life-Line.

*May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.*

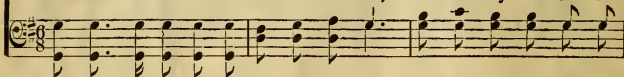
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY THE BIGELOW & MAIN CO.

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

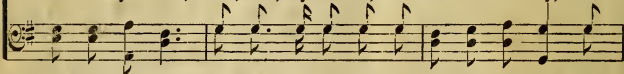
USED BY PER. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



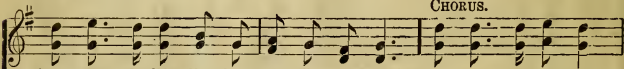
1. Throw out the life-line a- cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the life-line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



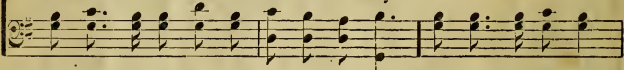
some-one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To  
lin - ger, so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to - day—And  
you've nev-er been; Winds of tempt-a - tion and bil - lows of woe Will  
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But



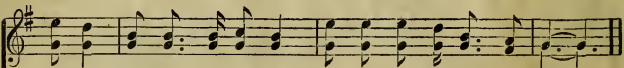
## CHORUS.



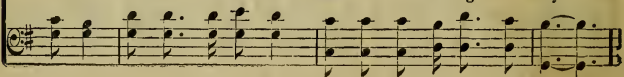
throw out the life-line his per - il to share?  
out with the life-boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the life-line!  
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.  
throw out the life-line and save them to - day.



Throw out the life-line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the



life-line! Throw out the life-line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.





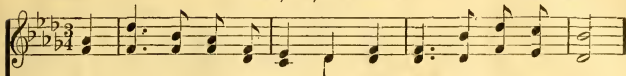
## No. 12.

## I Love to Hear the Story.

Neal A. McAulay.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

De Loss Smith.



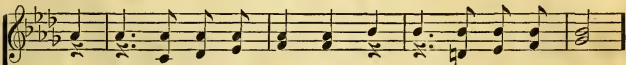
1. I love to hear the sto - ry, Of God's re - deem-ing love;
2. For me He paid the ran - som That brought my soul to God,
3. And since His grace re-deems me, And keeps me ev - 'ry hour,
4. And now I go re-joic - ing, My soul is filled with song;



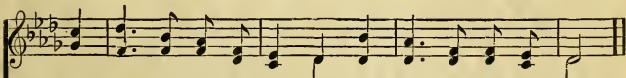
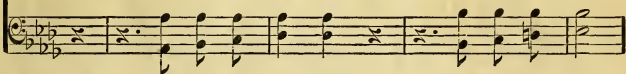
It comes like ho - ly sun - shine From Him who dwells a - bove.  
 On Cal - vary's rug - ged mount - ain He shed His pre - cious blood.  
 I love to do His bid - ding, For He im - parts the pow'r.  
 How can I but be hap - py? I praise Him all day long.



## CHORUS.



I love to hear the sto - ry, It nev - er shall grow old;  
 I love the sto - ry, It ne'er grows old;



It helps me on to glo - ry, The more I hear it told.



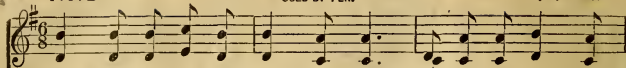
## No. 13.

## Wonderful Words of Life.

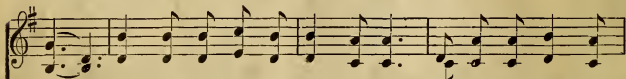
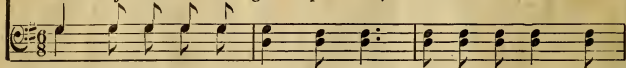
P. P. B

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.  
USED BY PER.

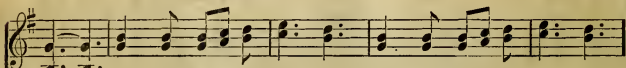
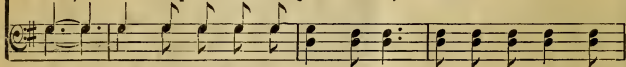
P. P. Bliss.



1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of  
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all Won - der - ful words of  
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of



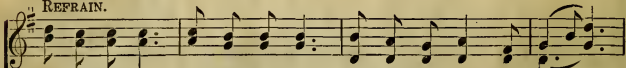
Life; Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of  
 Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of  
 Life; Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of



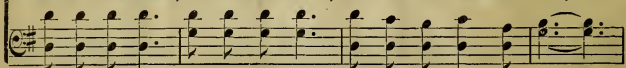
Life; Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;  
 Life; All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.  
 Life; Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.



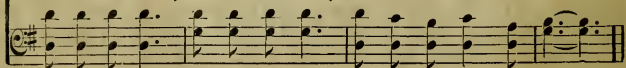
## REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life;



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

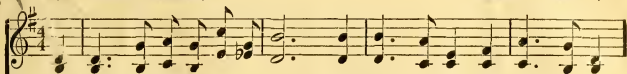


## The Lord Knows Why.

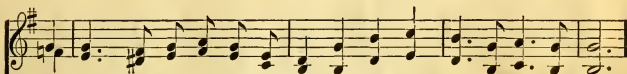
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. USED BY PER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

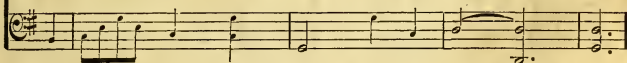
Chas. H. Gabriel.



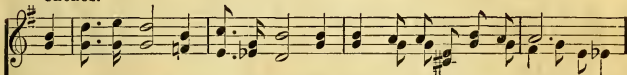
1. I may not know the reason why      Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky,
2. I may not know why I am led,      So oft - en in the paths I dread,
3. I may not know why death should come To take the dear ones from my home,
4. So, tho' I may not un-der-stand      The lead - ings of my Fa-ther's hand,



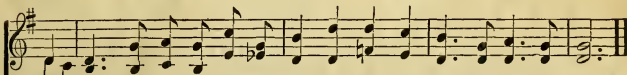
But tho' my sea be smooth or rough The Lord knows why, and that's e - nough.  
 But, trust - ing Him I'll press my way; The Lord knows why— I will o - bey.  
 But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him.  
 I know to all He has the key,— He understands each mys - ter - y.



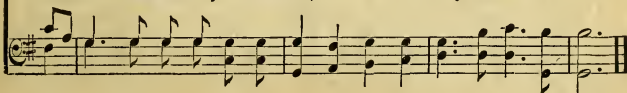
## CHORUS.



O, yes, He knows the Lord knows why! These things are ordered from on high;  
 from on high;



And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.

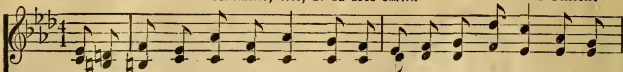


# No. 15. You'll Be Weighed in the Balance.

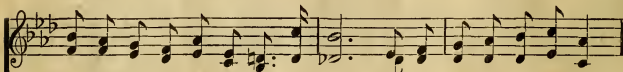
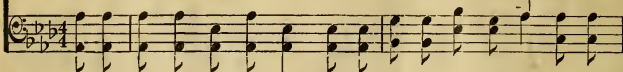
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

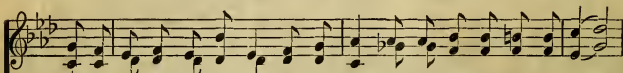
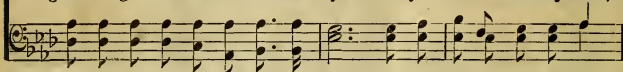
De Loss Smith.



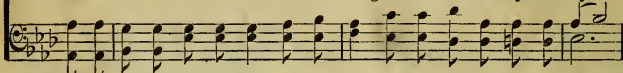
1. As you jour-ney on thro' life, are you liv-ing as you should To per-
2. In the fight for truth and right do you dai-ly do your share, Or in
3. Is your gaze up - on the cross and the bleeding Lamb thereon, Or has



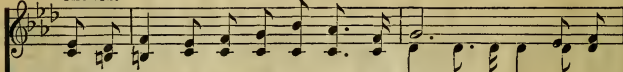
form your du - ty dai-ly do you try? Do you use your tal-ents well?  
 pleasure's gild-ed pal-ace do you lie? Are you aid-ing wea-ry souls,  
 gold a great er charm for heart and eye? Do you strive for earthly fame,



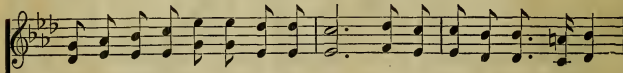
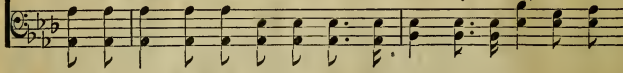
are you loving, kind and good? You'll be weigh'd in the balance by and by,  
 or is self your on - ly care? You'll be weigh'd in the balance by and by.  
 or will heaven's crown be won? You'll be weigh'd in the balance by and by.



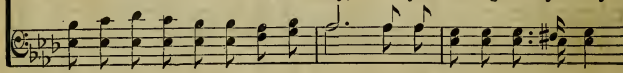
## CHORUS.



You'll be weighed in the bal - ance by and by, By the  
 by and by,

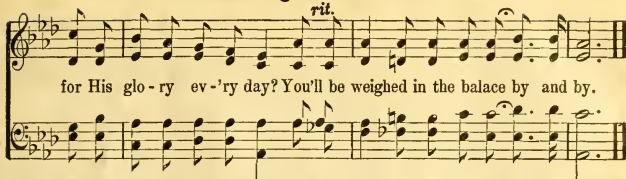


Rul - er of the earth and sea and sky, Are you do - ing what you may





## You'll Be Weighed In the Balance.



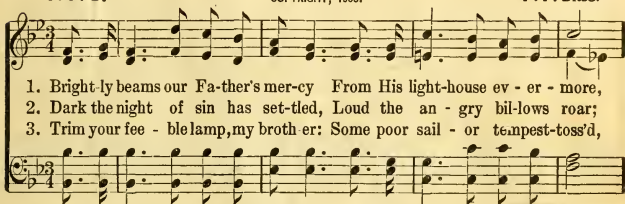
*rit.*  
for His glo - ry ev - 'ry day? You'll be weighed in the balace by and by.

## No. 16. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

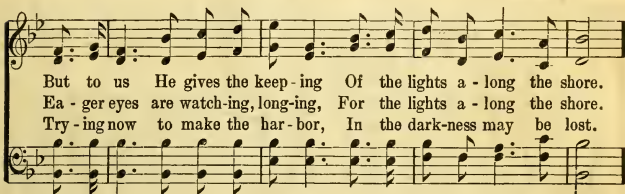
P. P. B.

BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.  
COPYRIGHT, 1905.

P. P. Bliss.

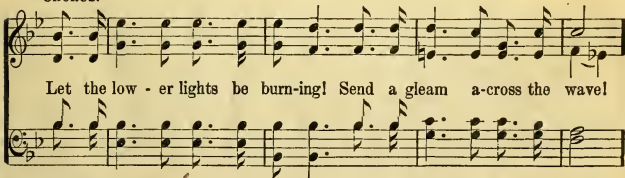


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,  
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;  
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or tempest-toss'd,

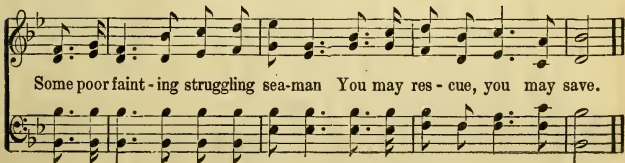


But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.  
Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.  
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



Some poor faint - ing struggling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

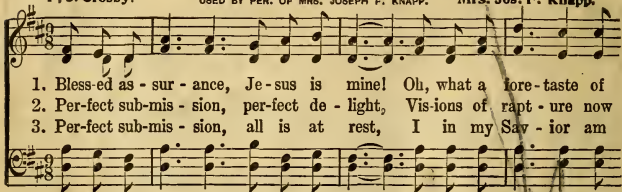
## No. 17.

## Blessed Assurance.

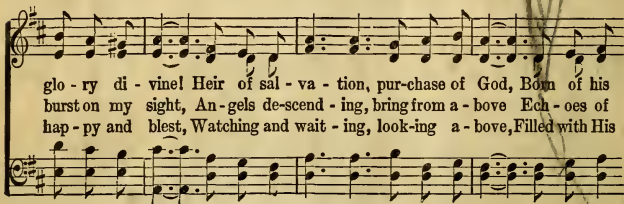
F. J. Crosby.

USED BY PER. OF MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

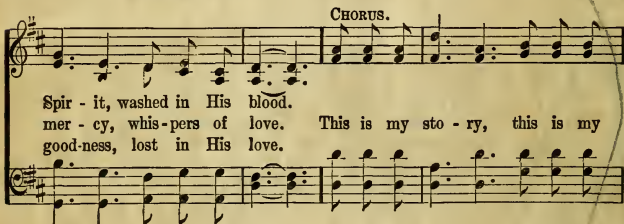


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure now  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

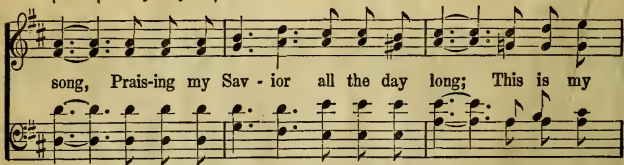


glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of his  
 burst on my sight, An - gels de-scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of  
 hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

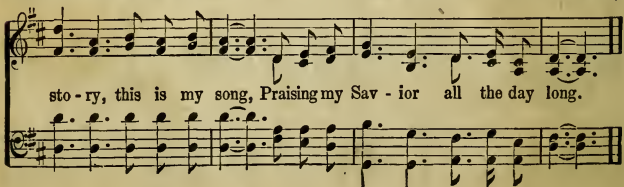
CHORUS.



Spir - it, washed in His blood.  
 mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my  
 good-ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my



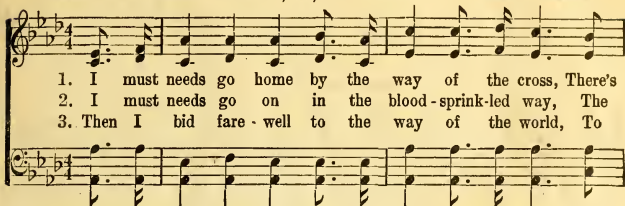
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long.

# No. 18. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

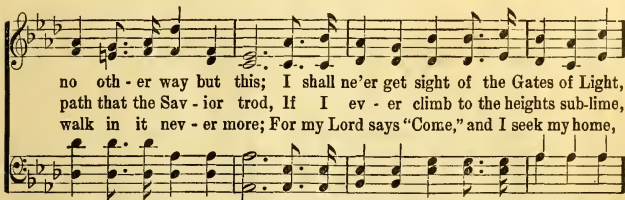
Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

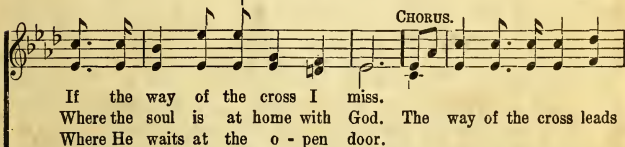
Chas. H. Gabriel.



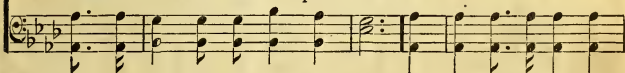
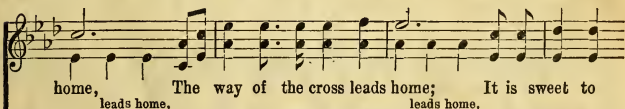
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's  
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The  
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To



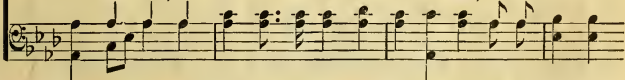
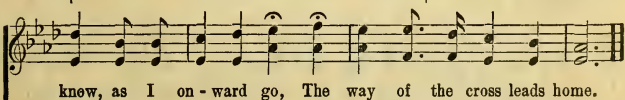
no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,  
path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,  
walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



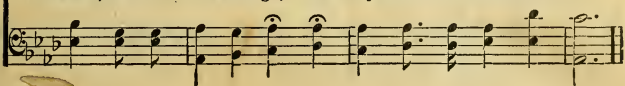
CHORUS.  
If the way of the cross I miss.  
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads  
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to  
leads home, leads home,

knew, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.



## No. 19.

## The Lowlands of Life.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

De Loss Smith.

1. Oh, the Sav - ior is call - ing for work - ers to - day,  
 2. There are hearts that are break - ing and souls al - ways drear,  
 3. There are souls who are nev - er af - ford - ed a smile,  
 4. Let us an - swer the call of our Sav - ior a - bove,

In the low-lands, the low-lands of life; For so ma - ny sad  
 In the low-lands, the low-lands of life; There are those who are  
 In the low-lands, the low-lands of life; There are lone - ly un-  
 And go in - to the low-lands of life; Let us car - ry the

souls are in dark-ness a-stray, In the low-lands, the lowlands of life.  
 pin - ing for friendship and cheer, In the low-lands, the lowlands of life.  
 lov'd ones who grieve all the while, In the low-lands, the lowlands of life.  
 mes-sage of glad-ness and love, To these souls in the lowlands of life.

## CHORUS.

In the low - lands of life, in the low-lands of life, Sin is  
 growing in pow - er and sor - row is rife! Who will an - swer the call?

## The Lowlands of Life.



There is work for us all, In the low-lands, the low-lands of life.

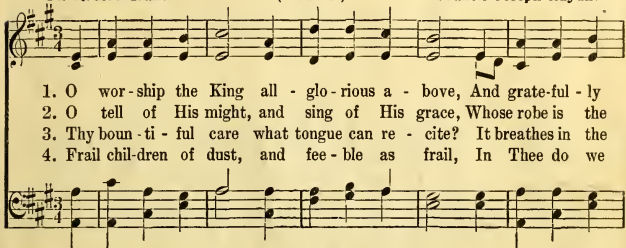
No. 20.

## O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant.

(LYONS.)

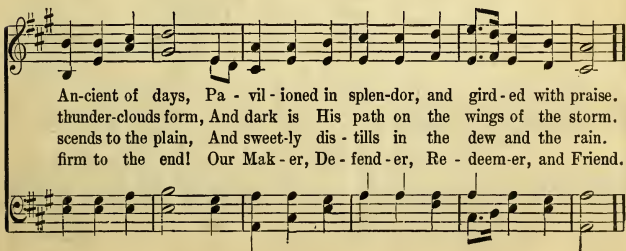
Francis Joseph Haydn.



1. O wor-ship the King all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly  
 2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the  
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the  
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the  
 light, whose can - o - py space; His cha-riots of wrath the deep  
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-  
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how



An-cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.  
 thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
 scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
 firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem-er, and Friend.



## No. 21.

## A Clean Heart.

Rev. Walter C. Smith,

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.  
USED BY PER.

Fred H. Byshe,

1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,  
 2. If clear - er vis - ion Thou im - part, Grate - ful and glad my soul shall be;  
 3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg - er vis - ion yet be mine,  
 4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And stanch the springs of guilt - y tho't,

Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.  
 But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.  
 For mir - rored in its depths are seen The things di - vine, The things di - vine.  
 But, watch and strug - gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

## REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, with - out, with - in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,  
 Wash me, Thou, with - out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,

# A Clean Heart.

No matter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.  
 An-y-how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me.  
 Die in me.  
 rit.

## No. 22. Mission of the Sunlight.

Mrs. J. W. Shepherd.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

De Loss Smith.

1. I know God made the sun-light, When things go all a - miss, To  
 2. Oh, what a gift of kind-ness Sent down from heav'n a - bove, To  
 3. 'Tis heav-en's pre-cious bless-ing That we may use each day, Then  
 change the hours of dark-ness To days of hap - pi - ness, To  
 guide us in our blind-ness And fill our hearts with love, To  
 with Christ's love con-fess - ing We'll drive all care a - way, Then  
 change the hours of dark-ness To days of hap - pi - ness.  
 guide us in our blind-ness And fill our hearts with love.  
 with Christ's love con - fess - ing We'll drive all care a - way.

## No. 23.

## So Near to the Savior.

R. J. Jones.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY R. H. MEREDITH &amp; CO. CHICAGO, USED BY PER.

Harry L. Brooks.

1. So near to the Sav-ior; what keeps thee a-way? So near to the  
 2. So near that thou hearest His wel-come of love,—His promise of  
 3. Oh, why dost thou wan-der in sin ev-er-more, While Je-sus is

Sav-ior, yet, why thus de-lay? Give up ev-'ry i-dol, what-glo-ry,—a king-dom a-bove; So near to sal-va-tion, from pleading? "Come, en-ter the door; Oh, come out of dark-ness. oh,

e'er it may be, And come un-to Je-sus, He's wait-ing for thee.  
 sin to be free, The Sav-ior is wait-ing,—is wait-ing for thee.  
 come out of sin, I'm wait-ing, I'm wait-ing to wel-come you in."

CHORUS.

Wait-ing for thee,..... Wait-ing for thee,.....  
 Wait-ing for thee, Wait-ing for thee,

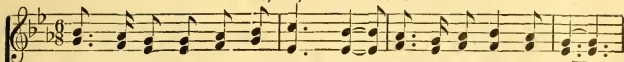
The Sav-ior is wait-ing, Is wait-ing for thee.

## No. 24.

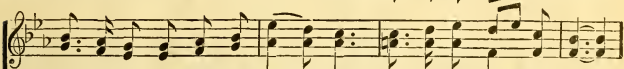
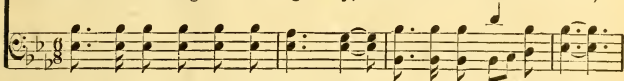
## Where Are You Going?

F. H. C.

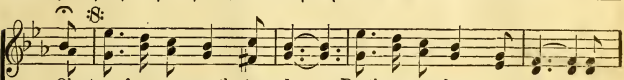
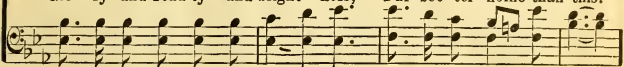
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY SCOVILLE &amp; SMITH. Flora Hamilton Cassel.



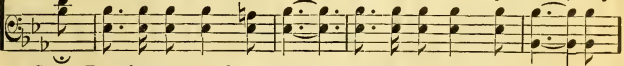
1. Where are you go - ing, my broth - er, Wan-der-ing day by day?
2. Ea - sy and smooth is the down grade, Steep is the up - ward way,
3. Nar - row and straight is the right way, That leads to the land of bliss,



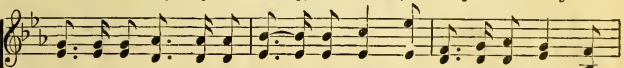
Swift - ly your foot - steps are pass - ing on O - ver the downward way.  
 Broad is the road which will lead to death, Broth - er, no more de - lay.  
 Glo - ry and beau - ty and bright - ness, Far bet - ter home than this!



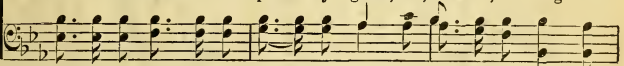
Oh, turn from your path to - day, Broth - er, no long - er stray. The  
 Tho' hidden, there's dan - ger near, List to the warn - ing clear. There's  
 Then fly from the wrath to come, Haste to the heav'n - ly home; Thy



CHO.—Turn from your path to - day, Broth - er, no long - er stray. The



road will be bright, If you turn to the right, Oh, broth - er, no long - er  
 hor - ror and fright With the darkness of night, Oh, broth - er, the mes - sage  
 Sav - ior a - waits At the pearl - y gates, Oh, broth - er, no long - er



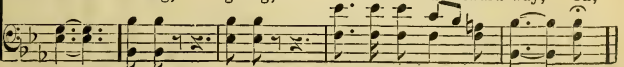
road will be bright, If you turn to the right, Oh, broth - er, no long - er

FINE.

Chorus D. S.



stray. Go - ing, go - ing, O - ver the downward way, Oh,  
 hear. Go - ing, go - ing, O - ver the downward way, Oh,  
 roam. Go - ing, go - ing, O - ver the downward way, Oh,



stray.

## No. 25.

## Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.

Dr. M. Victor Staley.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver—The toil and cares of life; Some  
 2. Some day I'll see the man-sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some  
 3. Some day I'll see the Sav-ior, And know Him, face to face; Some

day the world be vauquish'd With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey  
 day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the  
 day re-ceive, un-meas-ured, The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up-

end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -  
 voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In  
 on me From that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of

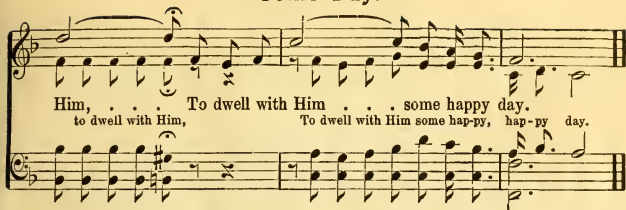
## CHORUS.

ceive, at last, my crown.  
 heav'n's im-mor-tal song. Some day, . . . . . some hap-py day, . . . . .  
 His un-dy-ing love. some hap-py day, some hap-py day,

The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, . . . . . And I shall go to dwell with  
 all tears a-way,



## Some Day.



Him, To dwell with Him . . . some happy day.  
to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him some hap-py, hap-py day.

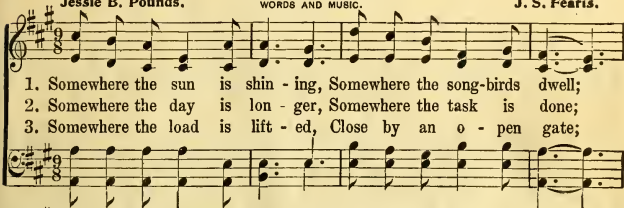
## No. 26.

## Beautiful Isle.

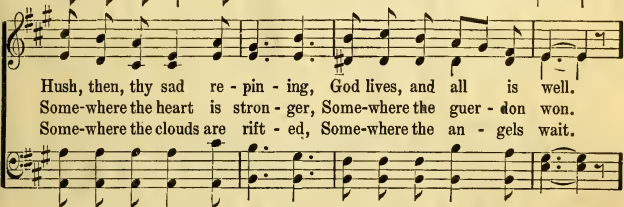
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jessie B. Pounds.

J. S. Fearis.



1. Somewhere the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;  
2. Somewhere the day is lon - ger, Somewhere the task is done;  
3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

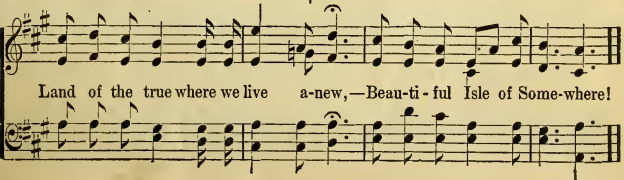


Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.  
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.  
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

### CHORUS.



Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!  
Some - where, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Isle,

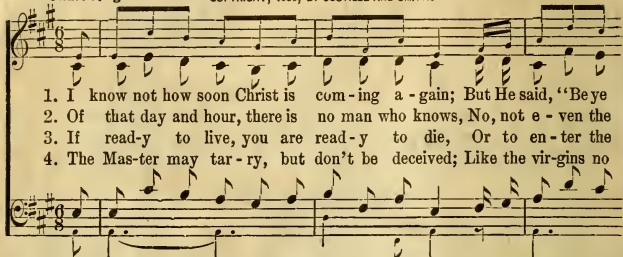


Land of the true where we live a-new,—Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

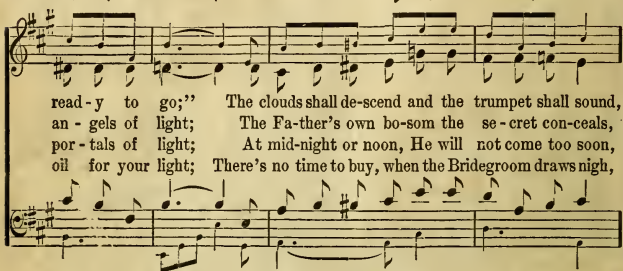
Chas. Reign Scoville.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY SCOVILLE AND SMITH.

De Loss Smith.

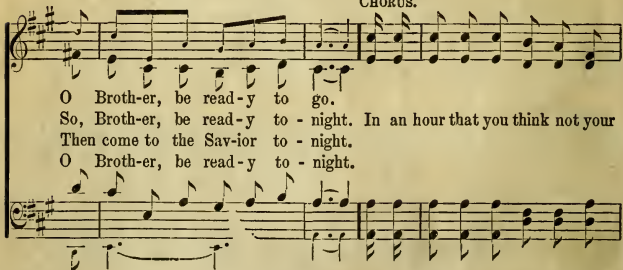


1. I know not how soon Christ is com-ing a - gain; But He said, "Be ye  
 2. Of that day and hour, there is no man who knows, No, not e - ven the  
 3. If read-y to live, you are read-y to die, Or to en-ter the  
 4. The Mas-ter may tar-ry, but don't be deceived; Like the vir-gins no

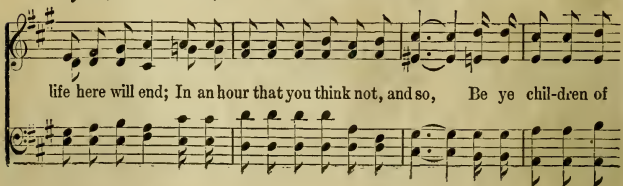


read - y to go;" The clouds shall de-scend and the trumpet shall sound,  
 an - gels of light; The Fa-ther's own bo-som the se-cret con-ceals,  
 por - tals of light; At mid-night or noon, He will not come too soon,  
 oil for your light; There's no time to buy, when the Bridegroom draws nigh,

## CHORUS.

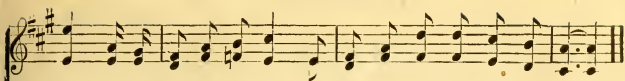


O Broth-er, be read-y to go.  
 So, Broth-er, be read-y to - night. In an hour that you think not your  
 Then come to the Sav-ior to - night.  
 O Broth-er, be read-y to - night.

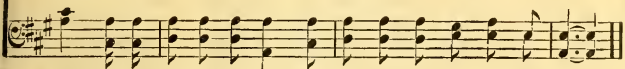


life here will end; In an hour that you think not, and so, Be ye chil-dren of

## Be Ye Also Ready.



light, come to Je-sus to-night, And you will be read - y to go.



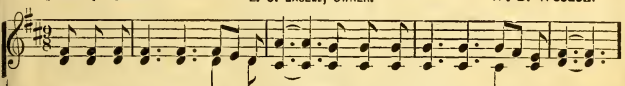
## No. 28.

## Somebody.

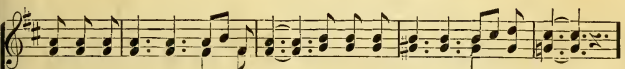
John R. Clements.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.  
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

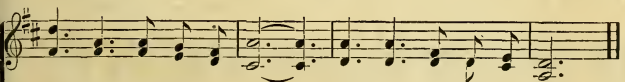
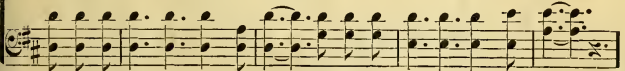
W. S. Weedon.



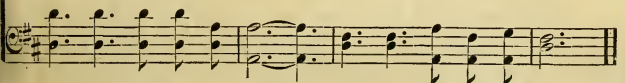
1. Some-body did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-body i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs.
4. Some-body filled the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;



Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long, —  
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right, —  
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain, —  
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease, —



Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?



## No. 29.

## Abide With Me.

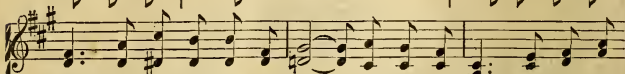
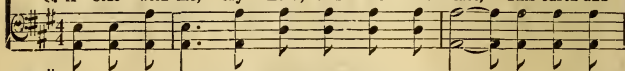
Emma G. Dietrich.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

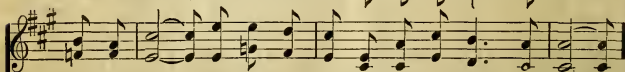
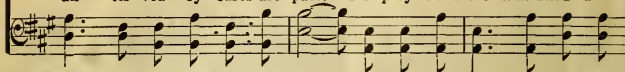
Louis D. Eichhorn.



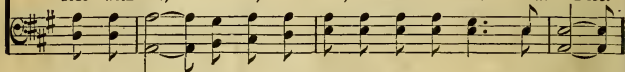
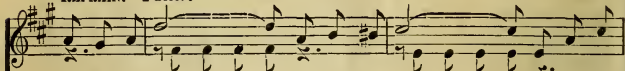
- 1 A - bide with me; I need Thee ev - 'ry day, To lead me  
 2. Be with me, Lord, wher - e'er my path may lead; Ful - fill Thy  
 3. A - bide with me, my Lord, and when at last, This earth and



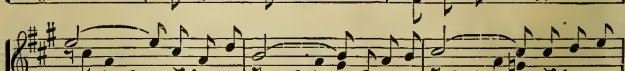
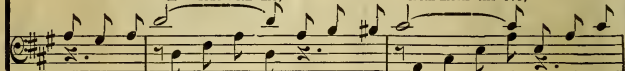
on thro' all the wea - ry way; When storms sur-round, and on - ly  
 word, sup - ply my ev - 'ry need; Help me to live each day more  
 all its vea - ry cares are past; I'll pray no more that Thou a -



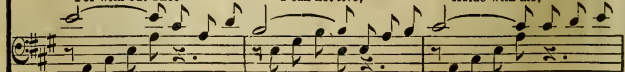
clouds I see, Lord, be my com - fort, and a - bide with me.  
 close to Thee, And, oh, dear Lord, I pray, a - bide with me.  
 bide with me, For then, at last, I shall a - bide with Thee.

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

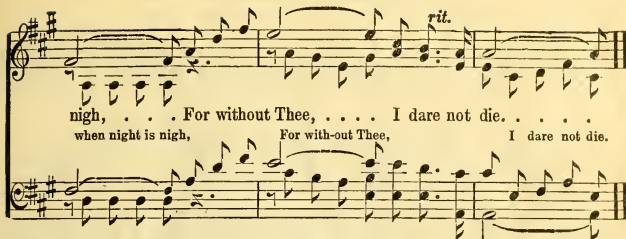
A - bide with me, . . . . . from morn till eve, . . . . . For without  
 A - bide with me, from morn till eve,



Thee . . . . . I can-not live: . . . . . Abide with me . . . . . when night is  
 For with-out Thee I can-not live; Abide with me,



## Abide With Me.



nigh, . . . For without Thee, . . . . I dare not die. . . .  
 when night is nigh, For with-out Thee, I dare not die.

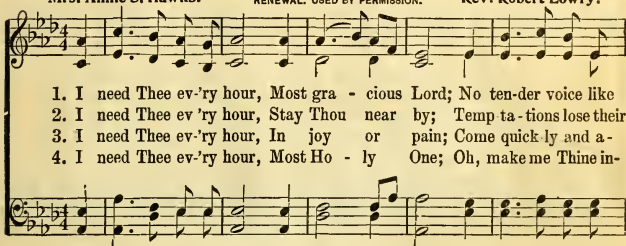
No. 30.

## I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

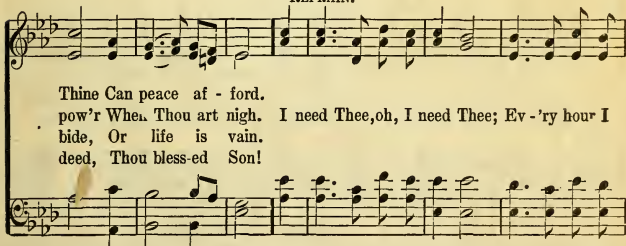
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.  
 RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

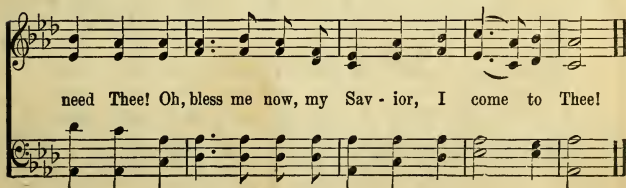


1. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like  
 2. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp ta - tions lose their  
 3. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-  
 4. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

### REFRAIN.



Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; Ev -'ry hour I  
 bide, Or life is vain.  
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son!



need Thee! Oh, bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!



## No. 31.

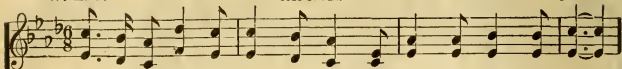
## Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

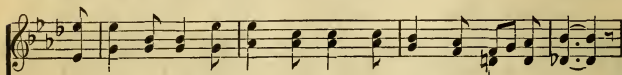
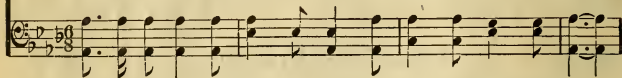
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

USED BY PER.

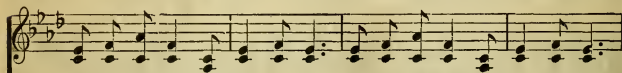
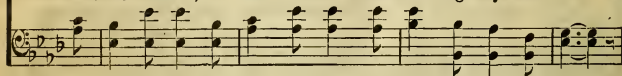
Will L. Thompson.



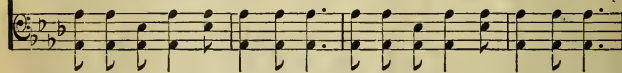
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;  
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;  
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;  
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



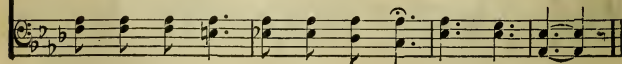
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I should fall.  
 I go to Him for bless - ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.  
 Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?  
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.



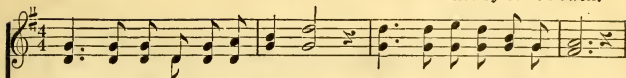
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;  
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;  
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keep - ing His cross with - in my sight,  
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;



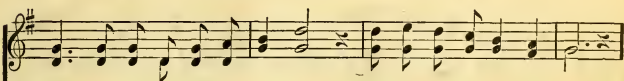
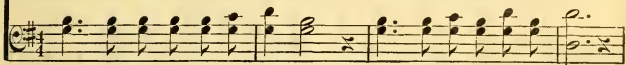
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.  
 Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.  
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend,  
 E - ter - nal, life, e - ter - nal joy He's my friend.



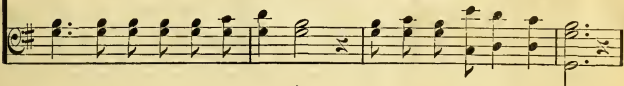
Arr. by J. P. Powell.



1. Shout the ti dings of sal - va - tion, To the a - ged and the young;  
 2. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the prairies of the West;  
 3. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Min - gling with the o cean's roar;  
 4. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the is lands of the sea;



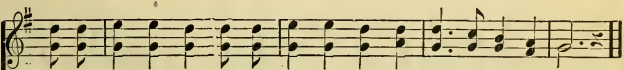
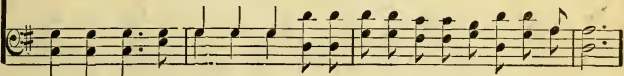
- Till the pre - cious in - vi - ta - tion, Wak - ens ev - 'ry heart and tongue.  
 Till each gath'ring con - gre - ga - tion, With the gos - pel sound is blest.  
 Till the ships or ev - 'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.  
 Till in hum - ble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.



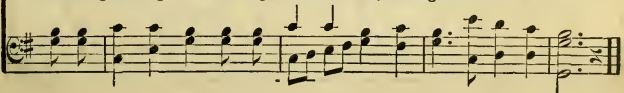
## CHORUS.



Send the sound The earth a - round From the ris - ing to the set - ting of the sun,



Till each gath'ring crowd, Shall proclaim a - loud, The glorious work is done.



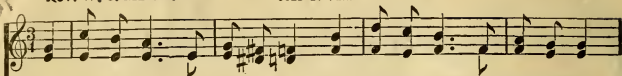
## No. 33.

## The Name of Jesus.

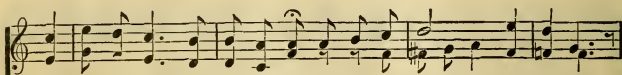
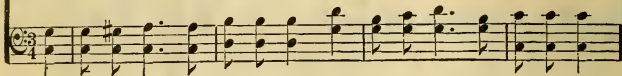
Rev. W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1901 AND 1903, BY E. S. LORENZ.  
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E. S. Lorenz.

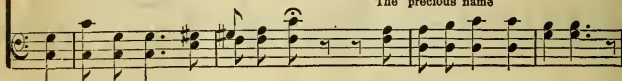


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a - part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.  
 Who bids all anxious fears de - part— I love the name of Je - sus.  
 Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.  
 Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

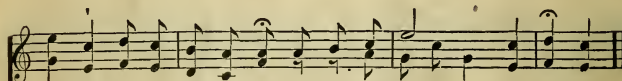
The precious name



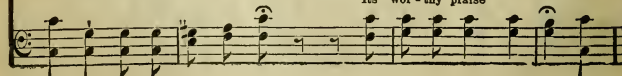
## CHORUS.



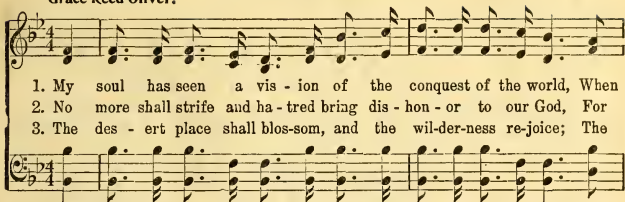
"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



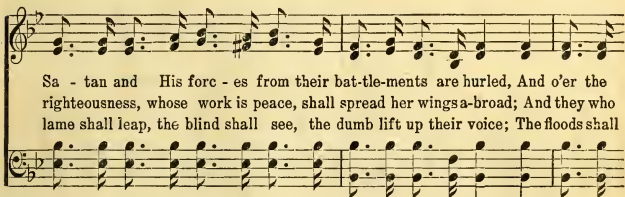
"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.  
 Its wor - thy praise



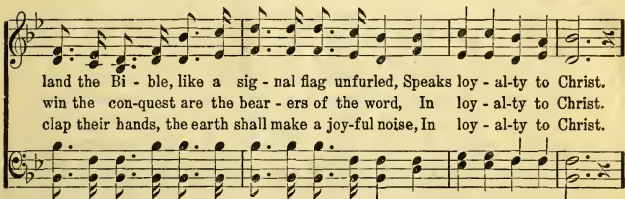
Grace Reed Oliver.



1. My soul has seen a vis - ion of the conquest of the world, When  
 2. No more shall strife and ha - tred bring dis - hon - or to our God, For  
 3. The des - ert place shall blos-som, and the wil-der-ness re-joyce; The

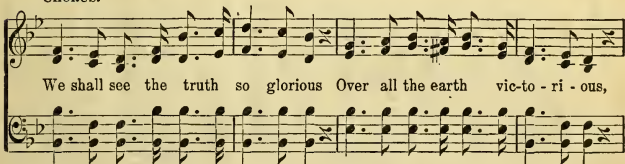


Sa - tan and His forc - es from their bat-tle-ments are hurled, And o'er the  
 righteousness, whose work is peace, shall spread her wings a-broad; And they who  
 lame shall leap, the blind shall see, the dumb lift up their voice; The floods shall

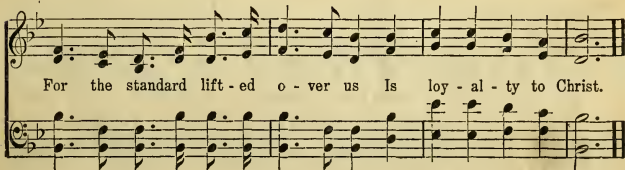


land the Bi - ble, like a sig - nal flag unfurled, Speaks loy - al-ty to Christ.  
 win the con-quest are the bear - ers of the word, In loy - al-ty to Christ.  
 clap their hands, the earth shall make a joy-ful noise, In loy - al-ty to Christ.

## CHORUS.



We shall see the truth so glorious Over all the earth vic-to - ri - ous,



For the standard lift - ed o - ver us Is loy - al - ty to Christ.

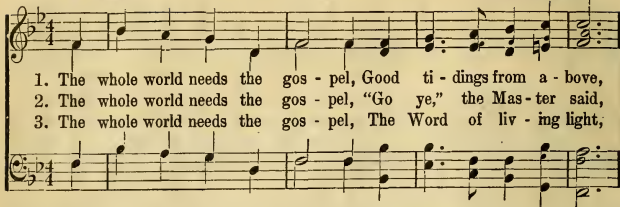
## No. 35.

## The Whole World.

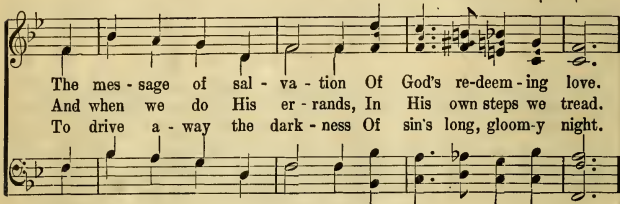
E. E. Hewitt.

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USED BY PER.

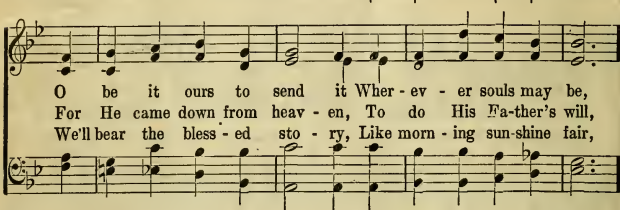
Victor H. Benke.



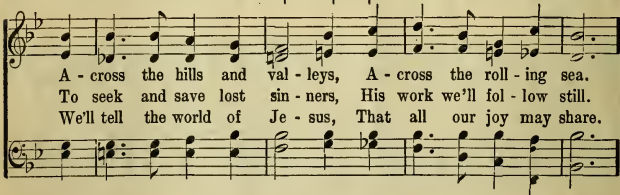
1. The whole world needs the gos - pel, Good ti - dings from a - bove,  
 2. The whole world needs the gos - pel, "Go ye," the Mas - ter said,  
 3. The whole world needs the gos - pel, The Word of liv - ing light,



The mes - sage of sal - va - tion Of God's re-deem - ing love.  
 And when we do His er - rands, In His own steps we tread.  
 To drive a - way the dark - ness Of sin's long, gloom - y night.

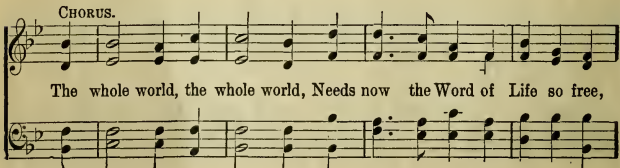


O be it ours to send it Wher - ev - er souls may be,  
 For He came down from heav - en, To do His Fa - ther's will,  
 We'll bear the bless - ed sto - ry, Like morn - ing sun - shine fair,



A - cross the hills and val - leys, A - cross the roll - ing sea.  
 To seek and save lost sin - ners, His work we'll fol - low still.  
 We'll tell the world of Je - sus, That all our joy may share.

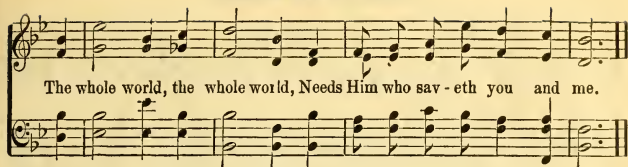
## CHORUS.



The whole world, the whole world, Needs now the Word of Life so free,



# The Whole World.



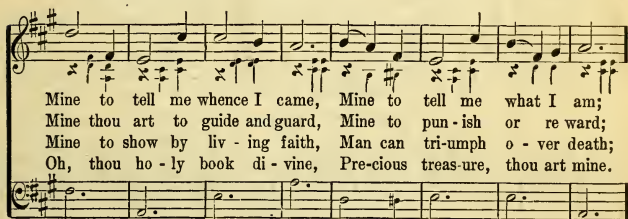
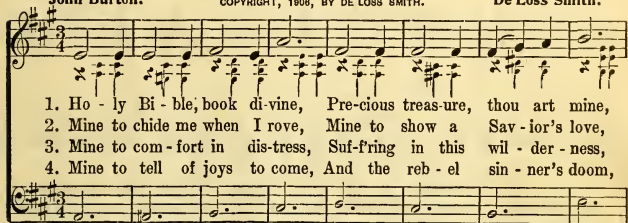
No. 36.

## Holy Bible, Book Divine.

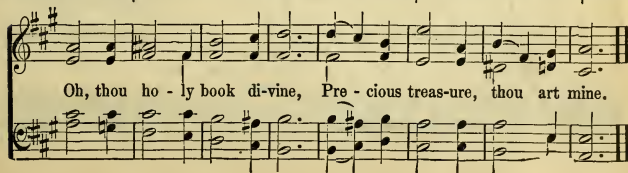
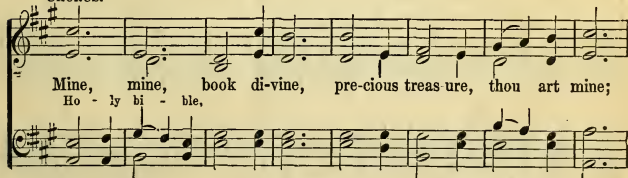
John Burton.

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De Loss Smith.



CHORUS.



## No. 37.

## Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From over hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,  
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,  
3. Come, join our loyal throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,  
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

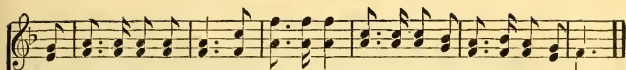
loy - al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,  
loy - al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,  
loy - al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,  
loy - al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's domain,

## CHORUS.

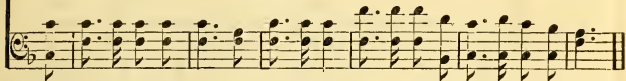
Of loy - al-ty, loy - al-ty, Yes, loy - al-ty to Christ. "On to vic - to-ry! On to

vic - to-ry!" "Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,  
great Commander; "On!"

## Loyalty to Christ,



We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.



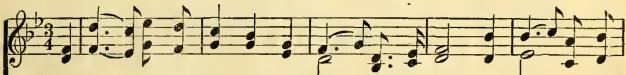
No. 38.✕

## How Can I But Love Him.

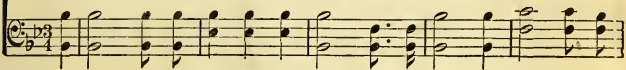
J. E. Rankin.

USED BY PER.

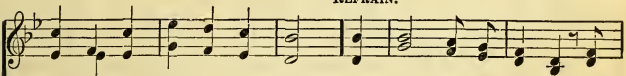
E. S. Lorenz.



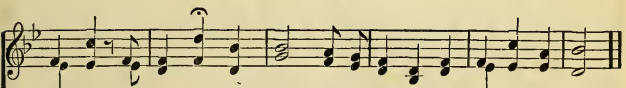
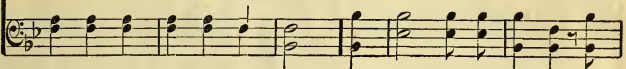
1. So ten - der, so pre-cious, My Sav - ior to me; So true and so
2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly, Tow'rd all of my ways; I - blun - der so
3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is He; His love is the
4. His beau - ty, tho' bleed-ing And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex-



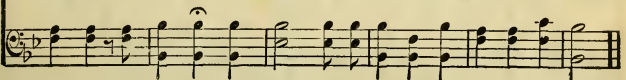
### REFRAIN.



gra-cious, I've found Him to be.  
blind - ly—He love still re - pays. How can I but love Him? But  
rar - est That ev - er can be.  
ceed - ing, For grief Him a - dorns.



love Him, but love Him? There's no friend a-bove Him, Poor sin-ner, for thee.



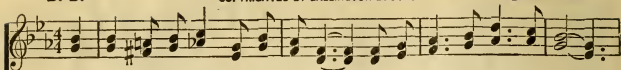
## No. 39.

## The Cross is Not Greater.

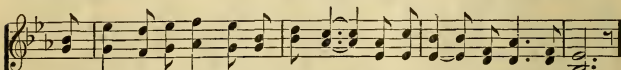
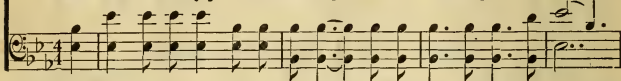
B. B.

COPYRIGHTED BY BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Ballington Booth.



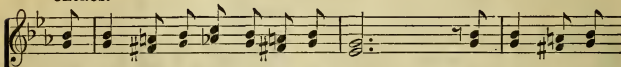
1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,



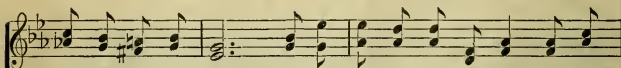
The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.  
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsem-a-ne.  
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.



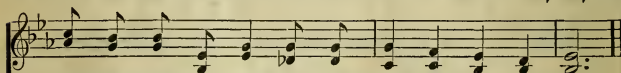
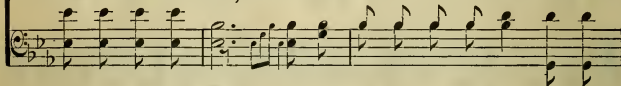
## CHORUS.



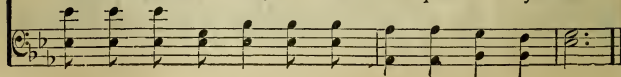
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with



Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

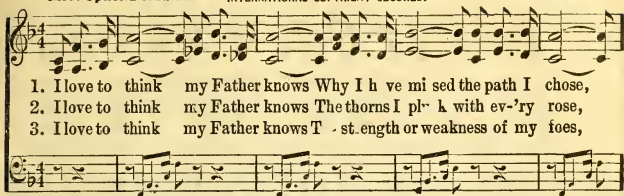


## No. 40.

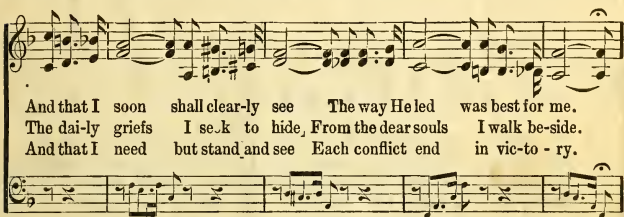
## He Knows It All.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

C. M. Davis.

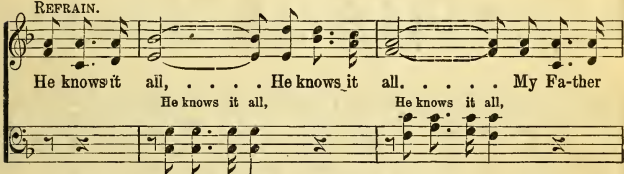


1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have mis-  
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry  
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

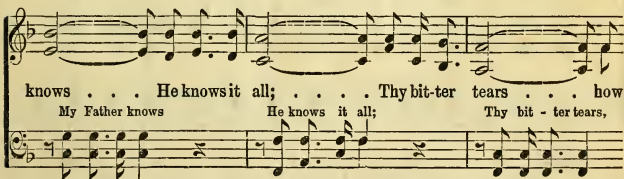


And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.  
The daily griefs I seek to hide, From the dear souls I walk be-side.  
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to-ry.

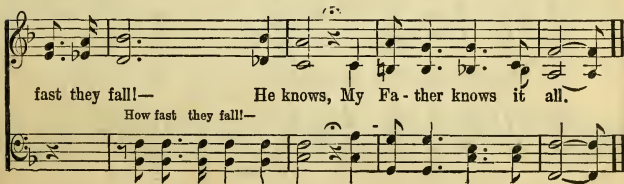
## REFRAIN.



He knows it all, . . . . He knows it all. . . . . My Fa-ther  
He knows it all, He knows it all,



knows . . . . He knows it all; . . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . . how  
My Father knows He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,



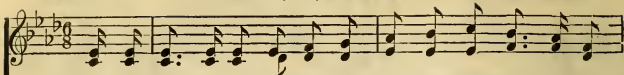
fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.  
How fast they fall!—



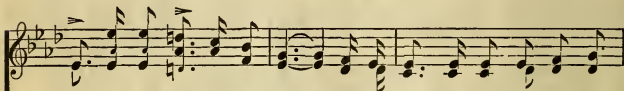
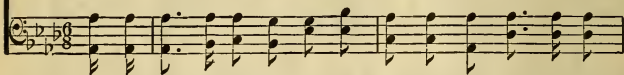
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

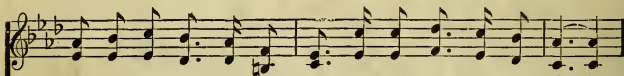
De Loss Smith.



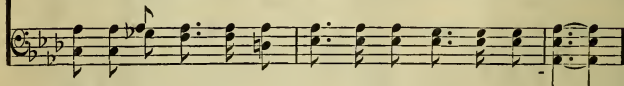
1. It was won - der - ful news when I heard of God's love for me,
2. It was won - der - ful news when I heard how He died for me,
3. And, more won - der - ful still, He is build - ing a home for me,
4. Soul a - wea - ry of sin, hear the song that I sing to you,



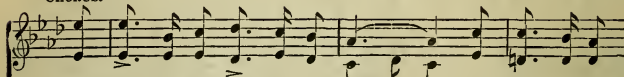
Won - der - ful, won - der - ful news; When I heard that His Son left His  
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful news; When I heard who was scourg'd and was  
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful news; And some beau - ti - ful morn - ing m  
 Wod - der - ful, won - der - ful news: If you call on the Lord He a



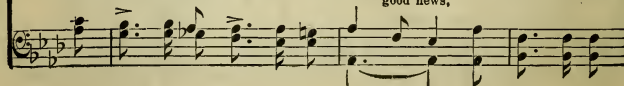
glo - ry a - bove for me, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful news!  
 pierc'd in the side for me, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful news!  
 Sav - ior will come for me, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful news!  
 par - don will bring to you, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful news!



## CHORUS.



O won - der - ful, won - der - ful news, . . . . At first I could  
 good news,



## Wonderful News.

hard - ly re - ceive it; But, glo - ry to God! I am  
 saved by His blood, And to - day with my soul I be - lieve it.

No. 42.

## He Who Safely Keepeth.

Lyman G. Cuyler,

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.  
 USED BY PER.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. He who safe-ly keep-eth, Slumb-ers not, nor sleep-eth; Tho' by all the  
 2. He will keep me ev - er, Where no pow'r can sev - er From my heart, the  
 3. He will keep me ev - er; Like a gen - tle riv - er Peace from Him, my

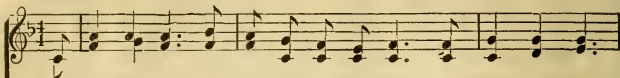
world for - sak - en, Wherefore should I fear? That which He hath spo - ken  
 love that hides me In His se - cret place. There in faith a - bid - ing,  
 Lord and Sav - ior, Comes with joy to me; In its qui - et flow - ing,

Never can be broken; Who shall harm the trusting heart When He is near?  
 All to Him confiding, Thro' His spir - it I am seal'd An heir of grace.  
 Life and health bestowing, Till within the gates of pearl The King I see!

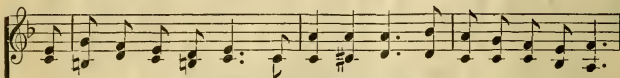
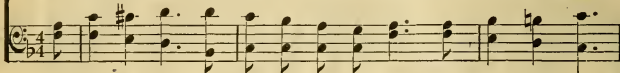
Caroline Sawyer.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY D. B. TOWNER. USED BY PER.

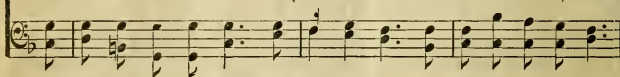
D. B. Towner.



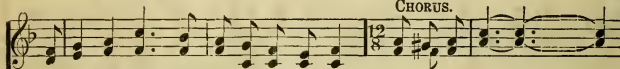
1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake
3. He wis - pers to your heart turn not a - way, For He's be - side



and pierced hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,  
words on - ly pure and true, Could see the nail - prints in His ten - der feet,  
you in your nar-row pew! If you will list - en you will hear Him say,



## CHORUS.

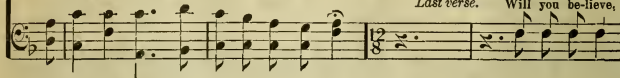


And hear Him say: "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you!"—Would you be-lieve, . . . .

And hear Him say: "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you!"—*Last verse.*

In lov - ing tones: "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you!"—Will you be - lieve, . . . .

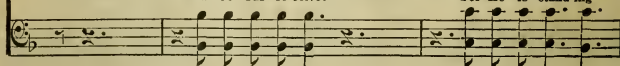
*Last verse.* Would you be-lieve,  
Will you be-lieve,




and Je-sus re - ceive, . . . . If He were stand ing  
and Je-sus re - ceive? . . . . For He is stand - ing

and Je - sus re - ceive,  
and Je - sus re - ceive?

If He were stand-ing  
For He is stand-ing



## Would You Believe?



here? . . . . . Would you be - lieve, . . . . . and Je - sus re-  
 here; . . . . . Will you be - lieve, . . . . . and Je - sus re-  
 here, were stand-ing here? Would you be - lieve,  
 here, is stand-ing here; Will you be - lieve,

ceive, . . . . . If He were stand - ing . . . . . here? ..  
 ceive? . . . . . For He is stand - ing . . . . . here. . .  
 and Je - sus re-ceive, If He were stand-ing, if He were stand-ing here?  
 and Je - sus re-ceive? For He is stand-ing, for He is stand-ing here.

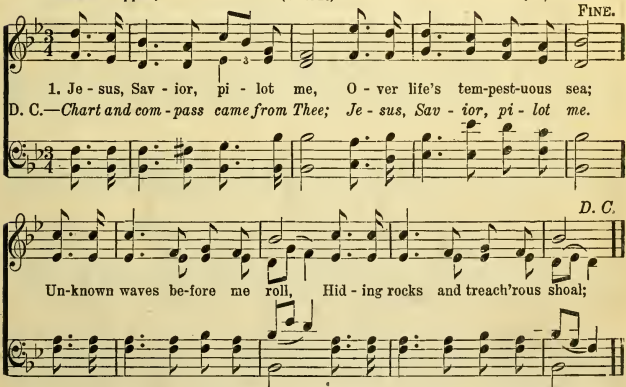
## No. 44. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper,

(PILOT.)

J. E. Gould.

FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;  
 D. C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C.  
 Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

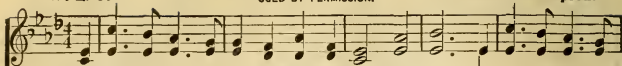
2 As a mother stills her child,  
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
 When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"  
 Wondrous sovereign of the sea;  
 Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,  
 And the fearful breakers roar,  
 "Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
 May I hear Thee say to me,  
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

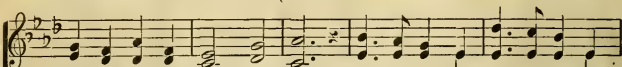
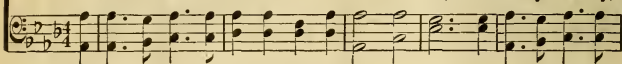
W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1877 AND 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,  
USED BY PERMISSION.

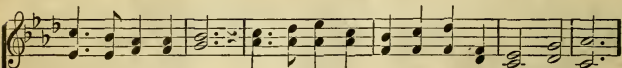
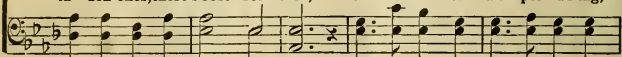
Will L. Thompson.



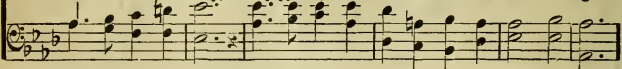
1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves me, O how sweet! To know that I may
2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne, To hear His cheering
3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta - tion "Come to me," "Come all ye wea - ry,



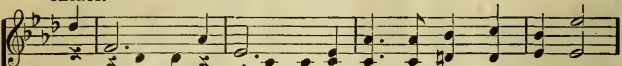
rest my bur-dens at His feet, O - ver us He's kind - ly watch-ing,  
words of com-fort when we mourn, Precious tho't that He is with us,  
la - den ones, there's rest for thee," Je - sus love is all per-vad-ing,



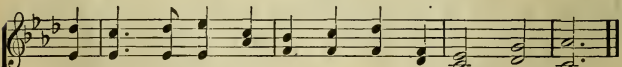
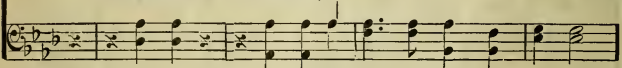
Call-ing t'ward the sky, O that all might heed His call and to Him fly.  
At the o - pen grave, Al-ways read-y, ev - er will-ing us to save.  
Thro'-out earth and sky, Hap-py they who know this love from God on high.



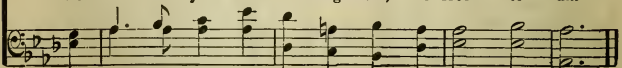
## CHORUS.



This love This love is mine, I hear the Sav - ior call-ing,  
This love is mine,



He of - fers you this bless-ing too, 'Tis free to all.





T. E. Jones.

Arr. by O. S. Grinnell.

1. For-ward all, put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Read-y, stand, to fight for  
 2. On-ward, still ye val-iant hap-py sol-diers, Go with faith to con-quer  
 3. On-ward, still keep mov-ing ev-er on-ward, Till we reach fair Canaan's

Christ the Lord; Take His shield and hel-met of sal-va-tion, On-ward  
 ev-'ry sin; In the strength of Je-sus we will tri-umph, In His  
 hap-py shore; There to dwell for-ev-er with our Cap-tain, And to

## CHORUS.

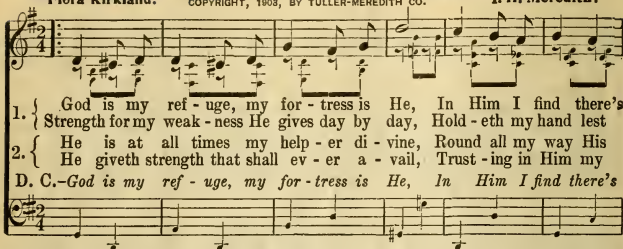
trust-ing ev-er in His word. On-ward ye sol-diers of Je-sus,  
 name the vic-t'ry we will win.  
 sing His prais-es ev-er-more. On-ward, forward, march to- geth-er,

Hold a-loft His banner, Shout aloud ho-san-na Faith-ful-ly, follow your Leader,  
 Hold a-loft His ban-ner, sol-diers, Be ye faith-ful to your Lead-er,

And the vict'ry you shall win; follow your Leader, And the vict'ry you shall win.

Flora Kirkland.

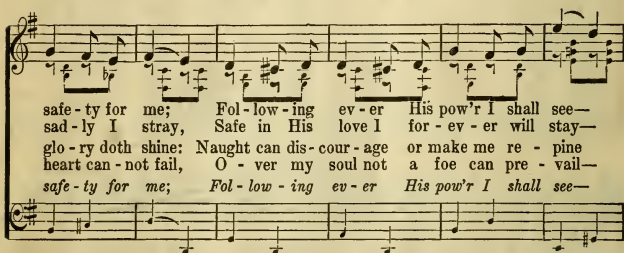
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Adapted from Rubinstein,  
I. H. Meredith.


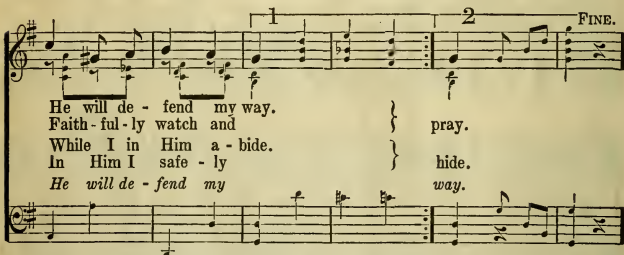
1. { God is my ref - uge, my for - tress is He, In Him I find there's  
Strength for my weak - ness He gives day by day, Hold - eth my hand lest

2. { He is at all times my help - er di - vine, Round all my way His  
He giveth strength that shall ev - er a - vail, Trust - ing in Him my

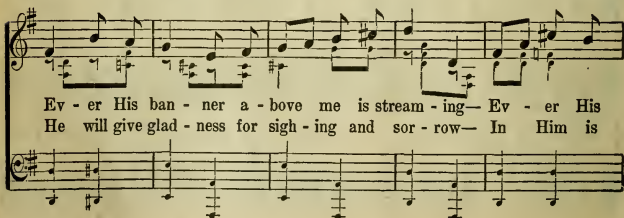
D. C.—God is my ref - uge, my for - tress is He, In Him I find there's



safe - ty for me; Fol - low - ing ev - er His pow'r I shall see—  
sad - ly I stray, Safe in His love I for - ev - er will stay—  
glo - ry doth shine; Naught can dis - cour - age or make me re - pine  
heart can - not fail, O - ver my soul not a foe can pre - vail—  
safe - ty for me; Fol - low - ing ev - er His pow'r I shall see—



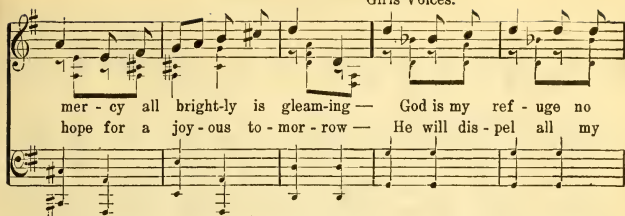
He will de - fend my way. } pray.  
Faith - ful - ly watch and }  
While I in Him a - bide. } hide.  
In Him I safe - ly } way.  
He will de - fend my



Ev - er His ban - ner a - bove me is stream - ing— Ev - er His  
He will give glad - ness for sigh - ing and sor - row— In Him is

# God Is My Refuge.

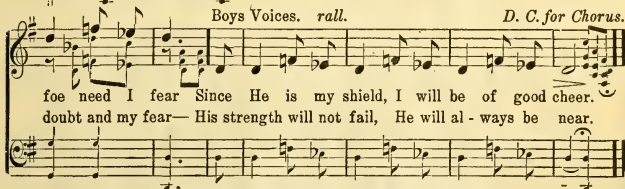
Girls Voices.



mer - cy all bright-ly is gleam-ing — God is my ref - uge no  
hope for a joy - ous to - mor - row — He will dis - pel all my

Boys Voices. *rall.*

*D. C. for Chorus.*



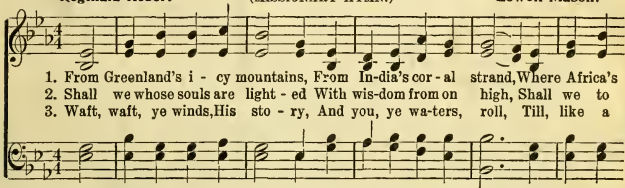
foe need I fear Since He is my shield, I will be of good cheer.  
doubt and my fear— His strength will not fail, He will al - ways be near.

## No. 48. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

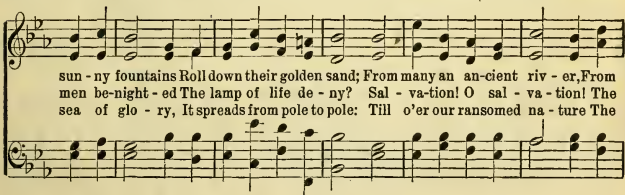
Reginald Heber.

(MISSIONARY HYMN.)

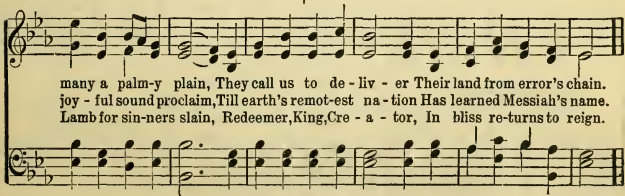
Lowell Mason.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Africa's  
2. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Shall we to  
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a



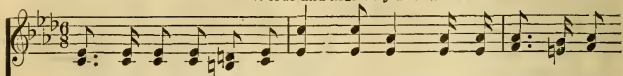
sun - ny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From  
men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The  
sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The



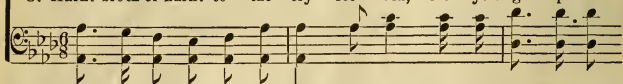
many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.  
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remot - est na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.  
Lamb for sin - ners slain, Redeemer, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

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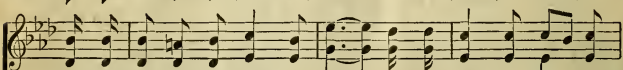
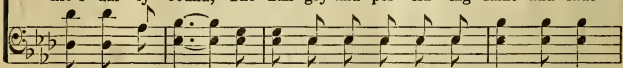
Words and Music by Dr. E. T. and Flora H. Cassel.



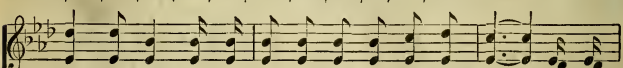
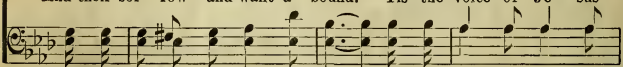
1. Borne on the wings of a chill - ing blast, Came a cry of dis -
2. Once to my door came a strang - er old, With a hag - gard and
3. Hark! broth - er hark! to the cry for aid, As you go up - on



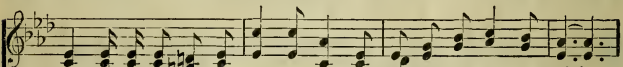
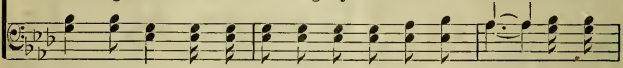
truss and of woe; I hastened my steps, I would hur - ry past,  
pit - i - ful face, He cried, "Take me in from the paths of sin  
life's dai - ly round, The hun - gry and per - ish - ing faint and fade



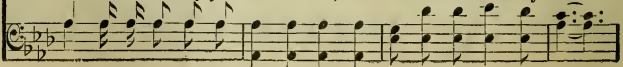
When the thought came to me I know 'Tis the voice of Je - sus  
I have wander - ed in deep dis - grace." 'Twas the voice of Je - sus  
And their sor - row and want a - bound. 'Tis the voice of Je - sus



call - ing me He is need - ing my suc - cor and care. I will  
call - ing me He was need - ing my suc - cor and care. In the  
call - ing thee He is need - ing my suc - cor and care. In the

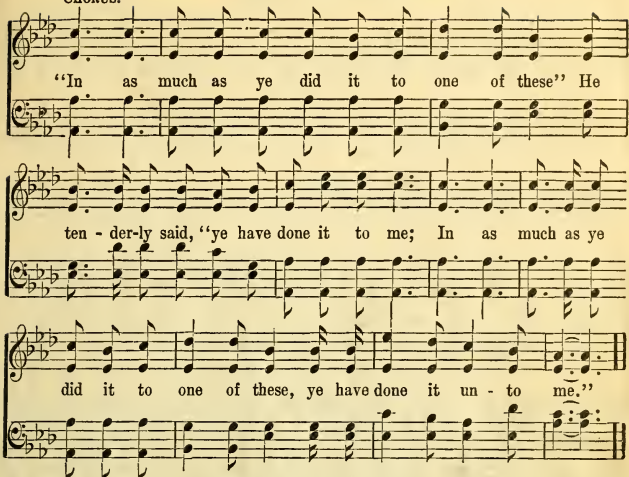


help what I can, oh, my Lord for Thee And aid to the suf - f'ring bear.  
form of the strang - er my Lord I see My home He shall sure - ly share.  
forms of the low - ly your Sav - ior see, Your wealth with the need - y share.



# Ye Have Done It Unto Me.

CHORUS.



"In as much as ye did it to one of these" He

ten - der-ly said, "ye have done it to me; In as much as ye

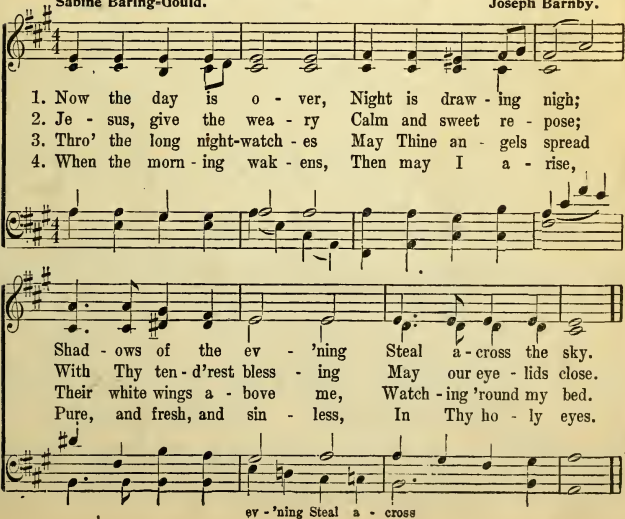
did it to one of these, ye have done it un - to me."

No. 50.

## Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;  
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;  
 3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread  
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.  
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing 'round my bed.  
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.

ev - 'ning Steal a - cross



## No. 51.

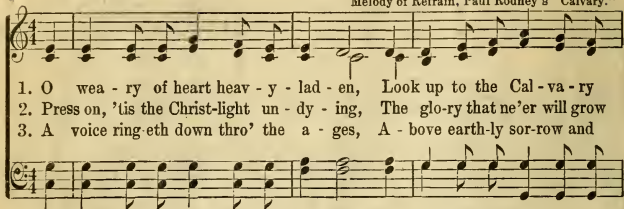
## Life and Light Forever.

Lizzie De Armond.

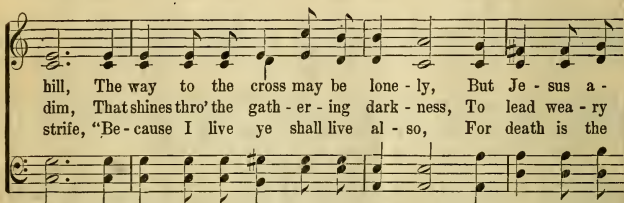
COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY GEIBEL & LEHMAN  
USED BY PER.

Adam Geibel.

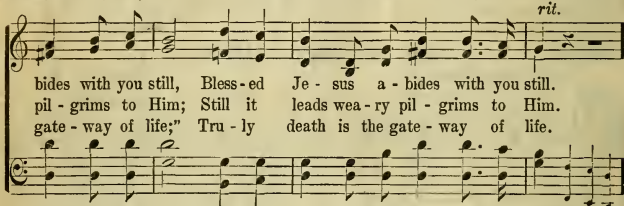
Melody of Refrain, Paul Rodney's "Calvary."



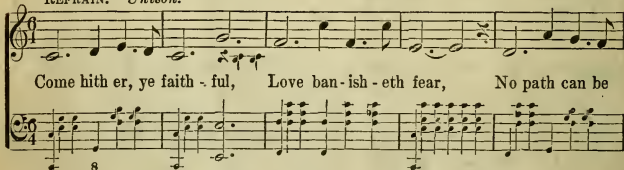
1. O wea - ry of heart heav - y - lad - en, Look up to the Cal - va - ry  
 2. Press on, 'tis the Christ-light un - dy - ing, The glo - ry that ne'er will grow  
 3. A voice ring - eth down thro' the a - ges, A - bove earth - ly sor - row and



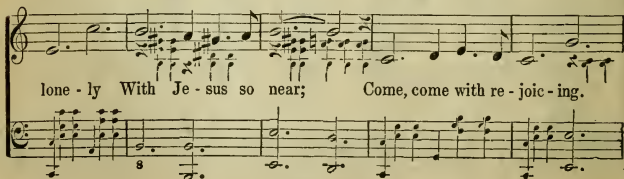
hill, The way to the cross may be lone - ly, But Je - sus a -  
 dim, That shines thro' the gath - er - ing dark - ness, To lead wea - ry  
 strife, "Be - cause I live ye shall live al - so, For death is the



bides with you still, Bless - ed Je - sus a - bides with you still.  
 pil - grims to Him; Still it leads wea - ry pil - grims to Him.  
 gate - way of life;" Tru - ly death is the gate - way of life.

REFRAIN. *Unison.*


Come hith er, ye faith - ful, Love ban - ish - eth fear, No path can be



lone - ly With Je - sus so near; Come, come with re - joic - ing.

# Life and Light Forever.

*cres.* *mf*

Hail our ris - en King! Life and light for - ev - er, Life and light for -

*Harmony.* *f rit.*

ev - er, Life and light for - ev - er, Christ to us doth bring.

## No. 52. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. S. LORENZ.  
USED BY PER.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,  
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ow cast;  
3. Let shadows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright, or dark with woe,

*8:* *FINE.*

One tho't re-mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou think est, Lord, of me!  
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!  
I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!

D.S.—What need I fear when Thou art near And think-est, Lord, of me?

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou think est, Lord, of me;  
of me, of me;

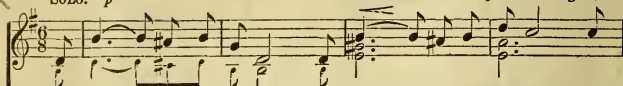
No. 53.

# The Bells of Conscience.


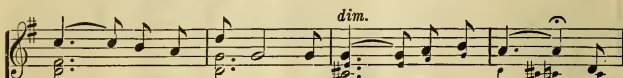
COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

SOLO. *p*

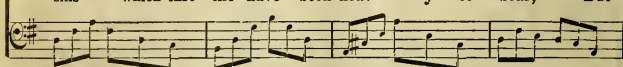
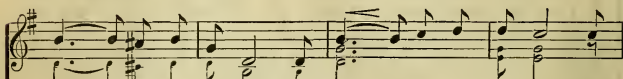
Words and Music by J. M. Dungan.



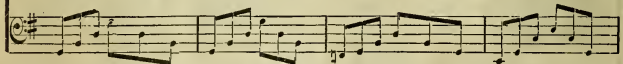
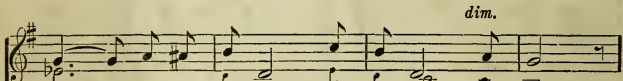
1. The con - science of child-hood is speak - ing in whis-pers, Oh  
 2. The con - science of young men and maid - ens is call - ing, In  
 3. The con - science of man-hood is loud - ly ap - peal - ing, And  
 4. The con - science of old age is heav - i - ly la - den, With

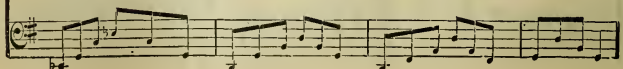
come to the Sav - ior and give Him your life, "Of  
 earn - est ap - peals for the strength or your will, The  
 say - ing, oh come in the noon - tide of day, The  
 sins which thro' life have been heav - y to bear, But

such is the king dom of heav - en," says Je - sus, So  
 work of your Mas - ter it needs all your ef - forts, To  
 sands of your hour-glass are slow - ly re - ced - ing, So  
 Je - sus is a - ble to roll off thy bur - den, To

then seek Him ear - ly, and en - ter the strife.  
 bear all life's bur - dens, and Christ's law ful - fill.  
 start for the king-dom and do not de - lay.  
 cleanse you from e - vil and nrt ev - ry care.



## The Bells of Conscience.

CHORUS.

The bells of your conscience are ring-ing, The bells the bells, The  
bells of your conscience are ring-ing, Say-ing sin-ner, Oh, come home.

No. 54.

## Jerusalem the Golden.

J. M. Neale.

(EWING.)

A. Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Beneath thy con-tem-  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an  
3. There is the throne of Da - vid: And there, from care re - leased, The song of them that  
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed: I know not, oh, I know not, What  
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The  
tri - umph, The shout of them that feast: And they who, with their Lead - er, Have  
so - cial joys are there, What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What light be-yond com-pare.  
day - light is se - rene; The past-ures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo - rious sheen.  
con-quer'd in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

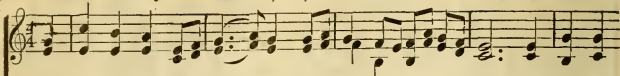
## No. 55.

## Press On to Victory.

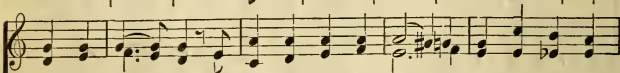
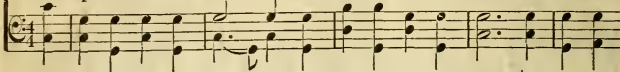
Neal A. McAulay.

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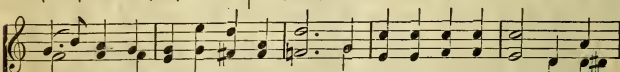
De Loss Smith.



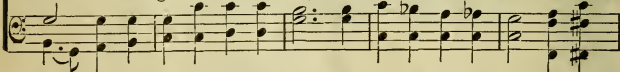
1. Keep up your cour-age broth-er, You're on the win-ning side, Tho' hosts of
2. Gird on the ho-ly ar-mor, Take helmet, sword and shield; With Christ to
3. Lift up the cross of Je-sus, And bear it day by day; That all may



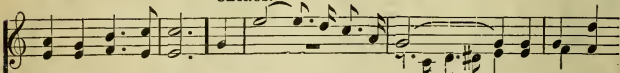
sin your way op-pose, The Lord will strength pro-vide. His spir-it will sus-  
lead you on-ward, The foe will sure-ly yield. March on His word be-  
learn its sto-ry, And own its bless-ed sway. A crown of life im-



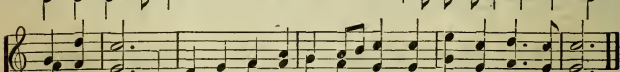
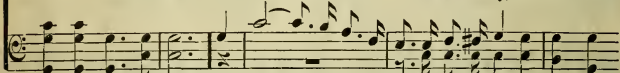
tain you, His grace sui-fi-cient be; Fear not, Oh Chris-tian sol-dier, Press  
liev-ing, Let all your va-lor see; Be-neath His crim-son ban-ner, Press  
mort-al On high a-waits for thee; Then nev-er shrink or falt-er, Press



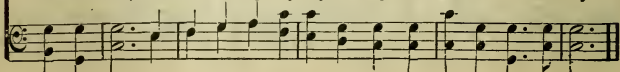
## CHORUS.



on to vic-to-ry. Press on to vic-to-ry. Let this your  
to vic-to-ry.



watch-word be; For truth and right by day and night, Press on to vic-to-ry.





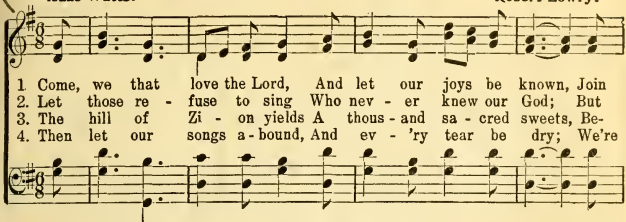
## No. 56.

## We're Marching to Zion.

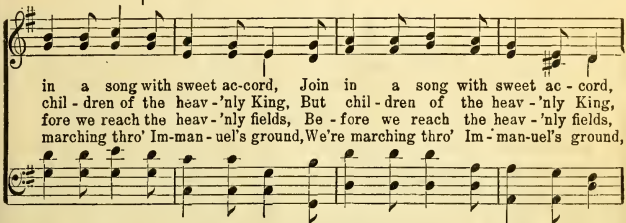
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PER.

Isaac Watts.

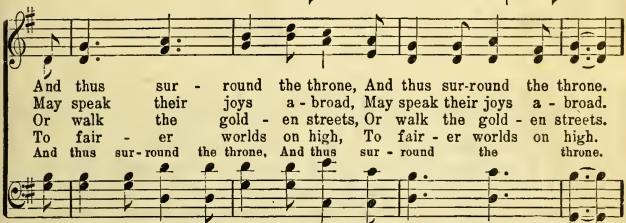
Robert Lowry.



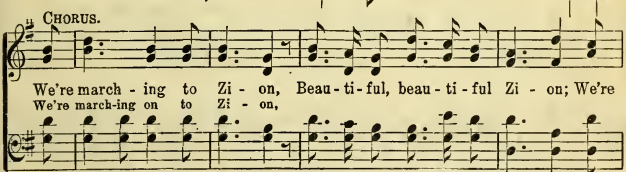
1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
 2 Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
 3 The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -  
 4 Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,  
 chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King,  
 fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields,  
 marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.  
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.  
 And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.



CHORUS.  
 We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



march - ing up - wards to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

## No. 57.

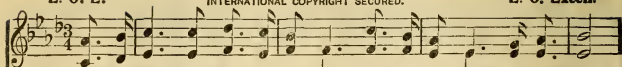
## A Little Bit of Love.

*To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.*

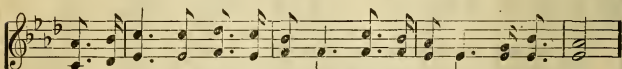
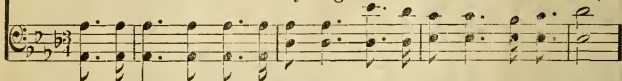
E. O. E.

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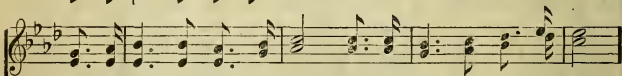
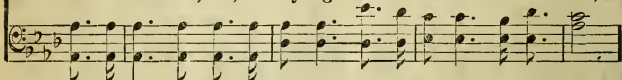
E. O. Excell.



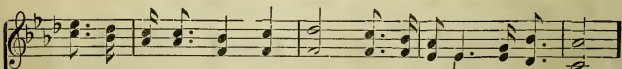
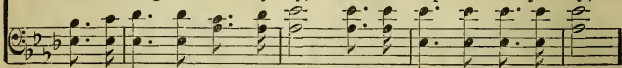
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,



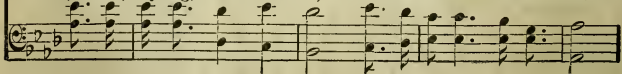
Ev-'ry-where we hear their sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;  
 Hands are reaching out in pit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love;  
 Ma - ny souls in vain are call-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love;  
 While the children, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;



For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;  
 Some have burdens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;  
 If they die in sin and shame, Some one sure - ly is to blame  
 Stand no long-er i - dly by, You can help them if you try;

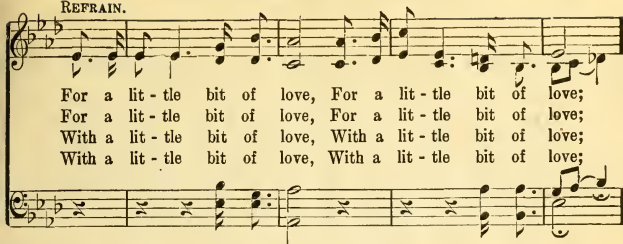


They have wait-ed, O so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.  
 Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love?  
 For not go-ing, in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.  
 Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

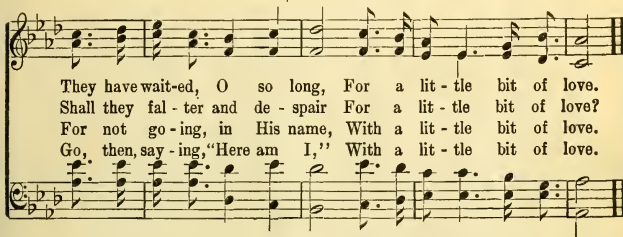


## A Little Bit of Love.

### REFRAIN.



For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love;  
 For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love;  
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love;  
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love;



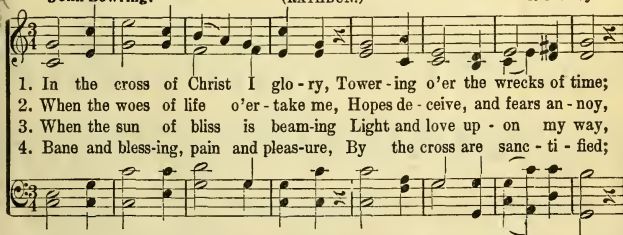
They have wait-ed, O so long, For a lit - tle bit of love.  
 Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a lit - tle bit of love?  
 For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit - tle bit of love.  
 Go, then, say - ing, "Here am I," With a lit - tle bit of love.

## No. 58. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

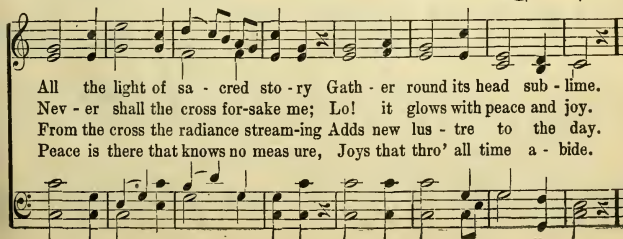
John Bowring.

(RATHBUN.)

I. Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



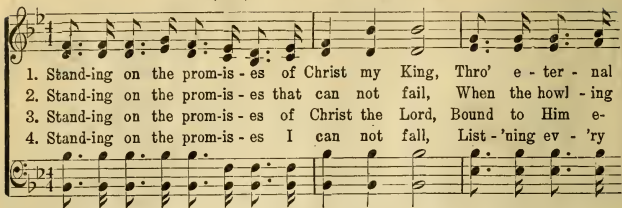
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - er round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the radiance stream-ing Adds new lus - tre to the day.  
 Peace is there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

# No. 59. Standing On the Promises.

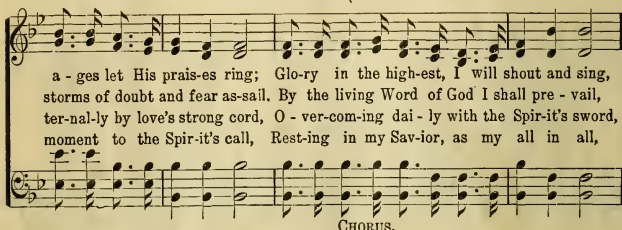
R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER.

R. Kelso Carter.

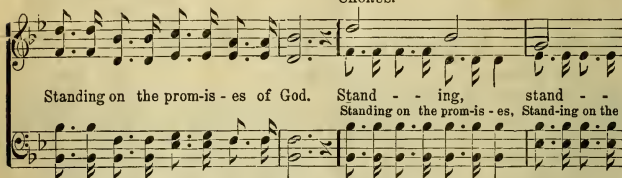


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal  
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can not fail, When the howl - ing  
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -  
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can not fall, List - 'ning ev - 'ry

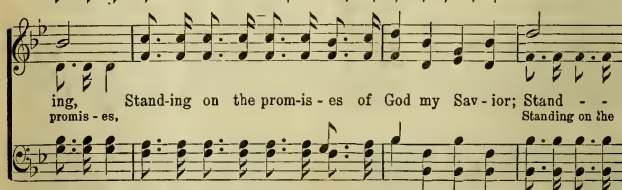


a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail. By the living Word of God I shall pre - vail,  
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,  
 moment to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

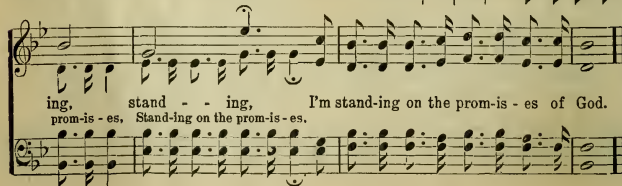
CHORUS.



Standing on the prom-is - es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - -  
 Standing on the prom-is - es, Stand-ing on the



ing, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - -  
 prom-is - es, Stand-ing on the

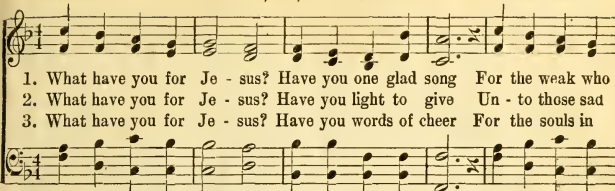


ing, stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.  
 prom-is - es, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es.

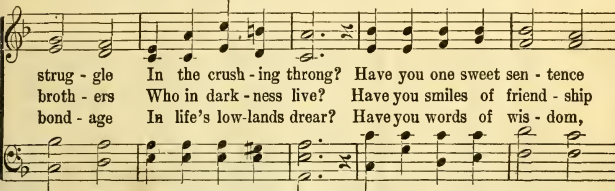
James Rowe.

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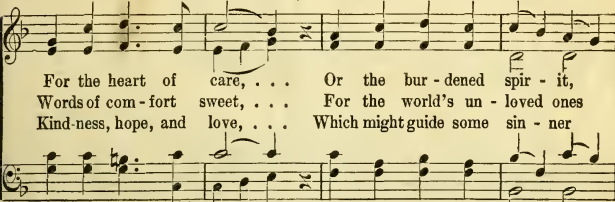
De Loss Smith.



1. What have you for Je - sus? Have you one glad song For the weak who  
 2. What have you for Je - sus? Have you light to give Un - to those sad  
 3. What have you for Je - sus? Have you words of cheer For the souls in

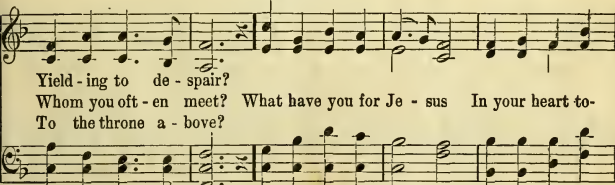


strug - gle In the crush - ing throng? Have you one sweet sen - tence  
 broth - ers Who in dark - ness live? Have you smiles of friend - ship  
 bond - age In life's low - lands drear? Have you words of wis - dom,

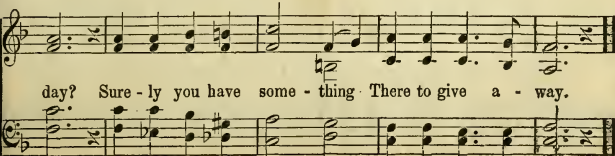


For the heart of care, . . . Or the bur - dened spir - it,  
 Words of com - fort sweet, . . . For the world's un - loved ones  
 Kind - ness, hope, and love, . . . Which might guide some sin - ner

## CHORUS.



Yield - ing to de - spair?  
 Whom you oft - en meet? What have you for Je - sus In your heart to -  
 To the throne a - bove?



day? Sure - ly you have some - thing There to give a - way.



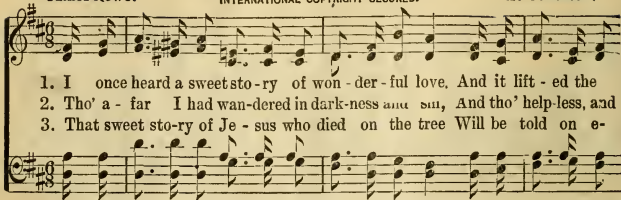
## No. 61.

## That Sweet Story.

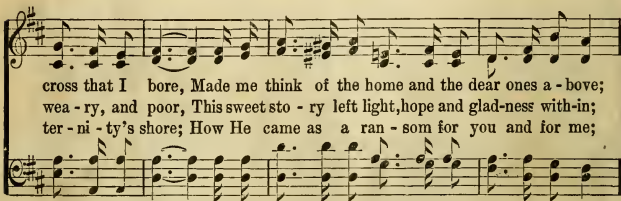
James Rowe.

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E. O. Excell.

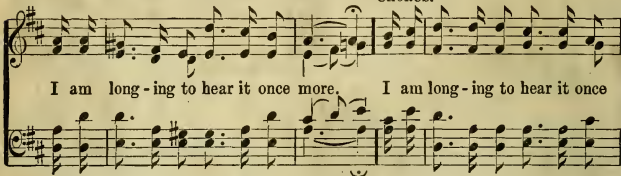


1. I once heard a sweet sto-ry of won-der-ful love, And it lift-ed the  
2. Tho' a-far I had wan-dered in dark-ness and sin, And tho' help-less, and  
3. That sweet sto-ry of Je-sus who died on the tree Will be told on e-

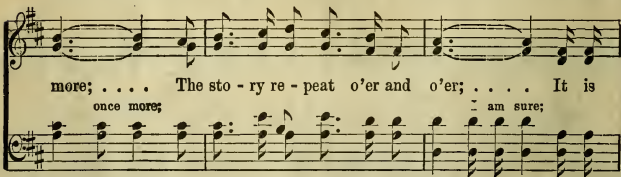


cross that I bore, Made me think of the home and the dear ones a-bove;  
wea-ry, and poor, This sweet sto-ry left light, hope and glad-ness with-in;  
ter-ni-ty's shore; How He came as a ran-som for you and for me;

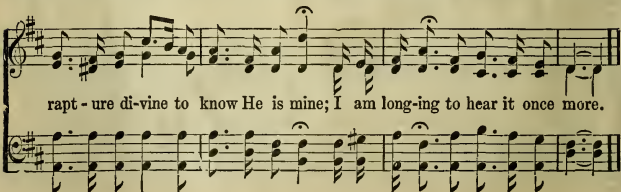
## CHORUS.



I am long-ing to hear it once more. I am long-ing to hear it once



more; . . . . The sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er; . . . . It is  
once more; I am sure;



rapt-ure di-vine to know He is mine; I am long-ing to hear it once more.

# Jesus Saves!

Priscilla J. Owens.

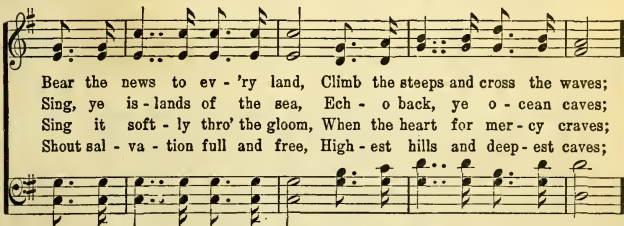
COPYRIGHT OF JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;



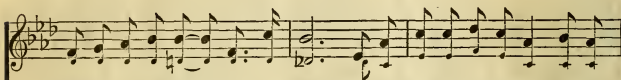
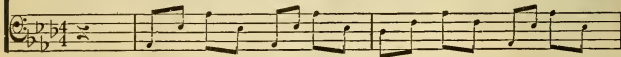
On - ward! — 'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Emma Johnston.

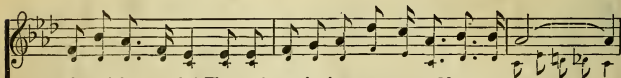
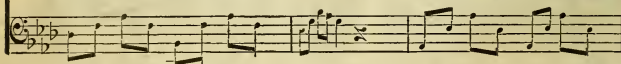
De Loss Smith.



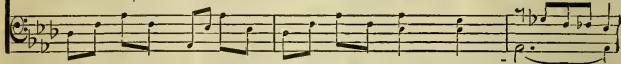
1. By Sa - ma - ria's wayside well Once a bless - ed mes - sage fell On a
2. And a lit - tle cap - tive maid, By a lep - er un - dismayed, Told to
3. And a wom - an in a crowd, with - out word or cry a - loud, Just stoop'd
4. As the En - nuch tried to read, Phil - ip taught him of his need, And bap -
5. O then fountain deep and wide, Flow - ing from the wounded side That was



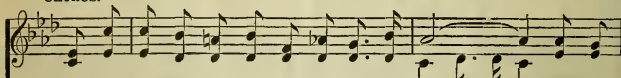
wom - an's thirsty soul long a - go; And to eyes that long were seal'd Was the  
him a sim - ple sto - ry long a - go; That the stream where he might lave Had a -  
down and touch'd His garment long ago; As her earnest heart appeal'd, She was  
tized him in the stream, long a - go; Hearing, he obeyed the word, The com -  
pierc'd for our redemption, long a - go; In thy ever - cleansing wave There is



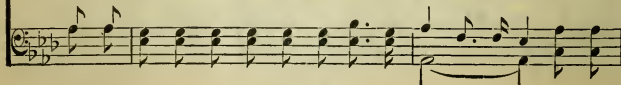
glorious light revealed, Thro' a fountain that was opened long a - go. . . .  
lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain long a - go. . . .  
soul and bod - y heal'd, In that fountain that was opened long a - go. . . .  
mandment of his Lord, And was buried with His Savior long a - go. . . .  
found all pow'r to save, 'Tis the pow'r that heal'd the nations long ago. . . .



## CHORUS.



There's a fount - ain that was o - pened long a - go (long a - go), For the



## The Old Fountain.

heal-ing of the na-tion is its flow; A-long the line of a-ges, The  
 prophets and the sa-ges Caught the sing-ing of its wa-ters, long a-go.

No. 64.

## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,  
 2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,  
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease,

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear. Grop-ing on in dark-ness here;  
 Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trust-ing that our names are there;

D.S.-Whis-per soft - ly "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice  
 When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Wad-ing deep the dis-mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

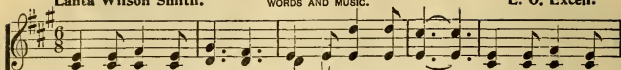
## No. 65.

## Scatter Sunshine.

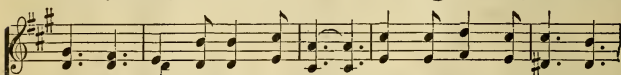
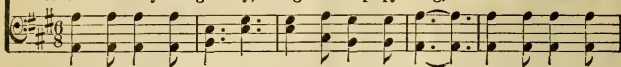
Lanta Wilson Smith.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

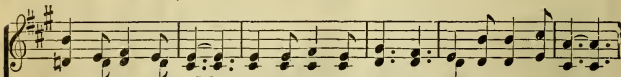
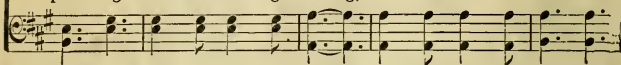
E. O. Excell.



1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the  
 2. Slightest ac-tions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants  
 3. When the days are gloom-y, Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's re-



need-y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com-fort  
 dai-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row  
 pin-ing With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed



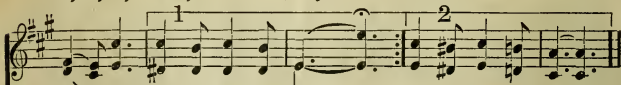
You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev'-ry-where you go.  
 You may help re-move, With your songs and cour-age, Sym-pa-thy and love.  
 Thro' the ills of life, Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.



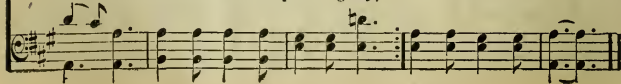
## CHORUS.



Scat-ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and  
 Scatter the smiles and sunshine o-ver the way,



bright-en Ev'-ry pass-ing day; . . . Ev'-ry pass-ing day.  
 pass-ing day;





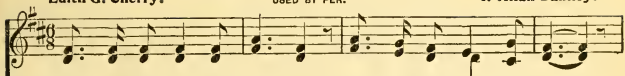
## No. 66,

## Kept for Jesus,

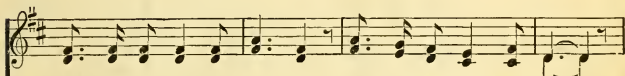
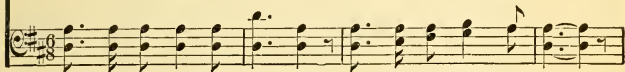
Edith G. Cherry.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.  
USED BY PER.

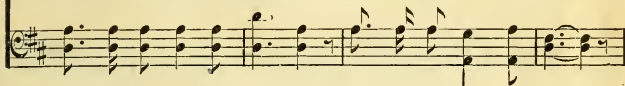
I. Allan Sankey.



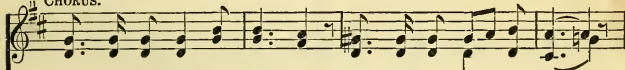
1. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept, by the pow'r of God;
2. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Serv - ing as He shall choose;
3. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept from the world a - part;
4. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Oh, to be all His own!



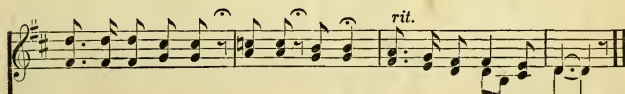
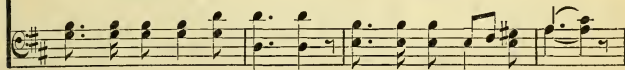
Kept from the world un - spot - ted, Tread - ing where Je - sus trod.  
 "Kept" for the Mas - ter's pleas - ure; "Kept" for the Mas - ter's use.  
 Low - ly in mind and spir - it, Gen - tle and pure in heart.  
 Kept, to be His for - ev - er, Kept, to be His a - lone!



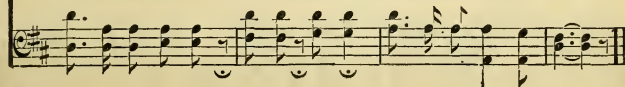
## CHORUS.



Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Lord, at Thy feet I fall;



I would be "nothing, nothing, nothing;" Thou shalt be "all in all."



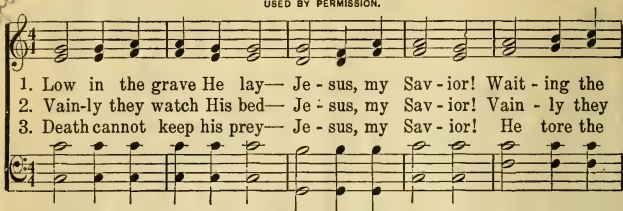
## No. 67.

## Christ Arose!

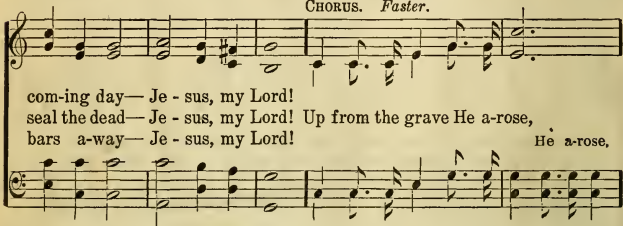
R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.  
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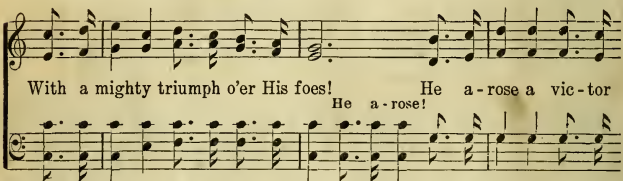
R. Lowry.



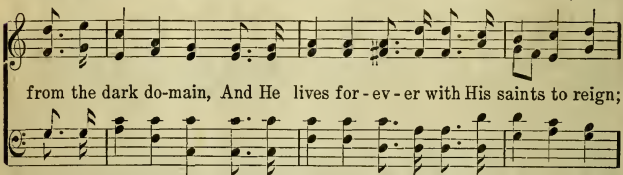
1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the  
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they  
3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the

CHORUS. *Faster.*


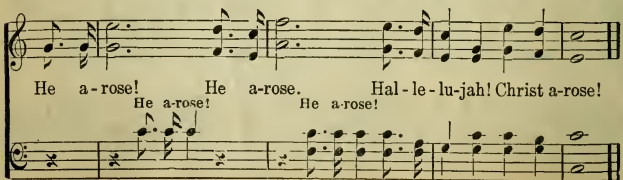
com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!  
seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose,  
bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord! He a - rose,



With a mighty triumph o'er His foes! He a - rose a vic - tor  
He a - rose!



from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign;



He a - rose! He a - rose. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!  
He a - rose! He a - rose!

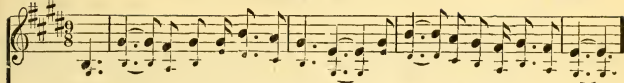
## No. 68.

## I Am Happy in Him.

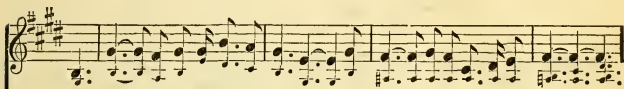
E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

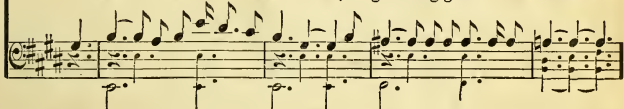
E. O. Excell.



1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring a-far from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down:



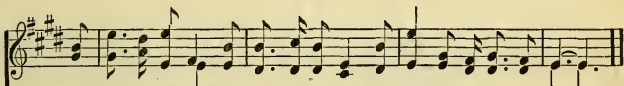
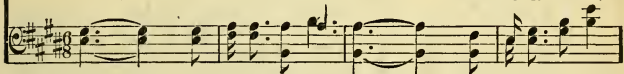
His voice, it is mu-sic to hear it, His face, it is Heaven to see.  
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.  
His Spir - it to guide and to com-fort Is with me wher-ev-er I go.  
Till then I will ev - er be faith-ful, In gathering gems for His crown.



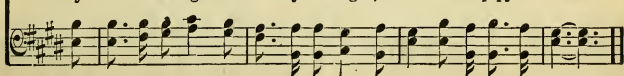
## CHORUS.



I am hap-py in Him, . . . I am hap-py in Him, . . .  
I . . . , am hap - py in Him. I . . . , am hap - py in Him,



My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.



## No. 69. X

## Where is My Boy Tonight?

R. L.

*With tenderness.*COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.  
USED BY PER.

Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-der-est care,  
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee;  
 3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,  
 4. Go for my wan-d'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will;

The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?  
 No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.  
 When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!  
 But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

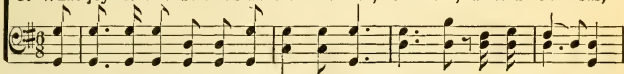
CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?

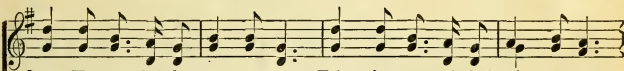
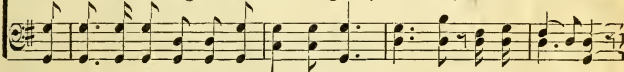
My heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?



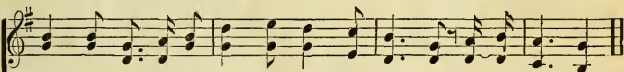
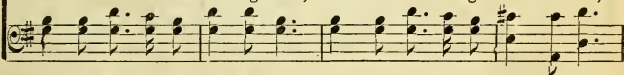
1. There's One, who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;
2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul dis-tress'd, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;
4. When sum-mer is end-ed He'll come a - gain, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;
5. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;



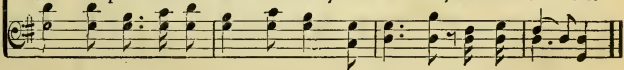
Who's a - ble to save when the foe as-sails, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.  
 He heal-eth our wounds and He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.  
 His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.  
 O let us be read - y to meet Him then, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.  
 For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.



Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;  
 Though so oft - en de - nied is He, Spurned the love that built Cal - va - ry,  
 When from lov'd ones we're recall'd to part, When the tears in our anguish start,  
 When we en - ter the Shad - ow - land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,  
 There at home on that shin-ing shore, With the lov'd ones gone on be - fore,



Who more per - fect ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?  
 Still with pleadings of "Come to me," Stands Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.  
 None can com-fort the break ing heart But Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.  
 He will meet us with out-stretch'd hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.  
 We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.



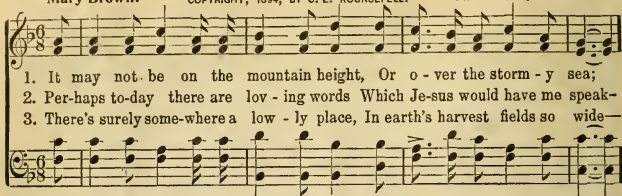


# No. 71. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

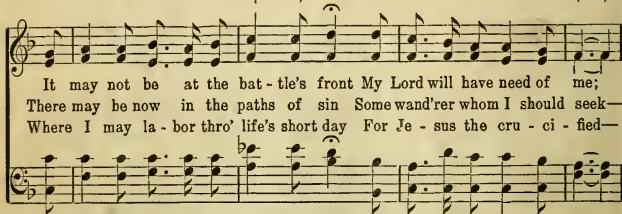
Mary Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL.

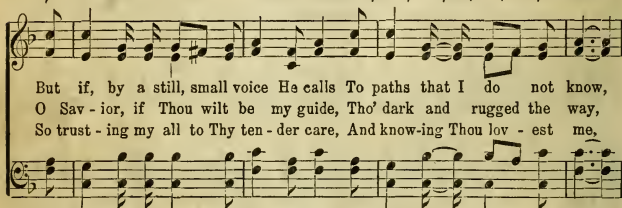
Carrie E. Rounsefell.



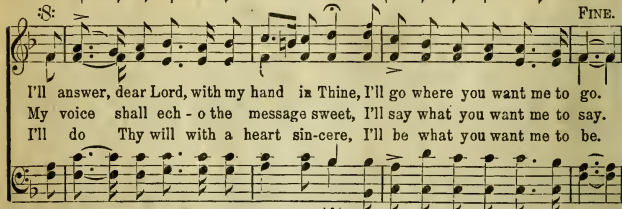
1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;  
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—  
 3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—  
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—



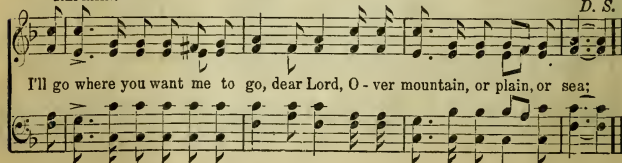
But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,  
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,  
 So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



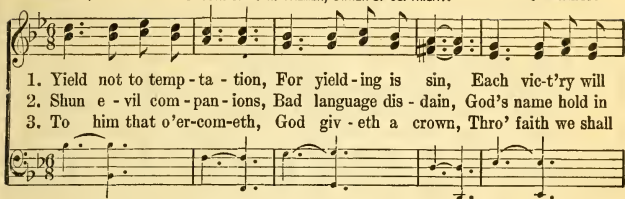
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

## Yield Not to Temptation.

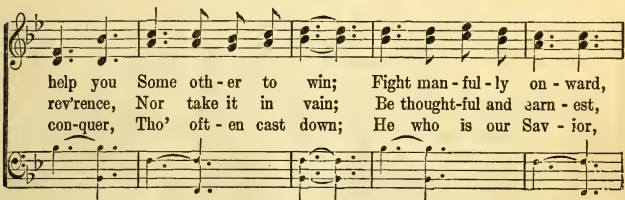
H. R. P.

BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

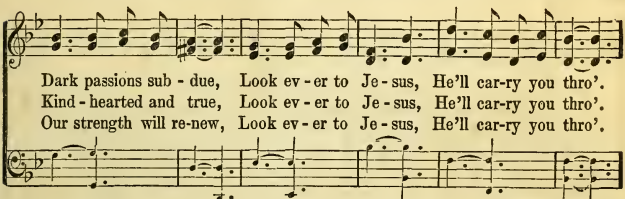
H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will  
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

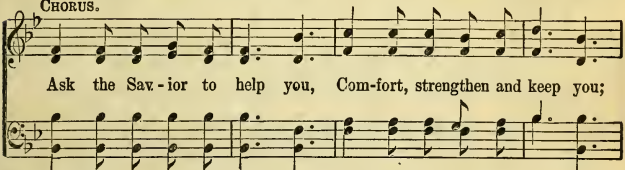


help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,  
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought - ful and earn - est,  
 con-quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,

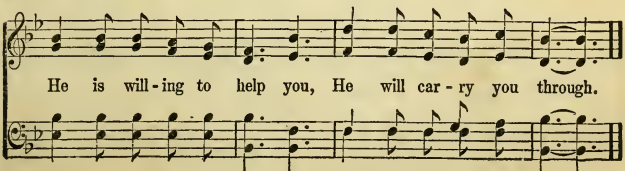


Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.  
 Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.  
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.

## CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you;



He is will - ing to help you, He will car - ry you through.

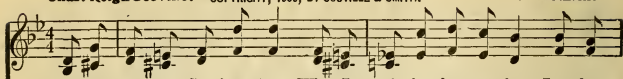
# No. 73. I Shall See My Savior's Face.

To Mrs. Princess Clark Long.

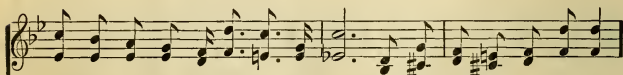
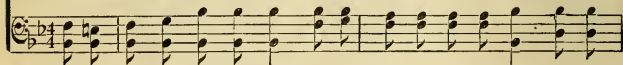
Chas. Reign Scoville.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCOVILLE & SMITH.

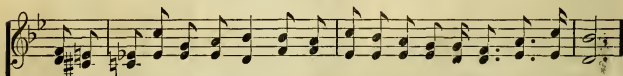
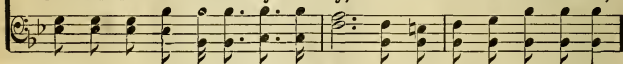
De Loss Smith.



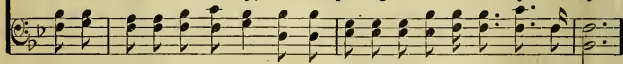
1. I shall see my Sav-ior's face, When I reach that hap-py place Just be-
2. I shall see the nail pierc'd hand, When I reach the golden strand, 'Twill ex-
3. I shall see my moth-er's face, For she too was sav'd by grace, And with



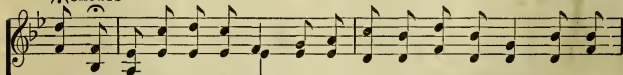
yond the si - lent riv-er by and by; Oh, how hap-py I will be,  
tend to me a wel-come by and by; I shall see the wound-ed side,  
Je - sus she will meet me by and by; With our lov'd ones we will be,



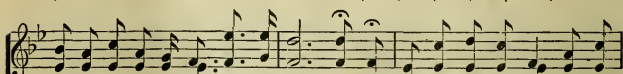
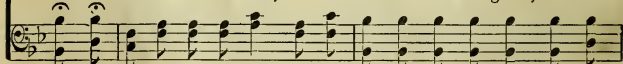
When His glo-ry I shall see, And I'll dwell with Him forev-er, by and by.  
From which flow'd the crimson tide, And I'll praise Him for redemption, by and by.  
There with Christ e - ter - nal - ly, No more parting at the riv - er by and by.



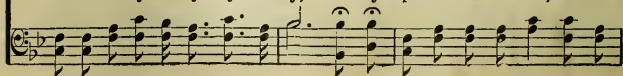
## CHORUS



I shall see Him face to face, I shall know His boundless grace, When I



reach the Ho-ly Cit - y by and by; All my hopes I'll re - al - ize, In that



# I Shall See My Savior's Face.

home be-yond the skies, When I see Him in His beau-ty by and by.

No. 74.

## Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious fount-ain  
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;  
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of. God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's mount-ain.  
 There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.  
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rapt - ured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

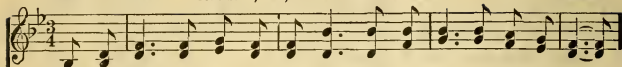
## No. 75.

## The Lost Ship.

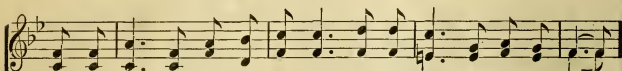
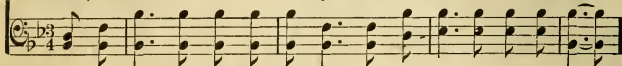
Jessie H. Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY J. E. HAWES. BY PER.

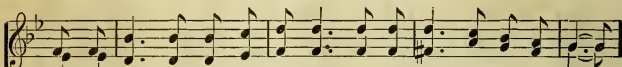
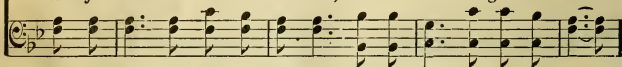
J. E. Hawes.



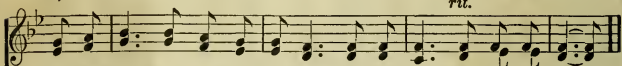
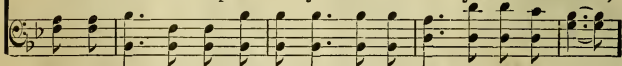
1. From a ves - sel in mid - o - cean Came the sig - nal cannon's boom;
2. No, they need not sad - ly per - ish, Far a - way from a - ny shore,
3. "Send us all you have a-board you," Spoke the voice from far a - way;
4. "We are safe, lie by till morn-ing, You can save us bet - ter then."
5. Morning dawn'd, the ship had set - tled To the bot - tom of the deep;
6. Soul, be warn'd! a Sav - ior calls you Thro' the trum - pet of His word;



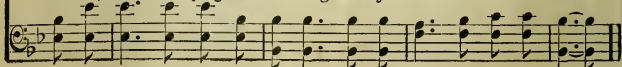
All on board of her were trembling With the tho't of cer - tain doom;  
 For a ship had heard the sig - nal, And a - cross the wa - ters bore;  
 "We will have you safe from dan - ger Long be - fore the break of day."  
 But his words sent doubt and ter - ror Thro' the heart-throbs of his men.  
 All on board of her were sleep - ing In their long and lat - est sleep.  
 Will you wait a bet - ter sea - son, While that welcoming voice is heard?



All on board were pale with ter - ror—Must they per - ish, thus, to - night,  
 Thro' her trum - pet came the mes - sage "Ship, a - hoy, therel what is wrong?"  
 Then the cap - tain of the ves - sel, From his look - out at the prow,  
 Once a - gain the call was giv - en: "Bet - ter let us save to - night!"  
 Nev - er more will trum - pet rouse them Till the fi - nal trumpet call,  
 Heav - en's res - cue ship will bear you Homeward to your na - tive shore;



Leav - ing not a trace be - hind them, For their loved ones' lov - ing sight?  
 "Ship is leak - ing" was the an - swer; "We must sure - ly sink e'er long."  
 Sent the mes - sage thro' the darkness, "We shall need you, but not now."  
 And a - gain the cap - tain answer'd, "Ship a - hoy! lie by till light."  
 Bids the sea give up its sleep - ers To the Mak - er of us all.  
 Seek it, lest the judg - ment morn - ing Find you lost for - ev - er - more.





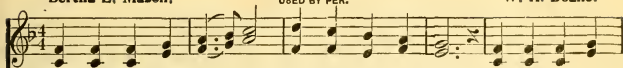
## No. 76.

## Marching on to Conquer.

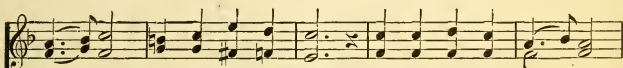
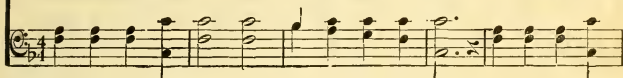
Bertha L. Mason.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.  
USED BY PER.

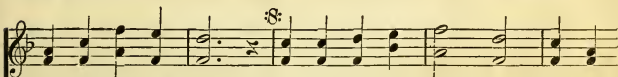
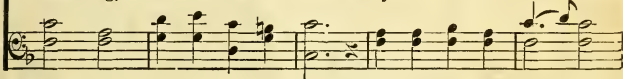
W. H. Doane.



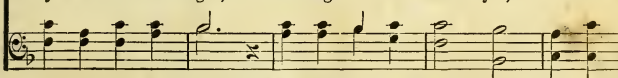
1. Marching on to con-quer, Sol-diers of the King, Praise to our Com-
2. Hear the trum-pet sound-ing, Forward, one and all; In the strife be-
3. Bear the stan-dard no - bly Till the war is done, Zeal and cour-age



mand-er, Joy - ful let us sing. March-ing on to vic - t'ry,  
fore us, Nev - er faint or fall. Faith - ful, true and earn - est,  
blend-ing, Till our crown is won. May our Lead-er find us

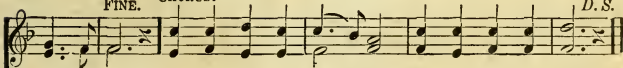


Clad in ar - mor bright; To the front ad - vanc - ing, Fore-most  
Keart and soul u - nite, Brav-ing ev - 'ry dan - ger, Fore-most  
Loy - al to the Right, Shout-ing hal - le - lu - jah, Fore-most

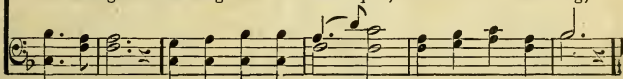


*D. S.*—Praise to our Com - mand - er, Joy - ful

FINE. CHORUS.

*D. S.*

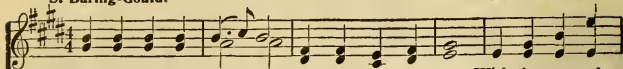
in the fight. March-ing on to con - quer, Sol-diers of the King,



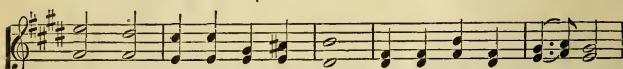
let us sing.

S. Baring-Gould.

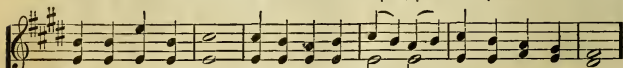
A. S. Sullivan.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of  
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are  
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of  
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,  
 Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er  
 voic - es In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

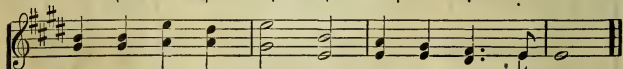


Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!  
 All one bod-y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.  
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can nev - er fail.  
 Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

## CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

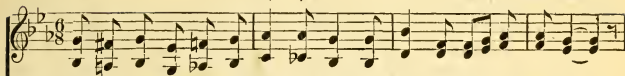
Solo and Duet.

FROM WHITE RIBBON VIBRATIONS BY PER. ENGLEWOOD, COLO.

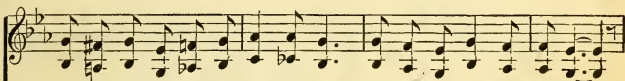
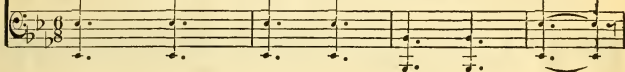
Anon.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY FLORA H. CASSEL.

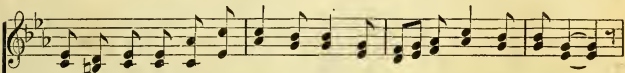
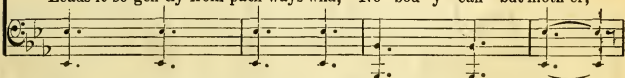
Flora Hamilton Cassel.



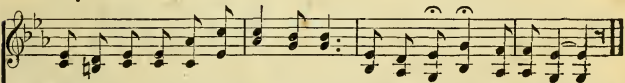
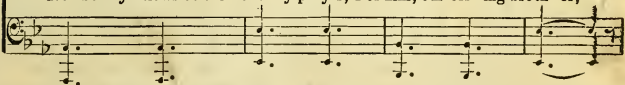
1. No - bod - y knows of the work it makes To keep the home to - geth - er,
2. No - bod - y knows of the sleep - less care Bestowed on ba - by broth - er,
3. No - bod - y knows of the anxious fears, Lest darlings may not weath - er,
4. No - bod - y clings to the wayward child, Tho' scorn'd by ev - 'ry oth - er,



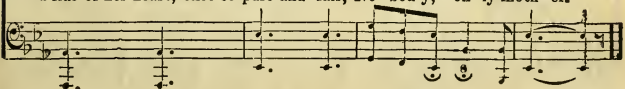
No - bod - y knows of the steps it takes, No - bod - y knows but moth - er;  
 No - bod - y knows of the tend - er pray'r, No - bod - y knows but moth - er;  
 Storms of this life in the com - ing years, No - bod - y knows but moth - er;  
 Leads it so gen tly from path - ways wild, No - bod - y can but moth - er;

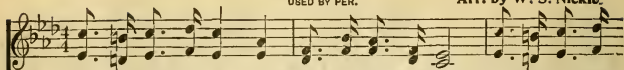


No - bod - y list - ens to child - ish woes, Which kiss - es on - ly smoth - er,  
 No - bod - y knows of the lessons taught, Of lov - ing one an - oth - er;  
 No - bod - y knows of the tears that start, The grief she glad - ly smoth - er,  
 No - bod - y knows of the hour - ly pray'r, For him, our err - ing broth - er,

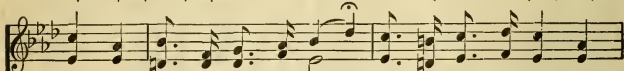
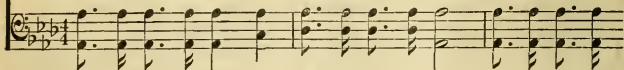


No - bod - y's pain'd by the might - y blow, No - bod - y, — on - ly moth - er.  
 No - bod - y knows of the patience sought, No - bod - y, — on - ly moth - er.  
 No - bod - y knows of the break - ing heart, No - bod - y, — on - ly moth - er.  
 Pride of her heart, once so pure and fair, No - bod - y, — on - ly moth - er.

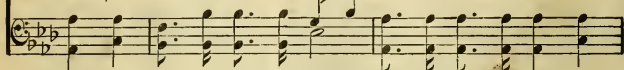




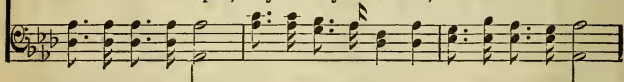
1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, ma-ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form has
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee, He who par-doned



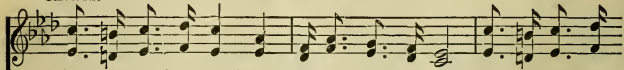
moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft ro-tun-ing  
 ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more sheddwells where  
 moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,



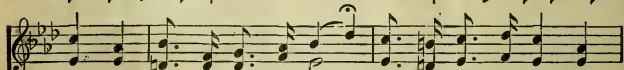
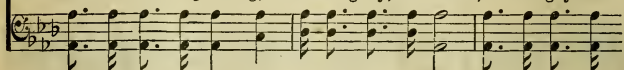
of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.  
 pleas-ure nev-er dies, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.  
 He will not de-spise, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.



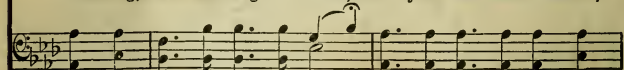
## CHORUS.



Lis-ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-



treat-ing, do no long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,



## Meet Mother in the Skies.

heav'nward lift your eyes, If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

## No. 80. Write to Mother Before It Is Too Late.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

De Loss Smith.

1. If you have a gray-haired mother In the old home far a-way, Sit  
 2. If you have a ten-der message Or a lov-ing word to say, Don't  
 3. The ten-der word un spo-ken, The let-ter nev-er sent, The

down and write the let-ter You put off day by day, Don't  
 wait till you for-get it, But whis-per it to-day, Who  
 long for-got-ten mes-sage, The wealth of love un-spent, For

wait un-til her tired steps Reach heav-en's pearl y gate, But  
 knows what bit-ter mem-o-ries May haunt you if you wait? So  
 these some hearts are break-ing, For these some lov'd ones wait— So

show her that you think of her Be-fore it is too late.  
 make your loved one hap-py Be-fore it is too late.  
 show them that you care for them Be-fore it is too late.



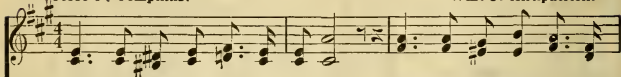
# No. 81. Angels, Bear the News to Mother.

(Duet or Solo, with Chorus.)

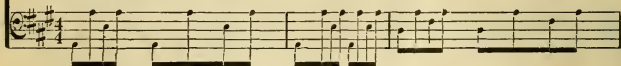
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. BY PER

Jesse P. Tompkins.

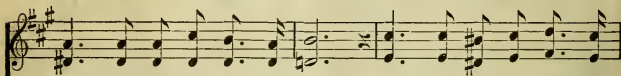
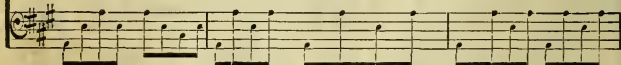
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



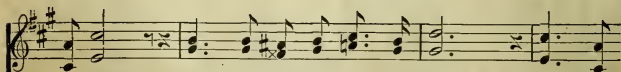
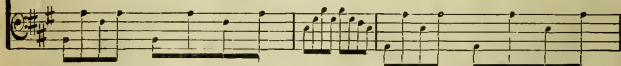
- |                                        |                           |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. An - gels, bear the news to mother, | That I'm com-ing home to- |
| 2. An - gels, bear the news to mother, | In that land where all is |
| 3. An - gels, bear the news to mother, | That I see the love-light |
| 4. An - gels, bear the news to mother, | Speed a - way on wings of |



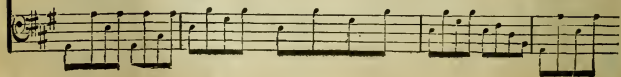
day;	Tired of sin and all its pleas-ures,
joy;	Tell her of the deep con-tri-tion,
now,	And my kind and gen-tle Sav-ior
love;	Hast-en with the joy-ful ti-dings



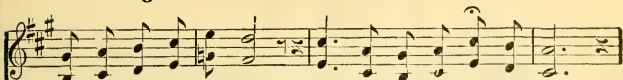
Nev - er-more from love to stray.	Tell her, that with heart all
Of her way-ward, wan-d'ring boy.	Tho' her words I oft have
Prints His mark up - on my brow.	Sweet and low He speaks for-
To that sun-ny land a - bove,	Where I know she now is



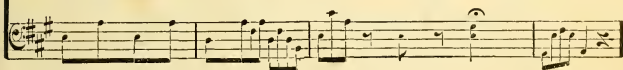
bro-ken,	I am at my Fa-ther's door;	That my
slighted,	And in sin I loved to roam,	I would
giveness,	Soothes my soul to qui-et rest,	And I
wait-ing;	Tell her of the an-swered pray'r,	That some



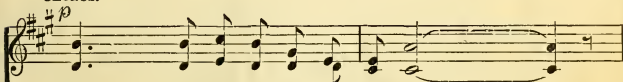
## Angels, Bear the News to Mother.



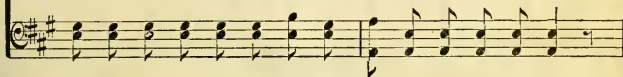
feet are on the threshold, And my wand'rings now are o'er.  
 give this world to tell her That to-day I'm com-ing home.  
 know the joy of par-don, As I lean up-on His breast.  
 day, when life is o-ver, I shall meet and greet her there.



### CHORUS.

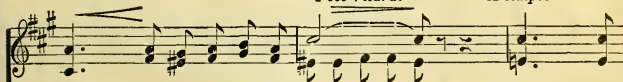


Bear, O bear the news to moth-er! . . . . .  
 Bear, O bear the news to moth-er! bear the news to moth-er!

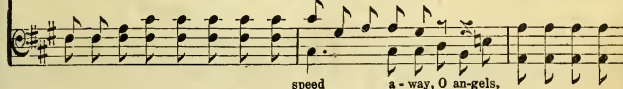


*Poco ritard.*

*A tempo.*



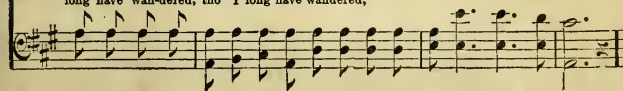
An-gels, speed, O speed a-way! . . . . . Tell her  
 An-gels, speed a-way O an-gels, speed, O speed a-way, Tell her tho' I



speed a-way, O an-gels,



tho' I long have wan- - - dered, I am coming home to-day.  
 long have wan-dered, tho' I long have wandered,



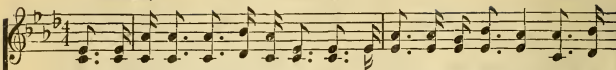
## No. 82.

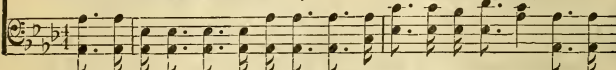
## All the Way.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

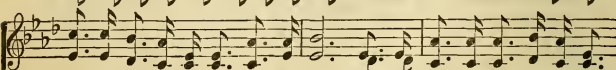
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

- 
1. Since I start-ed for the Cit - y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have
  2. There are ma - ny snares and pit - falls all a - long the pil grim road, I can
  3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
  4. When I reach the si - lent riv - er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus

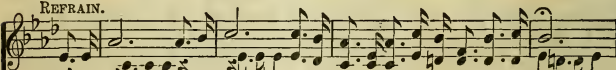


tri - als and temp - ta - tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my - self sup - port - ed  
o - ver - come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor - row,  
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray. And the bless - ed light of heav - en  
will be there, my help - er and my stay. I will sail a - way triumphant,

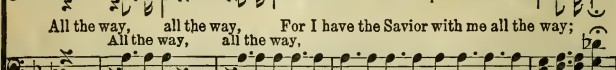


by a strong and lov - ing hand, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.  
grace suf - fi - cient is be - stowed, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.  
o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.  
land my soul on Ca - naan's side, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.

## REFRAIN.



All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way;  
All the way, all the way, all the way.



All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way.  
All the way, all the way, all the way.

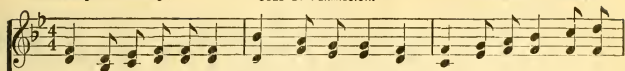
## No. 83.

## Rescue the Perishing.

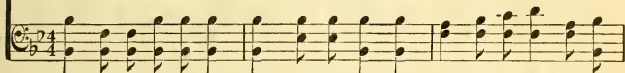
Fanny J. Crosby

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY, OF W. M. DOANE.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

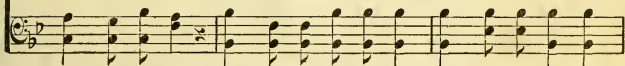
William H. Doane.



1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bu - ried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



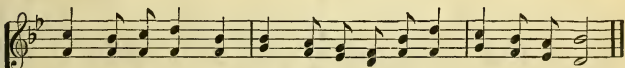
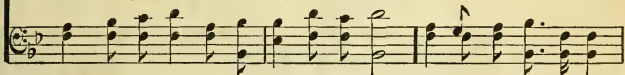
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en,  
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:  
grace can re-store; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,  
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;



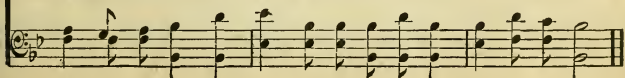
## CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.  
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per-ish-ing,  
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.  
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



## No. 84.

## There'll Be No Dark Valley.

William O. Cushing.

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USED BY PER.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be  
 2. There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes, There'll be  
 3. There'll be no more weep - ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be  
 4. There'll be songs of greet - ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be

no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val - ley when  
 no more sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo - rious mor - row when  
 no more weep - ing when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reap - ing when  
 songs of greeting when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet - ing when

## REFRAIN.

Je - sus comes To gather His loved ones home. To gather His loved ones

home (safe home), To gath - er His loved ones home (safe home); There'll be

no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.



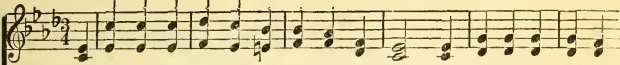
## No. 85.

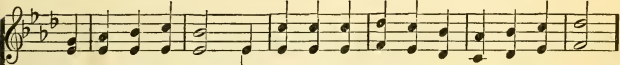
## He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

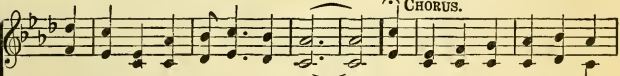
Chas. H. Gabriel.

- 
1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, And all the day long of
  2. He stood at the door a-mid sunshine and rain, So pa-tient-ly waiting
  3. I stand on the mountain of sunshine at last, No cloud in the heavens
  4. I praise Him, because He appointed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in




His good-ness I sing; To Him in my weak-ness I lov-ing-ly cling,  
 an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,  
 a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,  
 His mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall behold Him—shall look on His face,

## CHORUS.



For he is so pre-cious to me

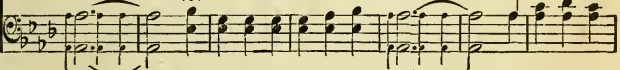
For He is so pre-cious to <sup>so</sup>



precious to me,

so precious to me,

me, . . . . . For He is so precious to me, . . . . . 'Tis heaven be-



low My Re-deem-er to know For He is so pre-cious to me.

A, A. P,

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY D. B. TOWNER.  
USED BY PER.

D. B. Towner,

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus ev - 'ry day; His re - deem - ing blood  
 2. Sad and hope - less once I wan - dered all a - lone. Now He dwells with me  
 3. Tho' the fier - y darts of Sa - tan may as - sail, O'er the shield of faith  
 4. To His mer - cy seat I hast - en when oppress'd, For with Je - sus there  
 5. I am look - ing un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry hour, I am trust - ing in

has wash'd my sins a - way, O, in dark Geth - sem - a - ne and on  
 and claims me as His own, O, He makes my pathway bright, For He  
 they nev - er shall pre - vail, I have giv - en Christ my all; I shall  
 is per - fect peace and rest, So I take to Him in pray'r ev - 'ry  
 His faith - ful - ness and pow'r, Un - der - neath His watch - ful eye are the

cru - el Cal - va - ry, What a - maz - ing love He show'd for such as me.  
 is Him - self the Light, And His presence turns to day life's dark - est night.  
 rise when - e'er I fall, He will an - swer and de - liv - er at my call.  
 anxious weight of care, And I leave it, yes, I leave it with Him there.  
 flames that pu - ri - fy, I shall understand their meaning by and by.

## CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, Ful - ly  
 sat - is - fied with Je - sus ev - 'ry day, I am sat - is - fied, I am

## I Am Satisfied With Jesus:

*ad lib.*

sat - is - fied, Ful - ly sat - is - fied with Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

## No. 87. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse,

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care,

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;  
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

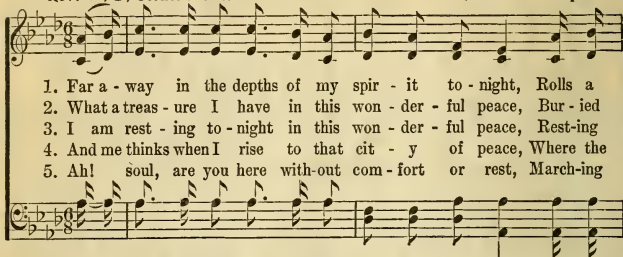
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

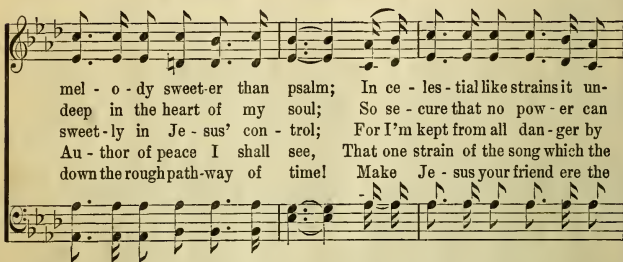
Rev. W. D. Cornell. Alt.

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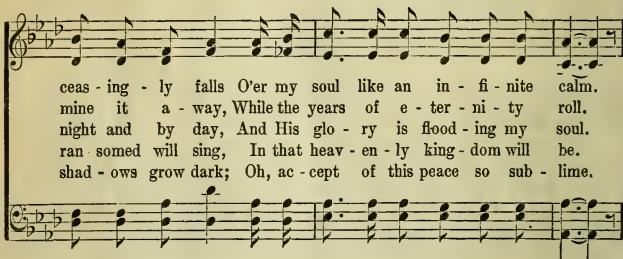
Rev. W. G. Cooper.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a  
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied  
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing  
 4. And me thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the  
 5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March - ing

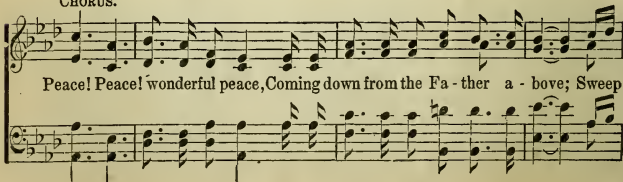


mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -  
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can  
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by  
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the  
 down the rough path - way of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the



ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.  
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.  
 ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be.  
 shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

## CHORUS.



Peace! Peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove; Sweep

## Wonderful Peace.

o-ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less billows of love.

No. 89

## Jesus, Blessed Savior.

Neal A. McAulay.

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De Loss Smith.

1. My life is full of sun - shine, Since Je - sus sav'd my soul; His  
2. My life is rich in - glad - ness, Since Je - sus touch'd my heart: In  
3. My life is at His bid - ding, I own His word and call; My

life and love up - lift - ing, Have made my spir - it whole. He  
all His joy so pre - cious, Thro' grace I have a part. The  
aim to dai - ly give Him, My time, my work, my all. Till

gives me peace a - bid - ing, Each mo - ment, O how sweet; I  
won - ders of His mer - cy, Grow bright - er ev - 'ry day; I  
I shall cross the riv - er; And see Him face to face; To

learn the high - est pre - cepts While sit - ting at His feet.  
prize Him for the fount - ain, That wash'd my sins a - way.  
dwell with Him in glo - ry, A sin - ner sav'd by grace.



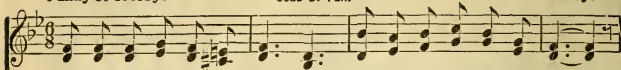
## No. 90.

## Never Give Up.

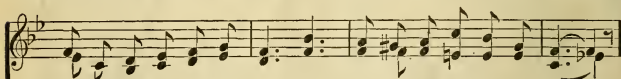
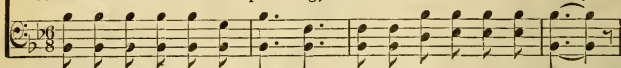
Fanny J. Crosby.

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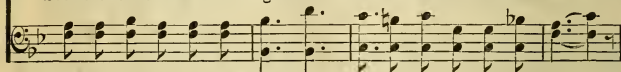
I. Allan Sankey.



1. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be-lieve;  
 2. What if thy bur-dens op-press thee, What tho' thy life may be drear;  
 3. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing, There is a mor-row for thee;



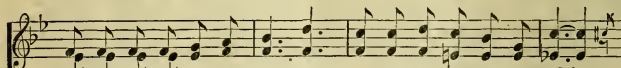
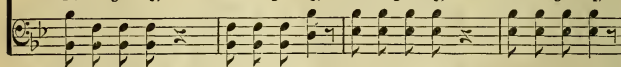
Grace for the du-ties be-fore thee Ask of thy God and re-ceive.  
 Look on the side that is bright-est, Pray and thy path will be clear.  
 Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright-ness There with the Lord thou shalt be.



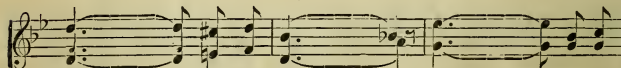
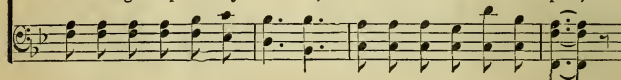
## CHORUS.



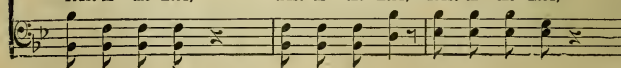
Nev - - er give up, . . . . Nev - - er give up, . . . .  
 Nev-er give up, nev-er give up, Nev-er give up, nev-er give up,



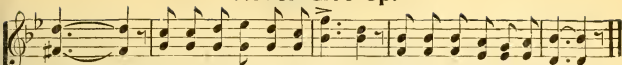
Nev-er give up to thy sor-rows, Je-sus will bid them de-part;



Trust . . . in the Lord, . . . Trust . . . in the  
 Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,



## Never Give Up.



Lord, . . Sing when your trials are greatest, Trust in the Lord and take heart.  
trust in the Lord,



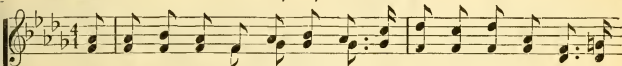
No. 91.

## Jesus Will Reward Us.

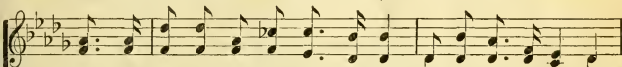
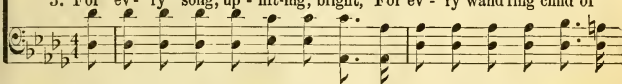
James Rowe.

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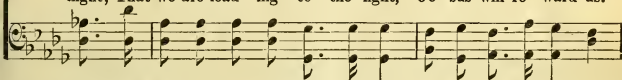
De Loss Smith.



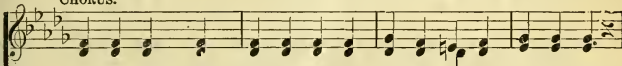
1. For ev - 'ry kind - ly look and tone, For com - fort - ing the sad and
2. For ev - 'ry path - way that we clear, For ban - ish - ing a doubt or
3. For ev - 'ry song, up - lift - ing, bright, For ev - 'ry wand'ring child of



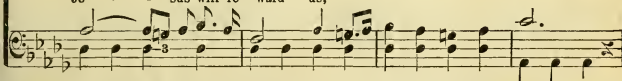
lone, For ev - 'ry act of kind - ness shown, Je - sus will re - ward us.  
fear, For ev - 'ry smile that dries a tear, Je - sus will re - ward us.  
night, That we are lead - ing to the light, Je - sus will re - ward us.



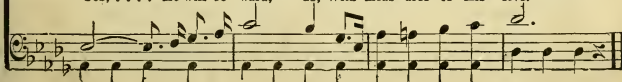
### CHORUS.



Je - sus will, He will re - ward, With bless - ings from a - bove, a - bove;  
Je - - sus will re - ward us,



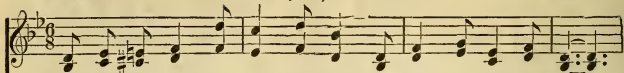
Yes, He will, He will re - ward, With measures of His wondrous love.  
Yes, . . . . He will re - ward, us, With meas - ures of His love.



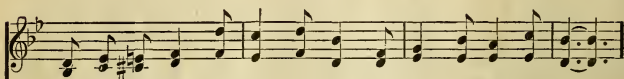
B. Barton.

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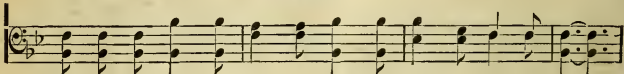
E. O. Excell.



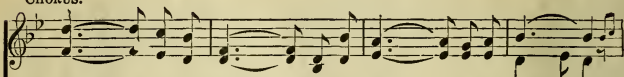
1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man - na from on high.
3. Word of the ev - er - last - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son;
4. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis - dom it im - parts,



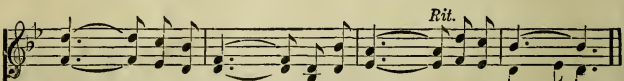
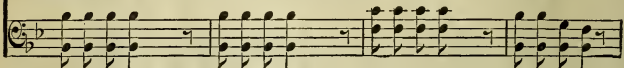
Stream from the fount of heav'n - ly grace, Brook by the trav - 'ler's way:  
 Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be - yond the sky:  
 With - out Thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?  
 And to its heav'n - ly teach-ings turn With sim - ple, child - like hearts.



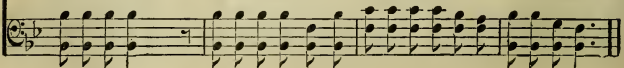
## CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful Lamp, Bright-ly shine . . . on the way, . . . .  
 Beau-ti-ful Lamp, Beau - ti - ful Lamp, Shine on the way, Shine on the way,



Guid - ing the soul . . . To the man - sions of day . . . .  
 Guid - ing the soul, Guiding the soul To the man-sions of day, To the man-sions of day.



J. F. Williams.

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De Loss Smith

1. 'Twas precious blood that bought me, The Shepherd-Christ who sought me, The  
 2. Each day God's will is clear - er, My Lord and Sav - ior dear - er, The  
 3. Thro' life my path grows brighter, My bur - den somehow light - er, Christ's

Com - fort - er who taught me When none could hear my cry; 'Twas wondrous love that  
 heav'n - ly man - sions nearer, As th' moments swiftly fly; Still sweeter is the  
 chords of love draw tighter, And lift me to His breast; On Him I am re -

found me, Dispelled the darkness round me, And broke the chains that bound me,  
 sto - ry Of Je - sus' love and glo - ry, The prize that's set be - fore me,  
 ly - ing, My heart no long - er sigh - ing, And in the hour of dy - ing

## CHORUS.

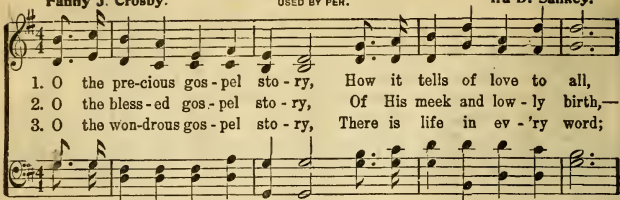
A reb - el, doom'd to die.  
 As days go swift - ly by. 'Twas precious blood and wondrous love That cleans'd and  
 I know I shall find rest.

made me free, And so I spread the ti - dings of His glo - rious lib - er - ty.

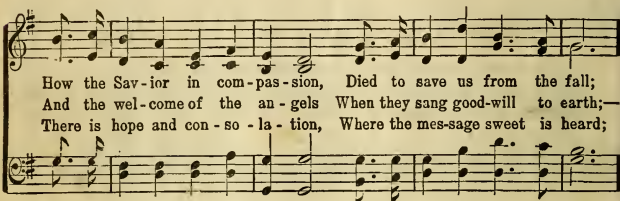
Fanny J. Crosby.

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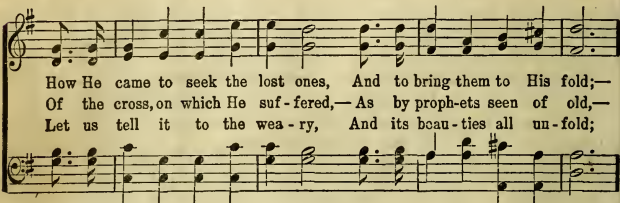
Ira D. Sankey.



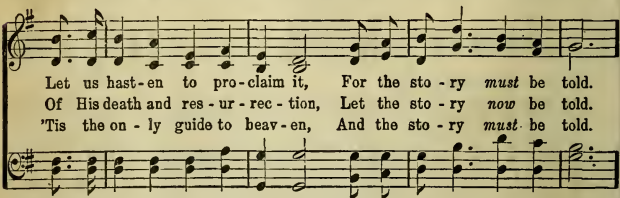
1. O the pre-cious gos-pel sto-ry, How it tells of love to all,  
2. O the bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry, Of His meek and low-ly birth,—  
3. O the won-drous gos-pel sto-ry, There is life in ev-'ry word;



How the Sav-ior in com-pas-sion, Died to save us from the fall;  
And the wel-come of the an-gels When they sang good-will to earth;—  
There is hope and con-so-la-tion, Where the mes-sage sweet is heard;

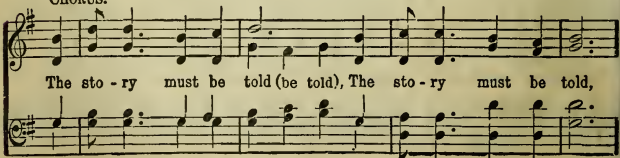


How He came to seek the lost ones, And to bring them to His fold;—  
Of the cross, on which He suf-fered,—As by proph-ets seen of old,—  
Let us tell it to the wea-ry, And its beau-ties all un-fold;



Let us hast-en to pro-claim it, For the sto-ry *must* be told.  
Of His death and res-ur-rec-tion, Let the sto-ry *now* be told.  
'Tis the on-ly guide to heav-en, And the sto-ry *must* be told.

CHORUS.



The sto-ry must be told (be told), The sto-ry must be told,



# The Story Must be Told.

That Je-sus died for sin-ners lost, The sto-ry must be told.

No. 95.

## O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge,

E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt-ures all a-broad.  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.  
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joice-ing ev-'ry day;

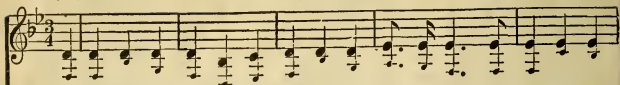
## No. 96.

## Oh, it is Wonderful.

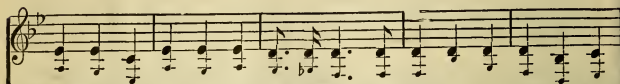
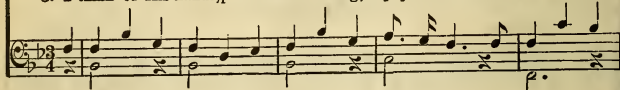
C, H, G,

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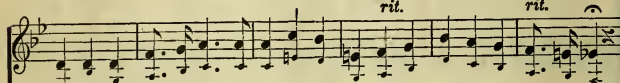
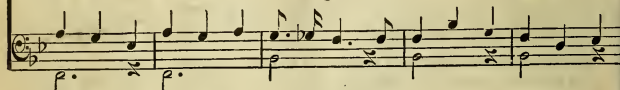
Chas. H. Gabriel.



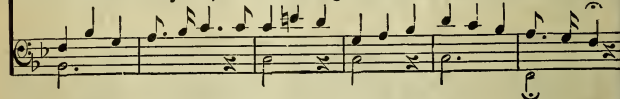
1. I stand all a-mazed at the love Je-sus of-fers me, Con-fused at the  
 2. I mar-vel that He would descend from His throne divine, To res-cue a  
 3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding, to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such



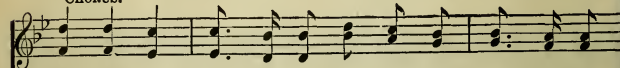
grace that so ful-ly He prof-fers me; I trem-ble to know that for  
 soul so re-bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great  
 love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a-



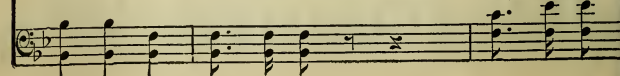
me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.  
 love un-to such as I, Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus-ti-fy.  
 dore at the mercys seat, Un-till at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.



## CHORUS.



Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me,  
 won-der-ful!



## Oh, it is Wonderful.

Enough to die for me, Oh, it is won - der - ful, won - der - ful to me.  
won - der - full!

The image shows the musical notation for the first song. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

## No. 97.

## Oh, How I Love Jesus.

Isaac Watts,

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?  
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up - on the tree?  
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

The image shows the musical notation for the first three verses of the second song. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?  
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
Here, Lord I give my - self a - way—'Tis all that I can do.

The image shows the musical notation for the fourth and fifth verses of the second song. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

### CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,

The image shows the musical notation for the chorus of the second song. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

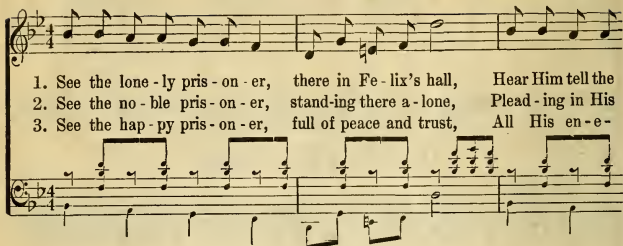
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.

The image shows the musical notation for the sixth verse of the second song. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

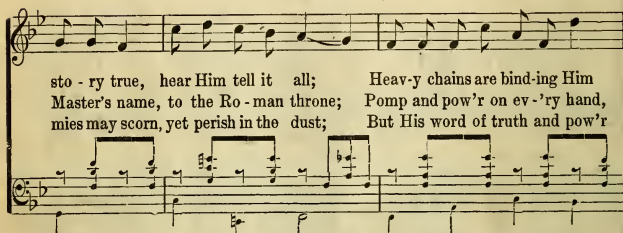
E. S. Ufford.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

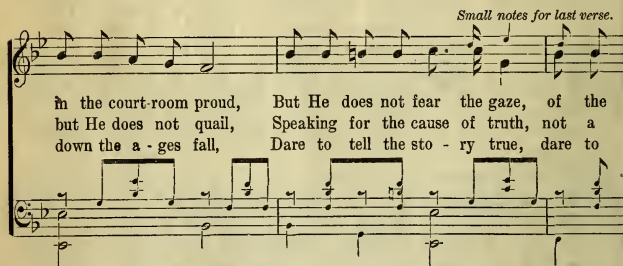
De Loss Smith.



1. See the lone - ly pris - on - er, there in Fe - lix's hall, Hear Him tell the  
 2. See the no - ble pris - on - er, stand - ing there a - lone, Plead - ing in His  
 3. See the hap - py pris - on - er, full of peace and trust, All His en - e -



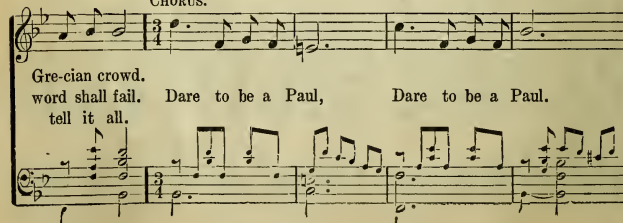
sto - ry true, hear Him tell it all; Heav - y chains are bind - ing Him  
 Master's name, to the Ro - man throne; Pomp and pow'r on ev - 'ry hand,  
 mies may scorn, yet perish in the dust; But His word of truth and pow'r



*Small notes for last verse.*

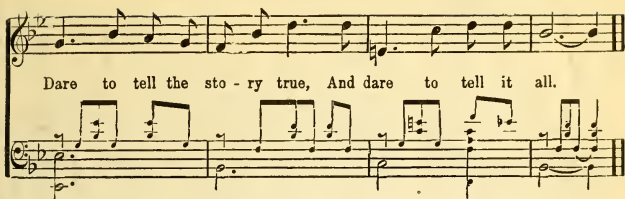
in the court-room proud, But He does not fear the gaze, of the  
 but He does not quail, Speaking for the cause of truth, not a  
 down the a - ges fall, Dare to tell the sto - ry true, dare to

## CHORUS.



Gre-cian crowd.  
 word shall fail. Dare to be a Paul, Dare to be a Paul.  
 tell it all.

# Dare to Be a Paul.



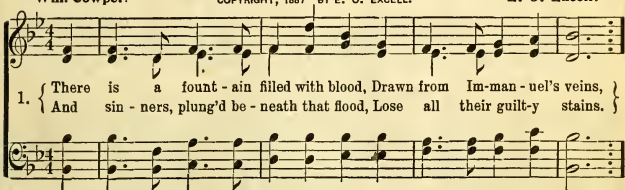
Dare to tell the sto - ry true, And dare to tell it all.

## No. 99. Wash Me in the Blood.

Wm. Cowper.

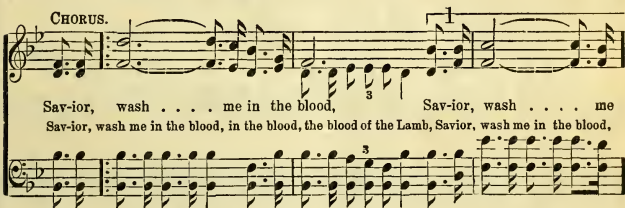
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

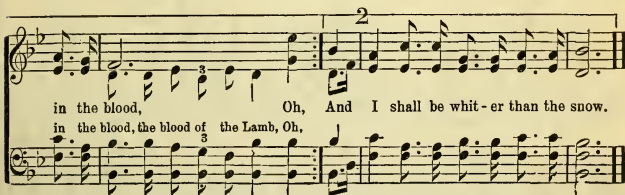


1. { There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins, }  
 { And sin - ners, plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }

### CHORUS.



Sav-ior, wash . . . . me in the blood, Sav-ior, wash . . . . me  
 Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood,



in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit - er than the snow.  
 in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh,

2 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed Church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.



## No. 100.

## He Saves Me.

J. W. Van De Venter.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY W. S. WEEDEN AND J. W. VAN DE VENTER.  
USED BY PER.

W. S. Weedon.

1. The dear lov - ing Sav - ior has found me, And shat - ter'd the fet - ters that  
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly win - ning me  
 3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea - ry of serv - ice and

bound me, Tho' all was con - fus - ion a - round me, He came and spoke  
 to Him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And ask'd to be  
 grieve Him, I'll con - stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His

peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re - deem - er that bought me, In  
 fill'd with His grace, Al - though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him; Thro'  
 pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In

ten - der - ness con - stant - ly sought me, The way of sal - va - tion He  
 faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a -  
 knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly,

CHORUS.  
 taught me, And made my heart per - fect - ly whole.  
 dore Him, Re - stor'd to His lov - ing em - brace. He saves me, He  
 know - ing, That Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine.

# He Saves Me,

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! O glo - ry, O glo - ry,

His spir - it a - bid - eth with - in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

1 2 rit.

No. 101.

# Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.  
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;  
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;  
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

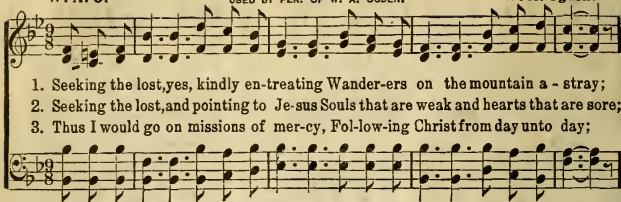
D. S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.  
REFRAIN. D. S.

Sav ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

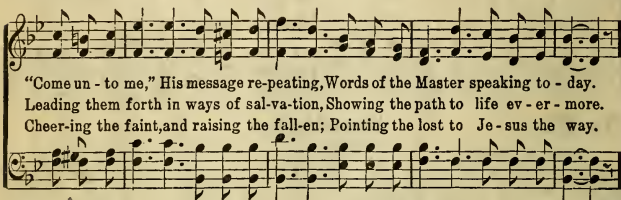
W. A. O.

USED BY PER. OF W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. Ogden.

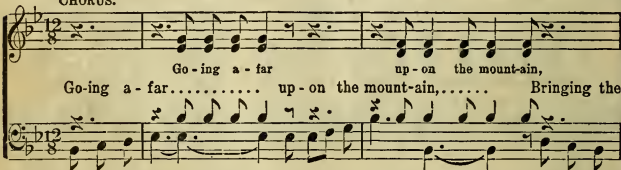


1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly en-treating Wander-ers on the mountain a - stray;
2. Seeking the lost, and pointing to Je-sus Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore;
3. Thus I would go on missions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from day unto day;

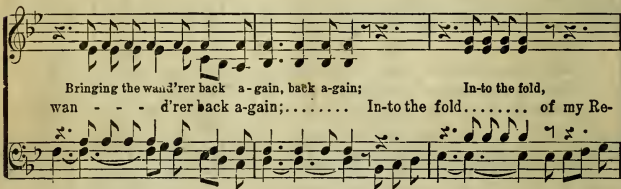


"Come un - to me," His message re-peating, Words of the Master speaking to - day.  
 Leading them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the path to life ev - er - more.  
 Cheer-ing the faint, and raising the fall-en; Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

## CHORUS.



Go - ing a - far up - on the mount-ain,  
 Go-ing a - far..... up - on the mount-ain,..... Bringing the



Bringing the wan-d'r'er back a - gain, back a - gain; In - to the fold,  
 wan - - - d'r'er back a - gain;..... In - to the fold..... of my Re-



of my Redeemer, Jesus the Lamb for sin-ners slain, for sinners slain,  
 deem - er,..... Jesus the Lamb..... for sin-ners slain.....

# No. 103. There Will Be No Tears In Paradise.

Chas. Reign Scoville,

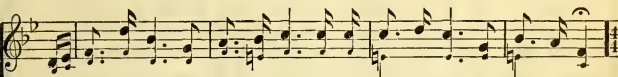
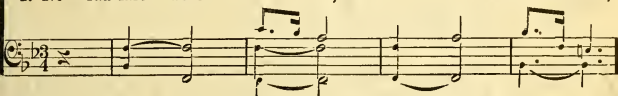
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De Loss Smith.

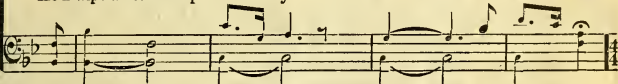
SOLO.



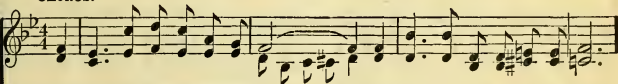
1. There will be no tears in Par - a - dise, No bro-ken hearts nor mournful sighs;
2. We will meet those gone in Par - a - dise, The quick and dead shali all a - rise;
3. There will be no night in Par - a - dise, The Son of Righteousness shall 'rise,
4. No sad fare - wells in Par - a - dise, The Tree of Life once more shall rise;



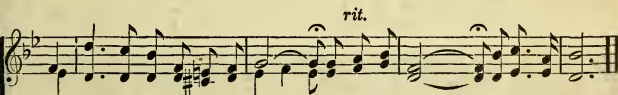
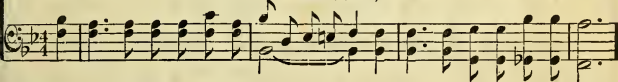
No cloud shall ev - er dim its skies There will be no tears in Par - a - dise.  
 Im - mor - tal life shall win the prize, There will be no tears in Par - a - dise.  
 "Tell all the earth" His an-gel cries, "There will be no tears in Par - a - dise."  
 He'll wipe all tear-drops from our eyes There will be no tears in Par - a - dise.



CHORUS.

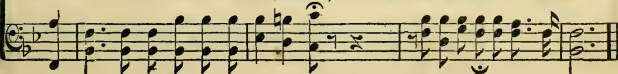


The birds fly north as well as south, . . . The show-ers always end the drouth;  
 as well as south,



*rit.*

The sun that sets, again shall rise, . . . There'll be no tears . . . in Par-a-dise.  
 shall rise, there'll be no tears



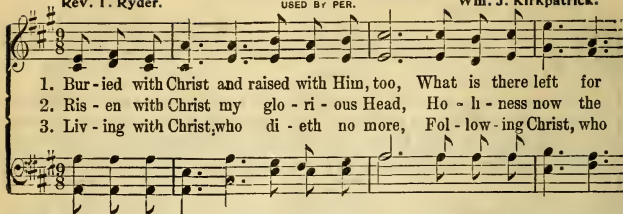
## No. 104.

## Buried With Christ.

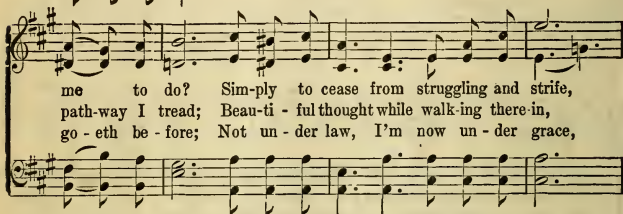
Rev. T. Ryder.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

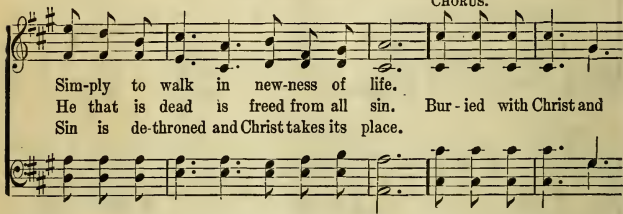


1. Bur - ied with Christ and raised with Him, too, What is there left for  
 2. Ris - en with Christ my glo - ri - ous Head, Ho - li - ness now the  
 3. Liv - ing with Christ, who di - eth no more, Fol - low - ing Christ, who

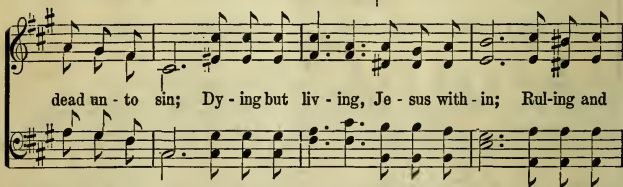


me to do? Sim - ply to cease from struggling and strife,  
 path - way I tread; Beau - ti - ful thought while walk - ing there - in,  
 go - eth be - fore; Not un - der law, I'm now un - der grace,

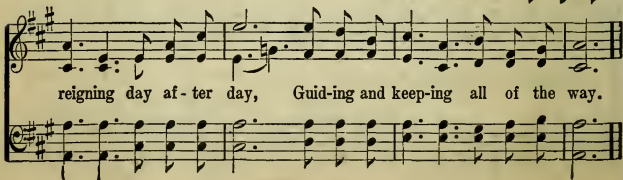
## CHORUS.



Sim - ply to walk in new - ness of life.  
 He that is dead is freed from all sin. Bur - ied with Christ and  
 Sin is de - throned and Christ takes its place.



dead un - to sin; Dy - ing but liv - ing, Je - sus with - in; Rul - ing and



reigning day af - ter day, Guid - ing and keep - ing all of the way.



Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.  
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O so long was my bark toss'd a-bout on life's sea, But I've an-chor'd in  
 2. Safe-ly moor'd to the Rock which no tempest can shake, I have an chor'd in  
 3. In the har - bor of faith there is safe - ty and rest, I have an chor'd in  
 4. Deep-er grow-eth my peace as I'm near - ing the shore, I have an-chor'd in

Je-sus at last; And I heard a sweet voice gen tly call-ing to me, And I've  
 Je-sus at last; Tho' the bil-lows in fu - ry a-round me may break, I have  
 Je-sus at last; And a deep settled peace now is filling my breast, I have  
 Je-sus at last; And by simply be - liev - ing I'm safe ev - er more, I have

## CHORUS.

an-chor'd in Je - sus at last. At last! . . . . At last! . . . .

I've an-chor'd in Je - sus, I've an-chor'd at last,

All my doubtings are o - ver, my strug - gle is past, And the load of my

sin at His feet I have cast, I have anchor'd in Je - sus at last.

at last,

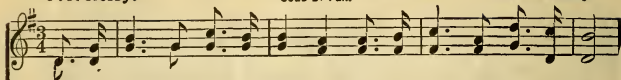
## No. 106.

## Send the Gospel Light.

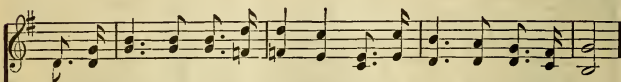
F. J. Crosby.

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Ira D. Sankey.



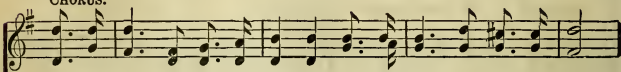
1. Send the Light, O send it quick - ly, Far a - cross the heav - ing main;
2. Send the Light, where souls are dy - ing In their darkness gloom and night;
3. Send the Light, the Lord commands it; To His Ho - ly Word at - tend;



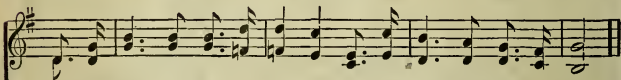
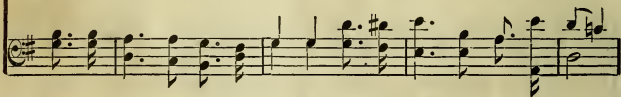
Speed the news of full sal - va - tion Thro' a dear Re - deem - er's name.  
Haste, O haste! the days are fleet ing, And the hours—how swift their flight!  
'Go ye forth and preach my gos - pel; Lo, I'm with you to the end.'



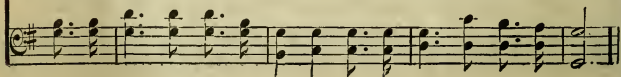
## CHORUS.



Send the light, O send it quick - ly, To the isles be - yond the sea;



Let them hear the wond - rous sto - ry—Love is bound - less. grace is free.



Margaret Moody.

BY PER. OF SILVER BURDETTE & CO.  
OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

W. A. Ogden.

1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy, . . . . .  
 2. When a soul is born in the king-dom bright, There is joy, . . . . .  
 3. When a pil-grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy, . . . . .  
 There is joy,

there is joy; . . . . . When he turns to God in the gos-pel way,  
 there is joy; . . . . . When it walks by faith in the gos-pel light,  
 there is joy; . . . . . When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side,  
 there is joy;

## CHORUS.

There is joy, . . . . . there is joy. There is joy a - mong the  
 There is joy,

an - gels, And their hearts with mu - sic ring, . . . . . When a  
 mu - sic ring,

sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend - ing low be - fore the King.

## No. 108.

## I'm a Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY HALL-MACH CO.  
USED BY PER.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can  
2. Of that cit - y to which I jour - ney, My Re - deem - er, my Re -  
3. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, O my long - ing heart, my

tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To  
deem - er is the Light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor  
long - ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try so dark and drear - y, I

CHORUS.

where the fount - ains are ev - er flow - ing.  
an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a  
long have wandered for - lorn and weary. I'm a pil - grim, I'm a pil - grim, and a

stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a  
stran - ger, and a stran - ger; tar - ry, tar - ry,

night;  
tar - ry but a night; I'm a pil - grim and I'm a  
I'm a pil - grim, I'm a pil - grim and a

# I'm a Pilgrim.

stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can t - ry but a night!  
 stran-ger, and a stran-ger tar - ry tar - ry tar - ry but a night!

## No. 109. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

(GORDON.)

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my  
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

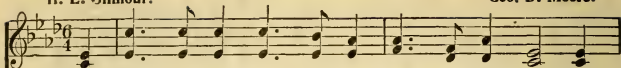
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

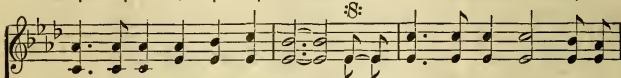
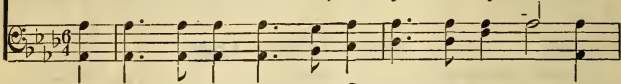


H. L. Gilmour.

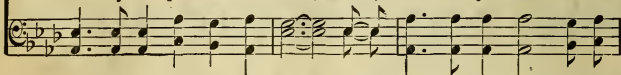
Geo. D. Moore.



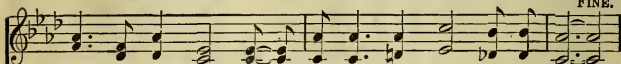
1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To



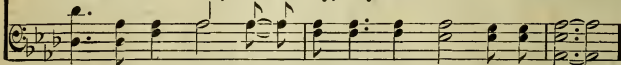
bur-den'd with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,  
 faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I  
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-  
 John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no  
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the



D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

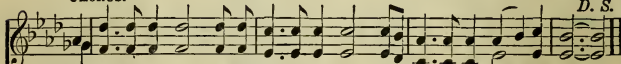


make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.  
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

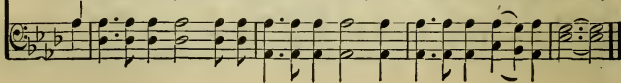


wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;



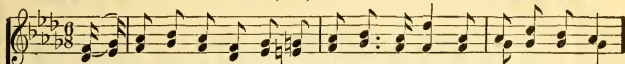
## No. 111.

## He Wants to Come In.

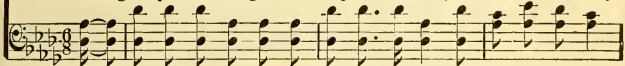
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

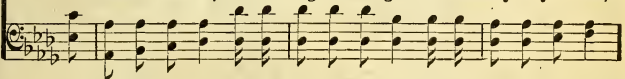
De Loss Smith,



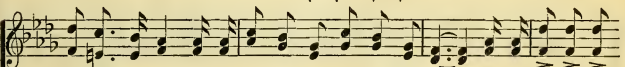
1. At the door of your heart stands a Stran-ger to-day; He wants to come in,
2. There are wounds in His hands, in His feet, and His side; He wants to come in,
3. He is long-ing your sin-blighted life to control; He wants to come in,
4. To guide you from danger, to shield you from strife, He wants to come in,



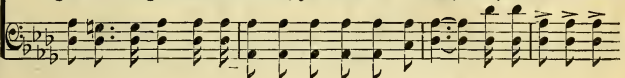
He wants to come in; Oh, how sweetly He pleads; Do not turn Him a - way;  
 He wants to come in; For your sins, on the cross He has suffered and died;  
 He wants to come in; He is of - fer - ing par-don and peace to your soul;  
 He wants to come in; To brighten and glad-den each day of your life,



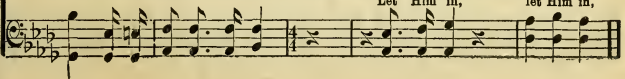
He wants to come in, to come in. 'Tis the Sav-ior of men, and a-



gain and a-gain He has striven, your love to ob-tain; Heed, O heed His sweet



voice, let Him not plead in vain; Let Him in, . . . . . let Him in. . . . .  
 Let Him in, let Him in,

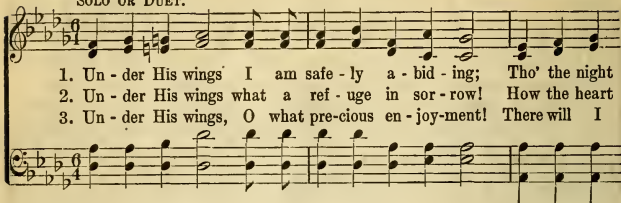


## No. 112.

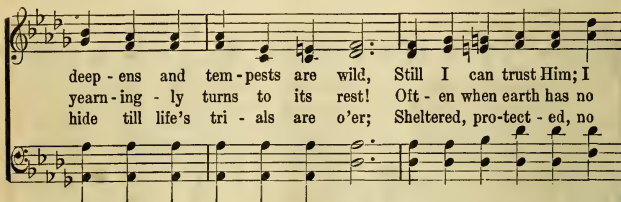
## Under His Wings.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.  
SOLO OR DUET.COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO  
USED BY PER.

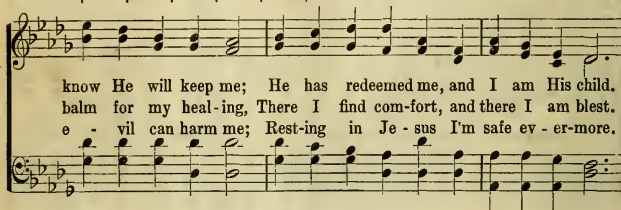
Ira D. Sankey.



1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night  
2. Un - der His wings what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart  
3. Un - der His wings, O what pre-cious en - joy-ment! There will I

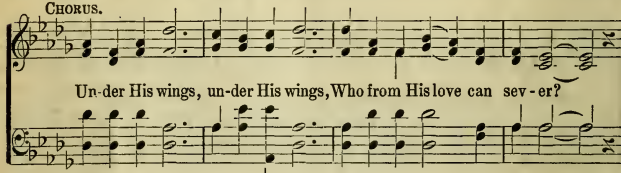


deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I  
yearn - ing - ly turns to its rest! Oft - en when earth has no  
hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Sheltered, pro-TECT - ed, no

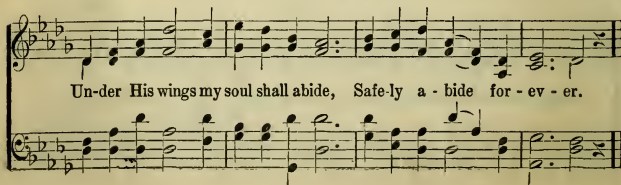


know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.  
balm for my heal-ing, There I find com-fort, and there I am blest.  
e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er-more.

## CHORUS.



Un-der His wings, un-der His wings, Who from His love can sev-er?



Un-der His wings my soul shall abide, Safe-ly a - bide for - ev - er.

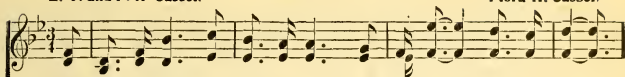
## No. 113.

## Coming King of Kings.

E. T. and F. H. Cassel.

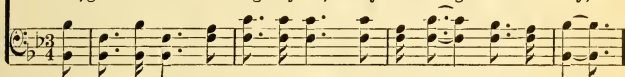
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCOVILLE AND SMITH.

Flora H. Cassel.



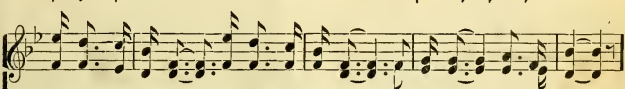
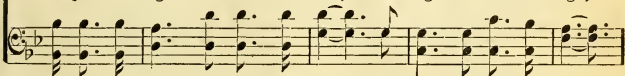
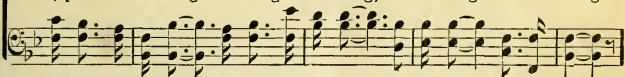
1. In Thine own word oh, bless-ed Lord Thy com - ing is for - told;

2. Oh, grant that we 'ere long may see, Thy com - ing in the sky,

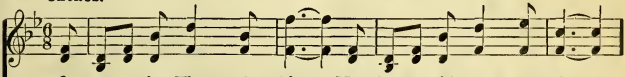


We can not say how soon the day Will dawn and we be - hold

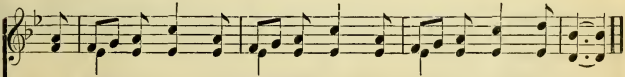
In splend-or bright and rai - ment white, With ang - els from on high;

The wondrous to - ken, of Thy word spok-en, Thy com-ing for Thine own,  
Oh, speed the dawn-ing of that glad morn-ing, The com-ing of the King.

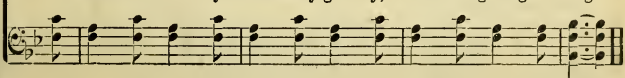
## CHORUS.



O com - ing King of kings, My heart with rapt - ure sings,



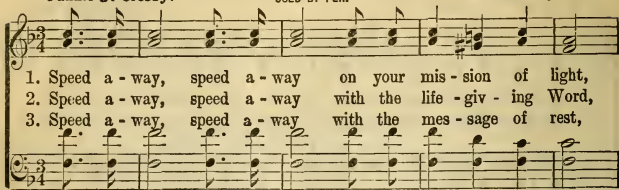
I'll tell the sto - ry of Thy glo - ry, Com - ing King of kings.



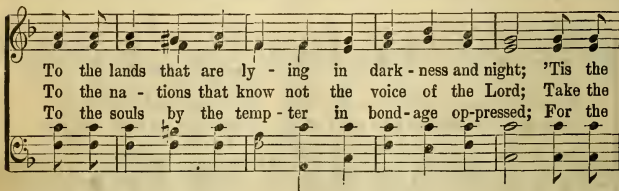
Fannie J. Crosby.

WORDS AND HAR. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY IRA D. SANKEY.  
USED BY PER.

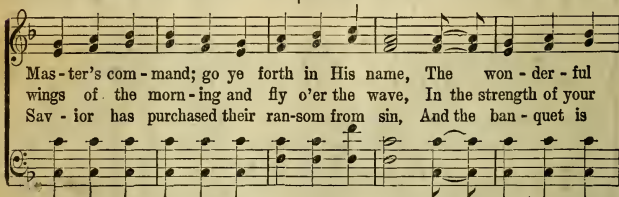
I. B. Woodbury, Arr.



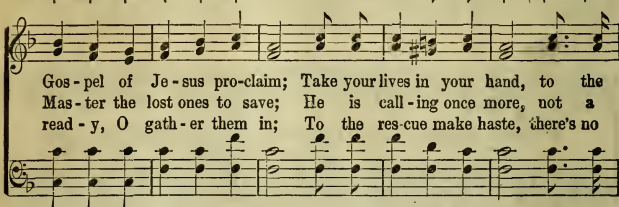
1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,  
 2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,  
 3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,



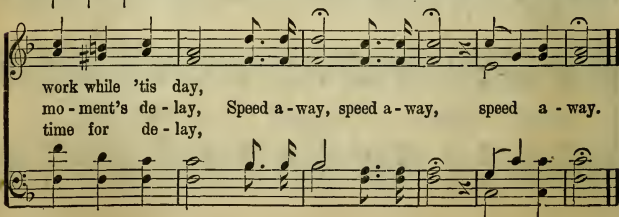
To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the  
 To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the  
 To the souls by the temp - ter in bond - age op - pressed; For the



Mas - ter's com - mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful  
 wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your  
 Sav - ior has purchased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is



Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the  
 Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a  
 read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no



work while 'tis day,  
 mo - ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.  
 time for de - lay,

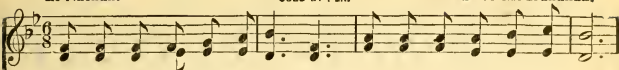


# No. 115. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

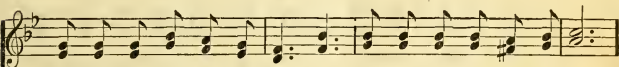
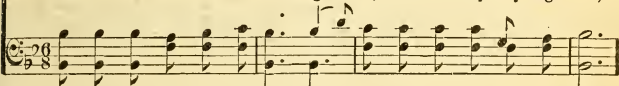
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.  
USED BY PER.

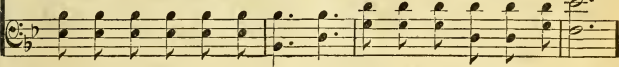
James McGranahan.



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,



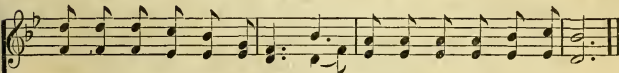
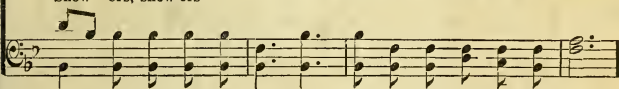
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.  
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bund-ance of rain.  
Grant to us now a re-fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.  
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



## CHORUS.



Show - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;  
Show - ers, show-ers



Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

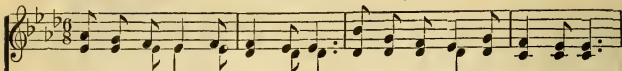


# No. 116. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

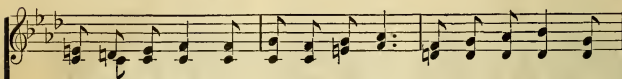
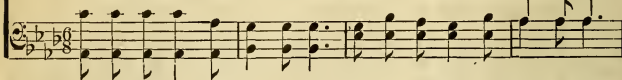
C, H, S,

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY CLARA M. SCOTT.  
OWNED BY THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

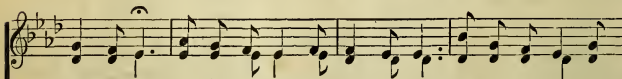
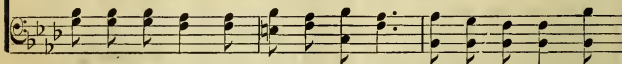
Chas, H, Scott,



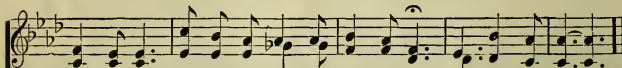
1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimp ses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;



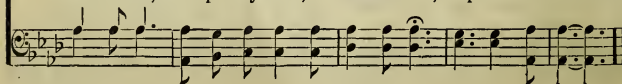
Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp, and  
And while the wave - notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will  
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy chil - dren



set me free. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy  
dis - ap - pear. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy  
thus to share. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy



will to see; O - pen my eyes, il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
will to see; O - pen my ears, il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
will to see; O - pen my heart, il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

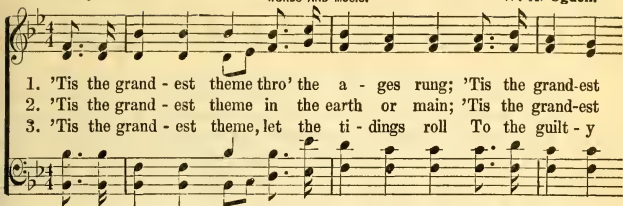


# No. 117. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

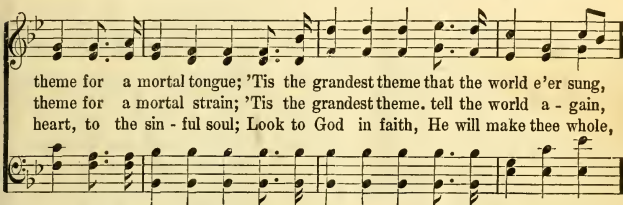
W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

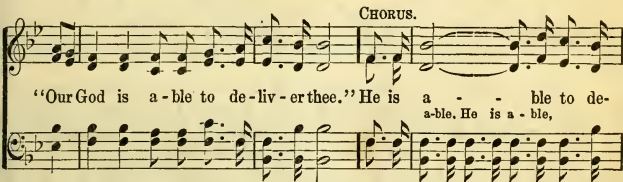
W. A. Ogden.



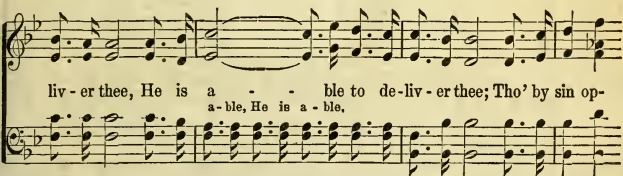
1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est  
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est  
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y



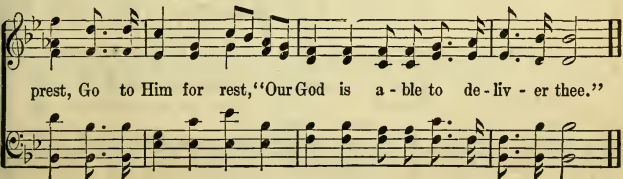
theme for a mortal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,  
theme for a mortal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme. tell the world a - gain,  
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,



CHORUS.  
"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - ble to de -  
a - ble. He is a - ble,



liv - er thee, He is a - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op -  
a - ble, He is a - ble,



prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

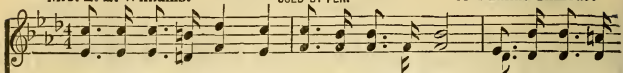
## No. 118.

## Volunteers, to the Front!

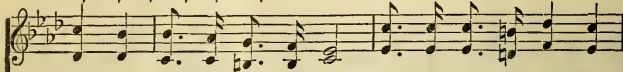
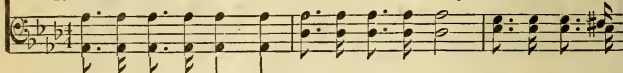
Mrs. E. E. Williams.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR.  
USED BY PER.

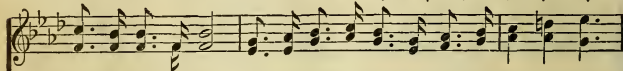
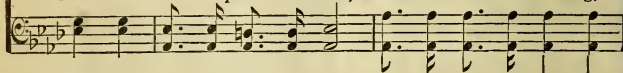
Pauline Gilmour.



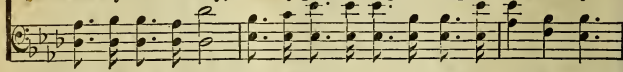
1. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! val - iant men and true, in the ranks my
3. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! on the bat - tle plain Sol - diers brave are
4. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! let the ranks be filled; Soon the din of



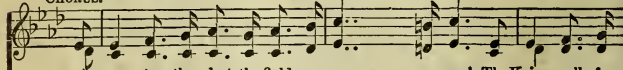
an - swer, com - rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,  
broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com - mand - er,  
fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es  
bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,



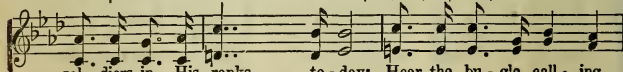
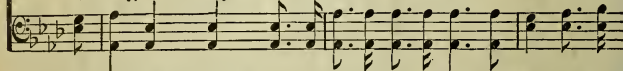
haste to march a - way. For the Lord is call - ing, "To the front to - day!"  
let us all o - bey When He gives the or - der, "To the front to - day!"  
in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Je - sus to the front to - day?  
soon they'll clear a - way, Glo - ry gilds the heights a - long the front to - day.



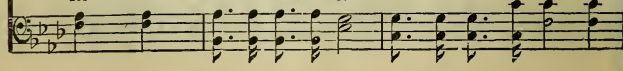
## CHORUS.



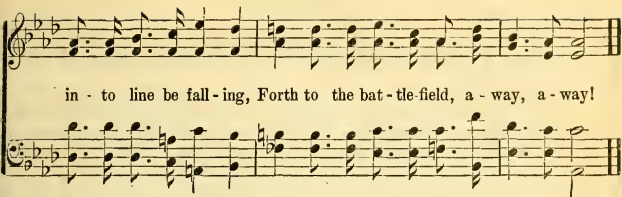
A - way to the bat - tle field, a - way, a - way! The King calls for  
A - way, a - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way!



sol - diers in His ranks to - day; Hear the bu - gle call - ing,  
sol - diers in His ranks to - day;



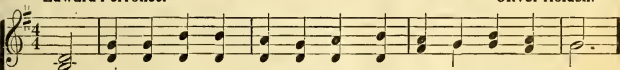
## Volunteers, to the Front!



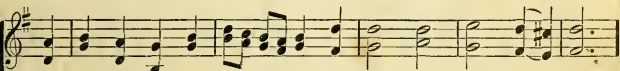
## No. 119. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

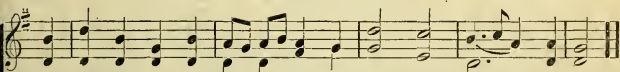
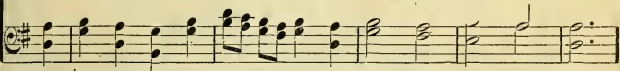
Oliver Holden.



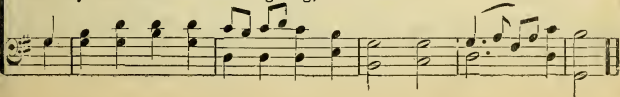
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - tial ball,
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.





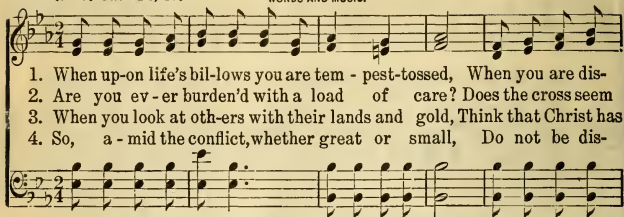
## No. 120.

## Count Your Blessings.

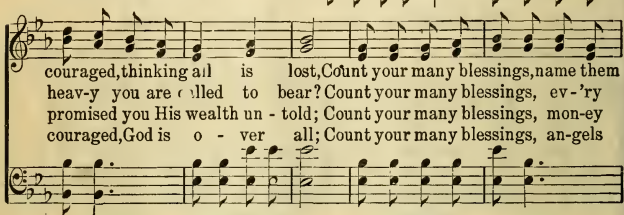
Rev J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

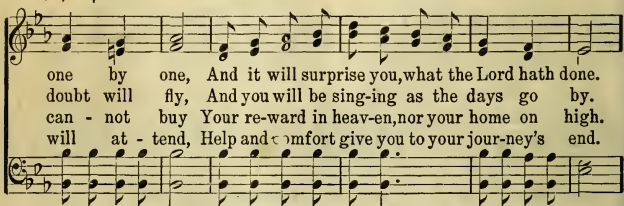
E. O. Excell.



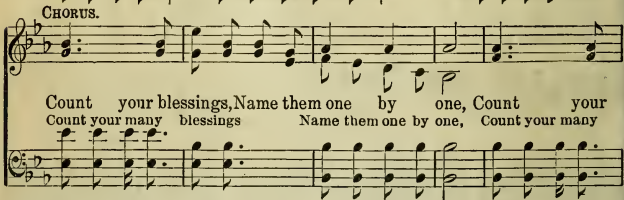
1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-  
2. Are you ev - er burden'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem



3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has  
4. So, a - mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-  
courage'd, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them

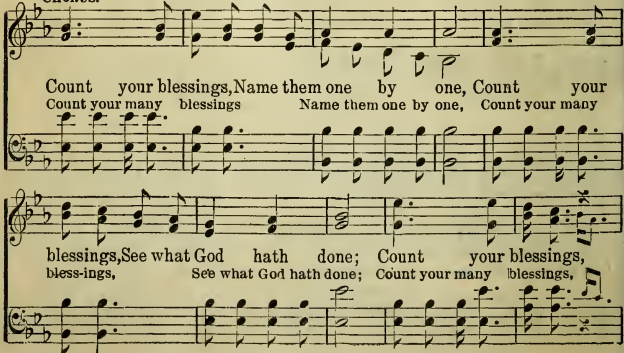


heav-y you are call'd to bear? Count your many blessings, ev-'ry  
promised you His wealth un - told; Count your many blessings, mon-ey  
courage'd, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, an-gels  
one by one, And it will surprise you, what the Lord hath done.



doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.  
can - not buy Your re-ward in heav-en, nor your home on high.  
will at - tend, Help and comfort give you to your jour-ney's end.

## CHORUS.



Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your  
Count your many blessings Name them one by one, Count your many  
blessings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,  
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings,

# Count Your Blessings.

Musical score for 'Count Your Blessings' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 121.

## Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S.

USED BY PER.

Melody by J. H. Stockton.

Musical score for 'Take Me As I Am' in G major, 8/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. No pre - pa - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break,
3. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new,
4. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er the vic - t'ry won,

Musical score for 'Take Me As I Am' in G major, 8/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!  
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

D.S.—O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Musical score for 'Take Me As I Am' in G major, 8/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am; . . .  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

Laura E. Newell.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY C. E. LESLIE.  
BY PER. OF THE CHICAGO MUSIC CO.

C. E. Leslie.

1. What will your re - cord be, by and by, When you are called to the  
 2. What will your re - cord be? well we know Short is the time un - til  
 3. What will your re - cord be? strive to live, That you a right-eous ac-

mansions on high, When 'tis re-vealed to your won - d'ring eyes,  
 all must go, Each one is jour - ney - ing on to the tomb,  
 count may give, When you are called to the judg - ment day,

## CHORUS.

There by the Mas - ter of par - a - dise?  
 Je - sus has robb'd it of all its gloom. What will your re - cord be,  
 What will your re - cord be, can you say?

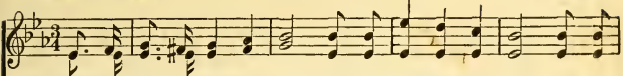
O! can you say, When an - gel sum-mons shall call you a - way,

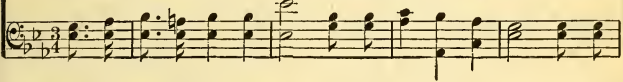
*rit.*  
 Will you be read-y and willing to go, When death shall call you a - way?

Fanny J. Crosby.

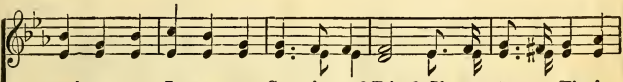
COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY W. H. DOANE.  
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

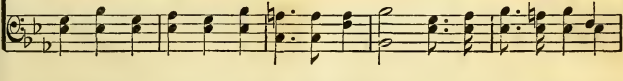
- 
1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
  2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
  3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
  4. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer; trust-ing Him, we be-lieve That the



gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to Him in  
ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may  
Sav-ior who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing  
bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the full-ness of this

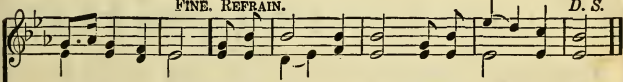


faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
cast at His feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
heart He re-moves ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

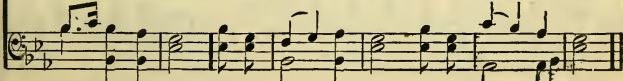


*D. S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how*

FINE. REFRAIN.

*D. S.*


sweet to be there! Blessed hour of prayer, blessed hour of prayer;

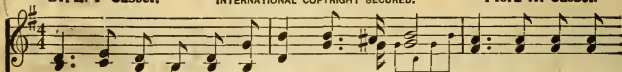


*sweet to be there!*

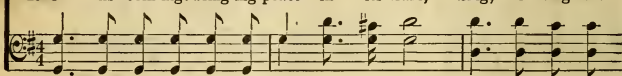

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

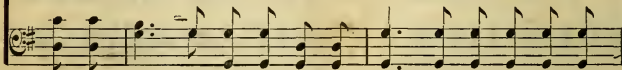
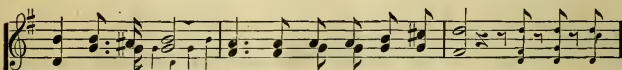
Flora H. Cassel.



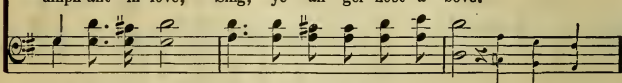
1. O 'tis com-ing! night is break-ing a - way; 'Tis the dawn-ing  
2. See the might-y hosts of God in ar - ray, Strong-er, strong-er,  
3. O ye slumb'ring ones, a - wake and a - rise! See, the sun is  
4. O 'tis com-ing! bring-ing peace in its train; Sing, O sing the


of the gold - en day, When all the world shall hear the bless-ed  
grow-ing ev - 'ry day; Pre - par - ing ev - 'ry-where the com-ing  
mounting up the skies! Fall in - to line, make read - y for the  
sweet e - van - gel strain That ush - ers in the gold - en age, tri-

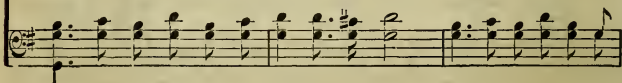
word we a - dore, Ech - o - ing from shore to shore.  
way of the Lord, Spread-ing ev - 'ry-where His word.  
great Ju - bi - lee That is com - ing full and free.  
umph-ant in love; Sing, ye an - gel - host a - bove.



## CHORUS.

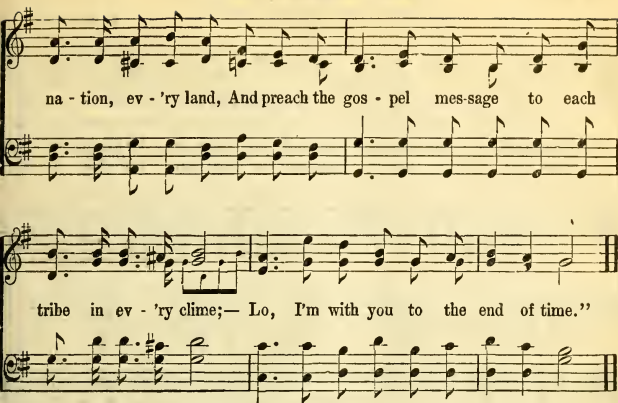


Sound the great E - van-gel's word of com-mand, "Go ye in - to ev-'ry





## The Evangel Age.

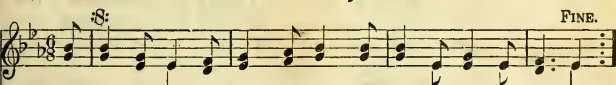


na - tion, ev - 'ry land, And preach the gos - pel mes - sage to each

tribe in ev - 'ry clime;— Lo, I'm with you to the end of time."

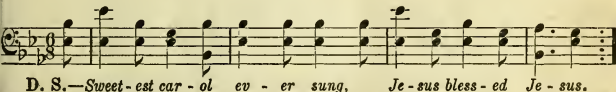
No. 125.

## The Great Physician.



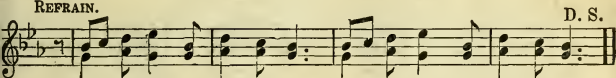
FINE.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }  
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }  
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n And wear a crown with Je - sus. }



D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



D. S.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue;



3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
 I now believe in Jesus;  
 I love the blessed Savior's name,  
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear  
 No other name but Jesus;  
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear  
 The charming name of Jesus.

## I Will Meet You There.

E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

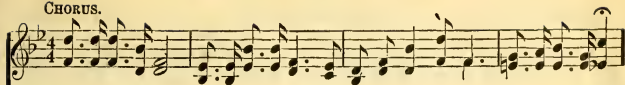
1. You told me the sto - ry of Christ and His love, You showed me the  
 2. You show'd me the fount-ain that cleanseth the soul, The streams of sal-  
 3. You told me of mer-cies that fail nev - er-more, Of grace all-suf-  
 4. The light of that coun-try shall nev - er grow dim, So bright is the

path-way to man - sions a - bove; I called to the Sav-ior, He  
 va - tion that won - drous - ly roll. I sought the Great Healer, the  
 fi - cient, of love's bound-less store; And now I am trust-ing the  
 glo - ry that stream-eth from Him; O joy ev - er-last-ing, be-

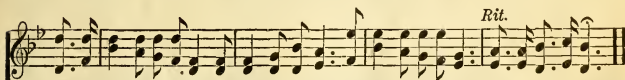
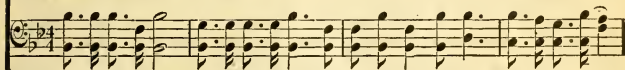
an - swered my pray'r; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.  
 bless - ing to share; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.  
 Fa - ther's kind care; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.  
 yond all com-pare! You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.

# I Will Meet You There.

CHORUS.



I will meet you there, I will meet you there; Is anyone saying, I will meet you there,



In the beautiful city so bright and so fair? You led me to Jesus, I will meet you there.



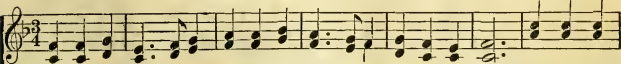
No. 127.

America.

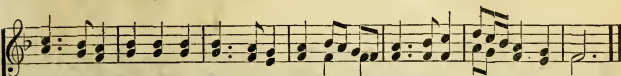
S. F. Smith.

(THE NATIONAL SONG OF AMERICA.)

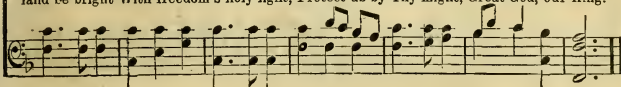
English.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fathers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring!  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.  
tongues awake Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



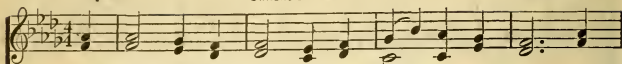
## No. 128.

## It is Well With My Soul.

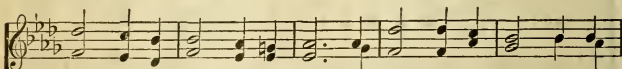
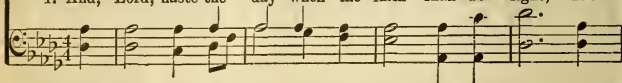
H. G. Spafford.

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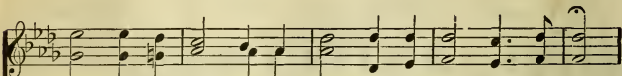
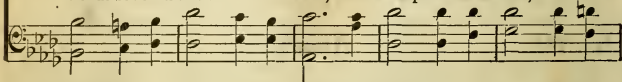
P. P. Bliss.



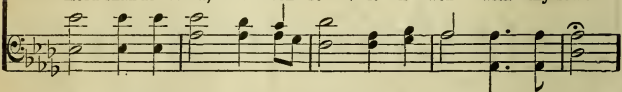
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



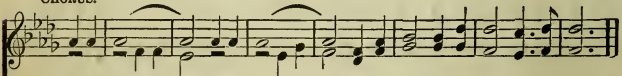
sor - rows like sea - billows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast  
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my  
sin—not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I  
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re sound, and the



taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."  
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.  
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!  
Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

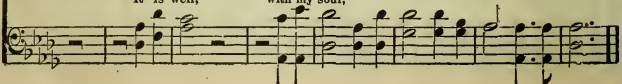


## CHORUS.



It is well, . . . . with my soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well, with my soul,



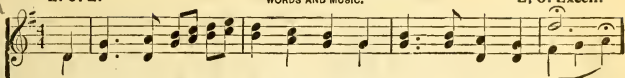
# No. 129.

# Since I Have Been Redeemed.

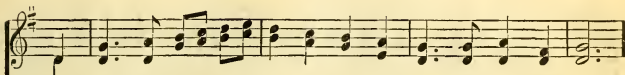
E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL,  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



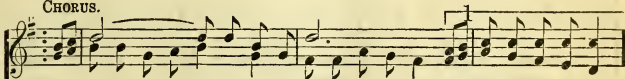
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deem'd;
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deem'd;
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deem'd;
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deem'd;



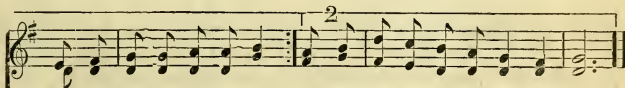
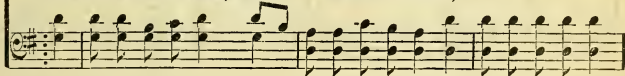
Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.  
To do His will my high-est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.  
Dis-pell-ing ev-'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.  
Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.



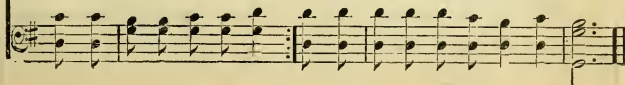
## CHORUS.



Since I . . . . . have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,  
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,



I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.





## No. 130.

## Life's Railway to Heaven.

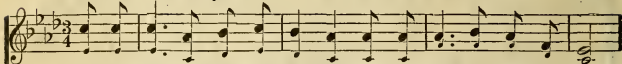
*Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.*

M. E. Abbey.

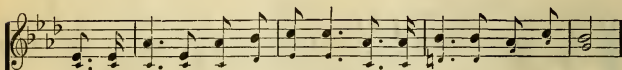
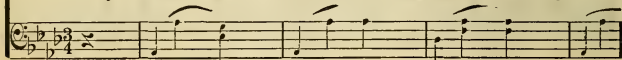
COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Charlie D. Tillman.

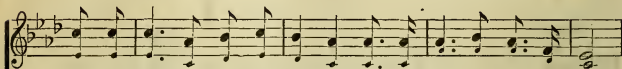
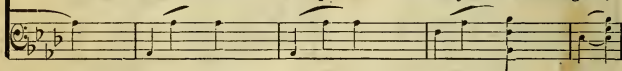
SOLO OR DUET.

*Tempo ad lib.*

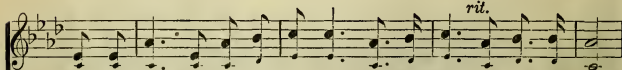
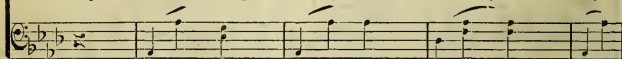
1. Life is like a mount-ain rail-road, With an eng - i - neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres - tle, Span-ning Jor-dan's swell-ing tide;



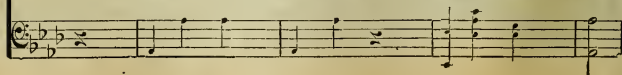
We must make the run suc - cess - ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;  
 See that Christ is your con - duc - tor On this light-ning train of life;  
 On a fill, or curve, or tres - tle, They will al - most ditch your train;  
 You be - hold the Un - ion De - pot In - to which your train will glide;



Watch the curves, the fills, the tun - nels; Nev - er falt - er nev - er quail;  
 Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc - tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;  
 Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;  
 There you'll meet the Su - perintendant, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,



Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle, And your eye up - on the rail.  
 Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle, And your eye up - on the rail.  
 Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle, And your eye up - on the rail.  
 With the hear - ty joy - ous plaud - it, "Wea - ry pil - grim, welcome home."



# Life's Railway to Heaven.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that bliss-ful shore;  
Where the an - gels wait to join us In Thy praise for ev - er - more.

No. 131.

## Home, Sweet Home.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture com-plaints }  
2. { How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (Omit.) . . } with saints!  
3. { An al - ien from God, and a stran - ger to grace, }  
4. { I wan - dered thro' earth, its gay pleas-ures (Omit.) . . } to trace;  
5. { The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way; }  
6. { They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (Omit.) . . } de - cay;

To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the  
In the path-way of sin I con-tin - ued to roam, Un - mind ful, a-  
But pleas-ures more last-ing in Je - sus are giv'n, Sal - va - tion on

D. S.—Pre-pare me, dear

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

pres - ence of Je - sus at home.  
las! that it led me from home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
earth and a man - sion in heav'n.

Sav - ior, for heav - en, my home.

## No. 132.

## There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.,

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USED BY PER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,  
 2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,  
 3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,  
 4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?  
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to cal - va - ry's tide,  
 pow'r in the blood; Sins stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,  
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.  
 There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, there is pow'r,

Wonder - working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is  
 in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.  
 there is pow'r,

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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USED BY PER.

J. H. F.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv-eth, And on the earth . . .  
 2. I know His prom-ise nev-er fail-eth, The word He speaks, . .  
 3. I know my man-sions He pre-par-eth, That where He is . . . .

a-gain shall stand;  
 it can not die;  
 there I may be;

I know e-ter-nal life He giv-eth That grace an?  
 Tho' cru-el death my flesh as-sail-eth, Yet I shall  
 O wondrous tho't, for me He car-eth, And He at

## CHORUS.

pow'r . . . . . are in His hand.  
 see . . . . . Him by and by.  
 last . . . . . will come for me.

{ I know, I know . . . . .  
 { And on the earth . . . . .

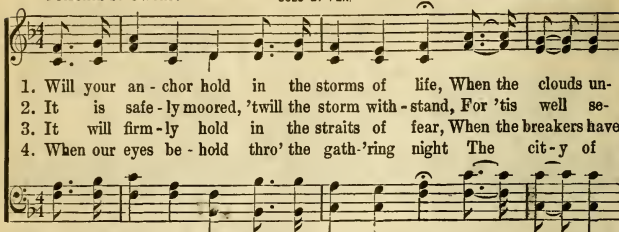
that Je-sus liv-eth, }  
 a - gain shall (Omit . ) stand; I know, I know . . . that life He  
 I know, I know

giv-eth, That grace and pow'r . . . . . are in His hand. . . . .  
 That grace and pow'r are in His hand.

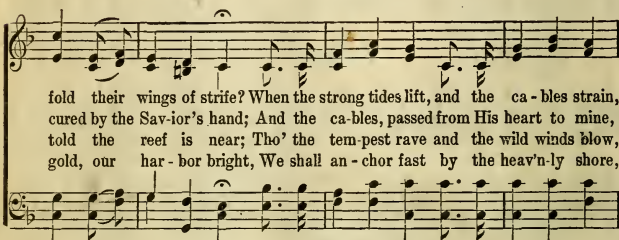
Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.  
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Wm: J: Kirkpatrick:

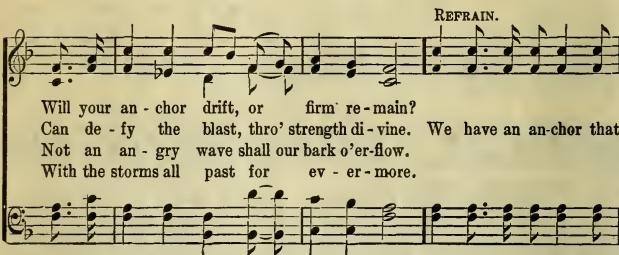


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-  
 2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm with - stand, For 'tis well se-  
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have  
 4. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - ring night The cit - y of

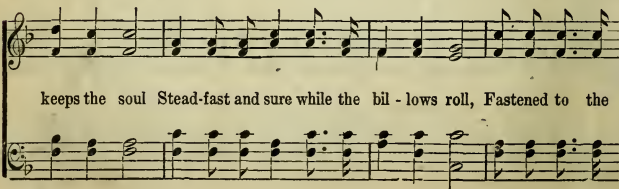


fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,  
 cured by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to mine,  
 told the reef is near; Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,  
 gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n - ly shore,

REFRAIN.



Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?  
 Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine. We have an an - chor that  
 Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.  
 With the storms all past for ev - er - more.



keeps the soul Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the



## We Have an Anchor.

Rock which can-not move, Ground-ed firm and deep in the Sav-ior's love.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final note on a whole note.

No. 135.

## More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.  
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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;  
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;  
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His Word, Hold ing com-munion with my Lord;  
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final note on a whole note.

FINE.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final note on a whole note.

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.  
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.  
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.  
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com ing, Prince of peace.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final note on a whole note.

D. S. - More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final note on a whole note.

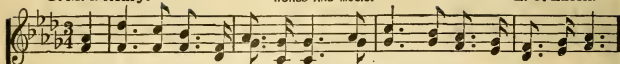
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final note on a whole note.

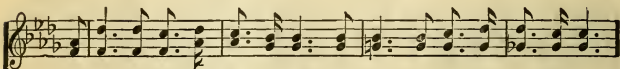
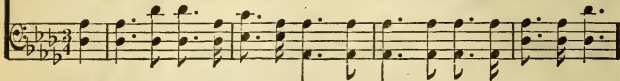
S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

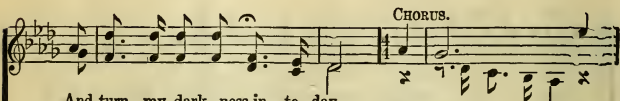
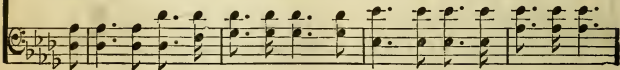
E. O. Excell.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

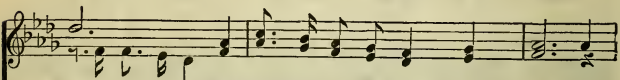
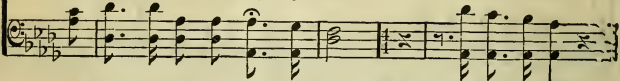


But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,  
And with Histouch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine,  
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,  
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

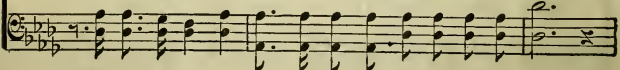


And turn my dark-ness in - to day.  
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.  
Up - hold and keep me to the end.  
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

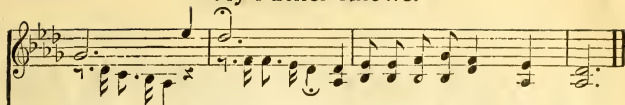
He knows, He  
My Fa - ther knows,



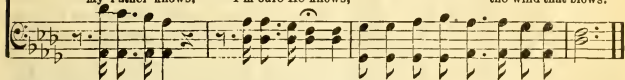
knows The storms that would my way op - pose, He  
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



## My Father Knows.



knows            He knows,            And tempers ev'ry wind   that   blows.  
My Father knows,            I'm sure He knows,            the wind that blows.



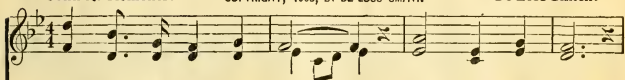
## No. 137.

I Am Free.

**John R. Clements.**

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De Loss Smith.



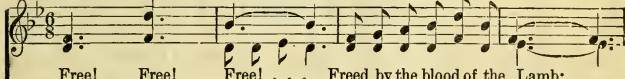
- |                |                |             |                   |
|----------------|----------------|-------------|-------------------|
| 1. Christ gave | Him - self for | me, . . . . | My debt is paid;  |
| 2. He gave     | Him - self for | me, . . . . | A gift of love;   |
| 3. He gave     | Him - self for | me, . . . . | At aw - ful cost; |
|                |                | for me.     |                   |



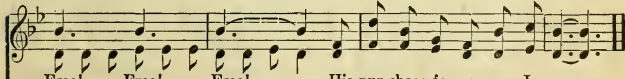
He died to set me free, . . . On Him my guilt was laid.  
His slave I fain would be, . . . My grat-i-tude to prove.  
With-out you cru-el tree . . . My soul must have been lost.  
me free,



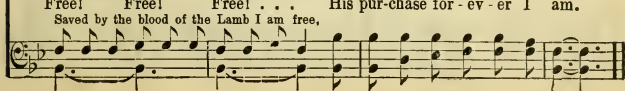
CHORUS.



Free! Free! Free! . . . Freed by the blood of the Lamb; . . .  
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb, I am free, that was slain:



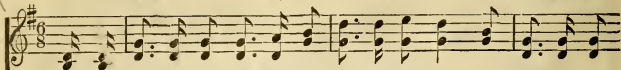
Free! Free! Free! . . . His pur-chase for - ev - er I am.  
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb I am free.



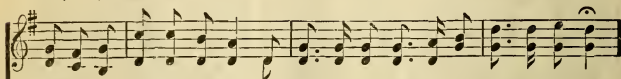
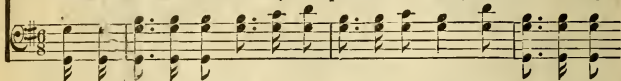
W. M. Lighthall.

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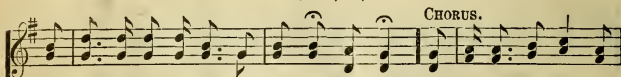
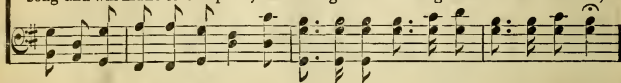
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav - en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

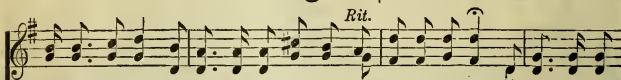
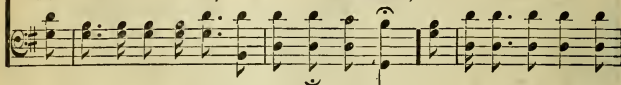


high - est to Je - sus, my King; Its mu - sic each moment is thrilling my soul,  
im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,  
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un - end - ing the ech - oes will roll,



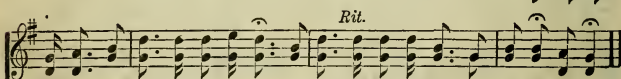
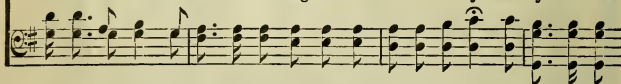
CHORUS.

For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole, A sin - ner made whole! a



Rit.

sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is



Rit.

singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.



# No. 139. There's a Great Day Coming.

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W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day  
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day  
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be  
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to  
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom—"De-

part-ed right and left,—Are you read-y for that day to come!  
them that love the Lord,—Are you read-y for that day to come!  
part, I know you not,"—Are you read-y for that day to come!

## CHORUS.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

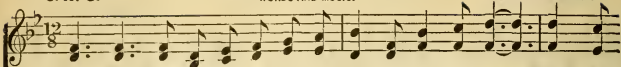
judg-ment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?



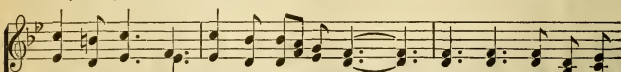
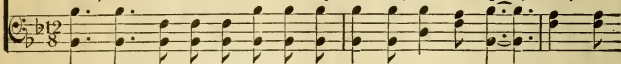
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

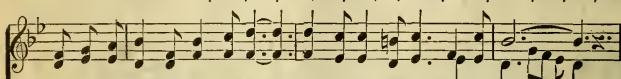
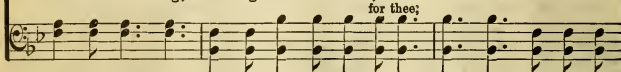
Chas. H. Gabriel.



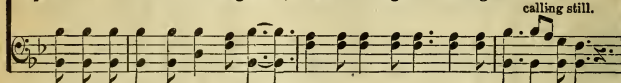
1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O  
 2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O  
 3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O



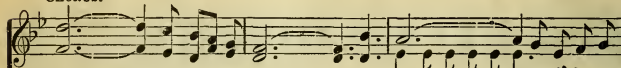
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wander'd so  
 hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the  
 hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is



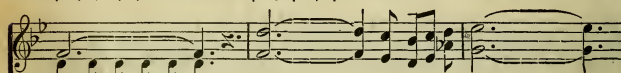
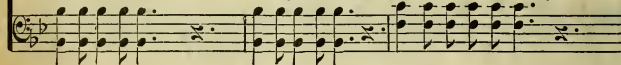
far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still.  
 Spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still.  
 spread and the feast is wait-ing there, Hear His loving voice calling still.



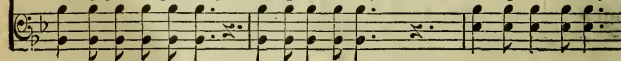
## CHORUS.



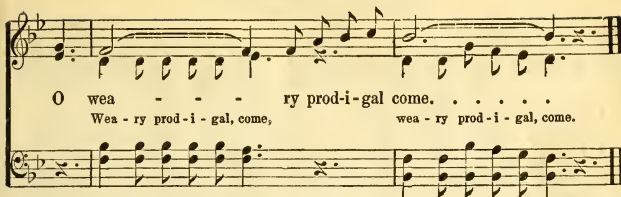
Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - ry prod-i-gal,  
 Calling now for thee, calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,



come; . . . . . Call - - ing now for thee, . . . . .  
 wea-ry prod-i-gal, come; Calling now for thee, call-ing now for thee,



## Calling the Prodigal.



O wea - - - ry prod-i-gal come. . . . .  
 Wea - ry prod-i - gal, come, wea - ry prod-i - gal, come.

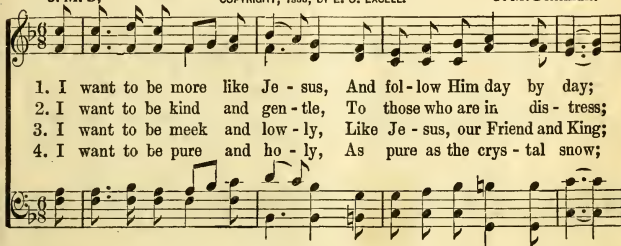
No. 141.

## More Like Jesus.

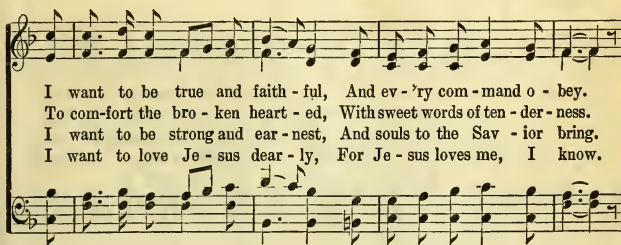
J. M. S.

COPYRIGHT 1878, BY J. M. STILLMAN  
 COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. M. Stillman.

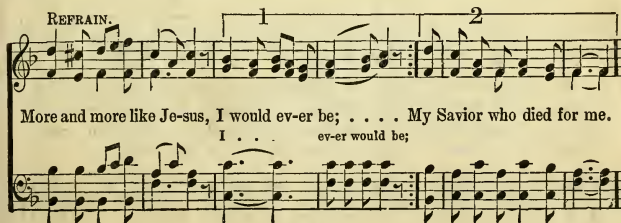


1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;  
 2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;  
 3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;  
 4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;



I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com - mand o - bey.  
 To com - fort the bro - ken heart - ed, With sweet words of ten - der - ness.  
 I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.  
 I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.

REFRAIN.



More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be; . . . . My Savior who died for me.  
 I . . . ev - er would be;

Alice Starbright.

Ira D. Sankey,

1. On - ly to know that the path I tread Is the path mark'd out for me;  
 2. On - ly to know when the day is past, And the ev-'ning shad-ows come,  
 3. On - ly to know that the cross I see, Is the cross of Cal - va - ry,  
 4. On - ly to know His peace with-in— My will to His re-signed;

That the way, tho' thorn - y,, rough and steep, Will lead me nearer to Thee!  
 That its trials and cares have proved in - deed A "day's march near - er home!"  
 On which the world's Re - deem - er died, To pur - chase life for me!  
 Oh, fill me with Thy full - ness, Lord, And make me whol - ly Thine!

## REFRAIN.

Near-er to Thee! near-er to Thee! Bless-ed Re - deem-er, to Thee!  
 Near-er my home! near-er my home! Near - er my beau-ti - ful home!  
 Purchased for me! purchased for me! Life Thou hast purchased for me!  
 Whol - ly Thine! whol - ly Thine! Now and for - ev - er Thine!

On - ly to know that the path I tread Is bringing me nearer to Thee!  
 On - ly to know that each fast-fleeting day Is bringing me near - er home!  
 On - ly to know that Thy death on the cross Brings light and life to me!  
 Fill me with love and peace di - vine, And make me whol - ly Thine!

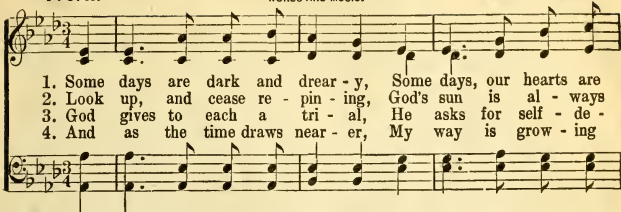
## No. 143.

## Some Happy Day.

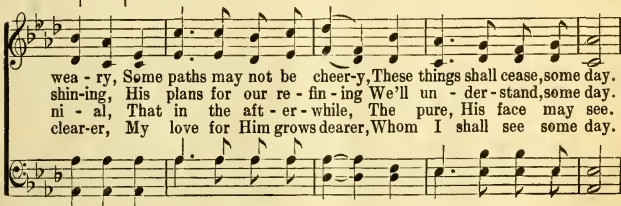
F. C. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank C. Huston.



1. Some days are dark and drear - y,      Some days, our hearts are  
2. Look up, and cease re - pin - ing,      God's sun is al - ways  
3. God gives to each a tri - al,      He asks for self - de -  
4. And as the time draws near - er,      My way is grow - ing

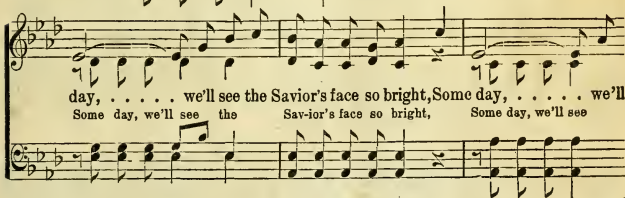


wea - ry, Some paths may not be cheer - y, These things shall cease, some day.  
shin - ing, His plans for our re - fin - ing We'll un - der - stand, some day.  
ni - al, That in the aft - er - while, The pure, His face may see.  
clear - er, My love for Him grows dearer, Whom I shall see some day.

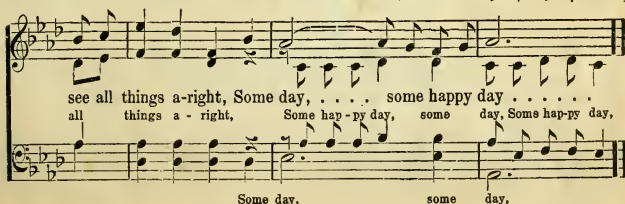
## CHORUS.



Some day, . . . . . in that fair land of love and light, Some  
Some day, in that fair land of love and light,



day, . . . . . we'll see the Savior's face so bright, Some day, . . . . . we'll  
Some day, we'll see the Sav - ior's face so bright, Some day, we'll see



see all things a - right, Some day, . . . . . some happy day . . . . .  
all things a - right, Some hap - py day, some day, Some hap - py day,  
Some day, some day,

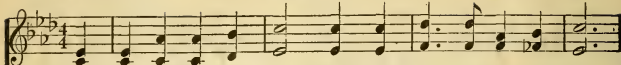
## No. 144.

## My Lord and I.

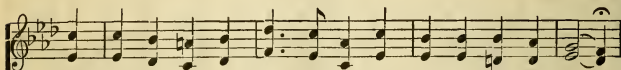
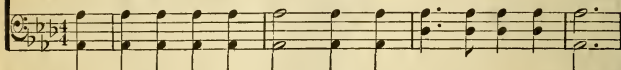
Mrs. L. Shorey.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.  
USED BY PER.

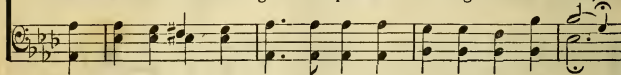
Joseph D. Little.



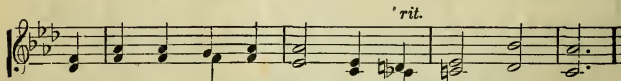
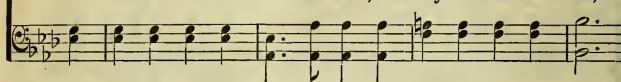
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,



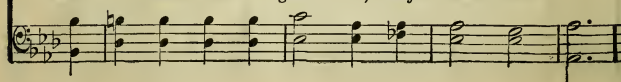
He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,  
But with what love He lov - eth me My tongue can nev - er tell;  
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;  
And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,  
It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply,  
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;  
He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die;



And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.





## No. 145.

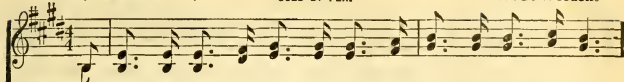
## Sunlight, Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter,

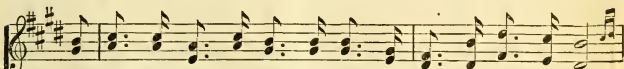
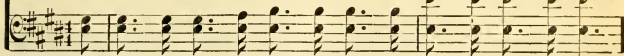
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY WEEDEN &amp; VAN DE VENTER.

USED BY PER.

W. S. Weeden:



1. I wan - dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet com - mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plains,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;



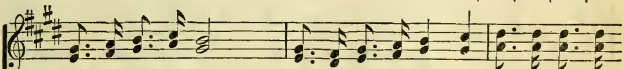
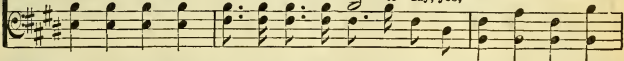
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.  
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.  
 Be - hold the bright - ness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



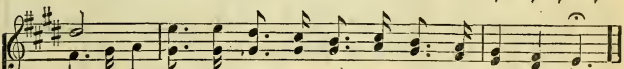
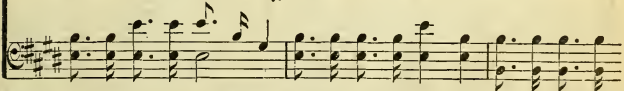
## CHORUS.



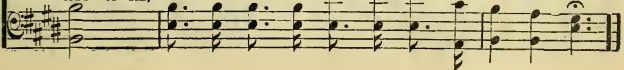
Sun - light, sun - light in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light  
 to - day, yes,



all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me, took a - way my  
 nar - row way:



sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.  
 load of sin,



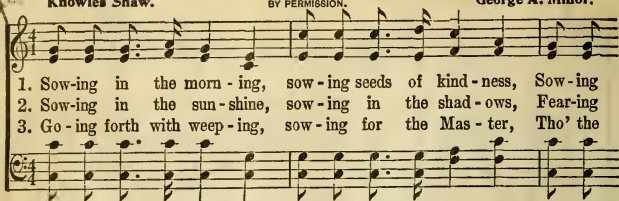
## No. 146.

## Bringing in the Sheaves.

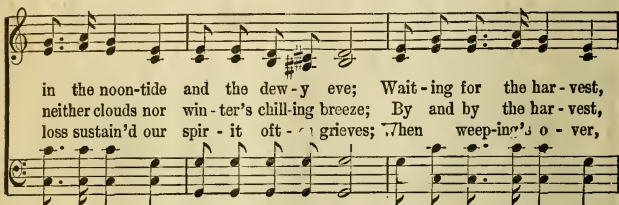
Knowles Shaw.

BY PERMISSION.

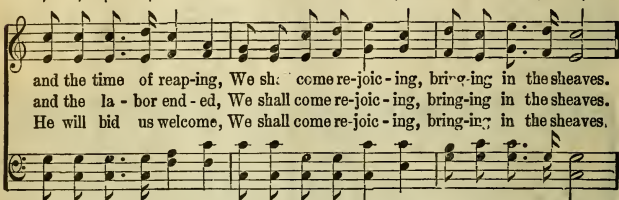
George A. Minor.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing  
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing  
 3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the

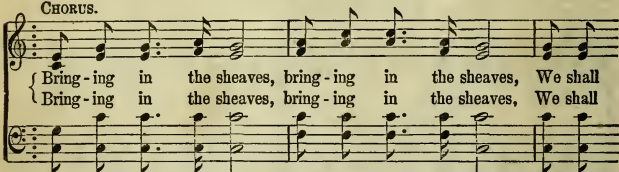


in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,  
 neither clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,  
 loss sustain'd our spir-it oft-grieves; When weep-ing's o-ver,

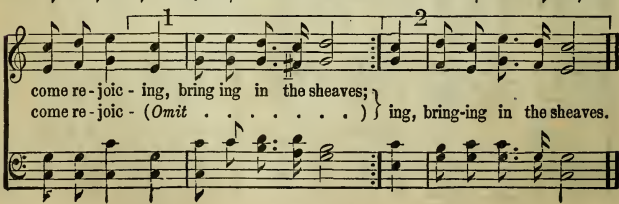


and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.  
 and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.  
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

## CHORUS.



{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall  
 Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall



come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves;  
 come re-joic-ing - (Omit . . . . .) } ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

P. P. Bliss.

BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the bless-ed ti-dings  
 2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth, need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen,  
 3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise se-secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-

all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found;  
 en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:  
 ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for ev-er more:

## CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will, may come," "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will,"

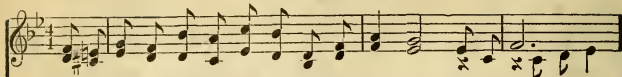
Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing

Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."

R. L. B.

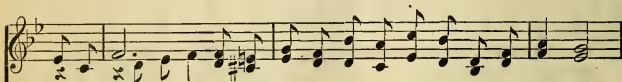
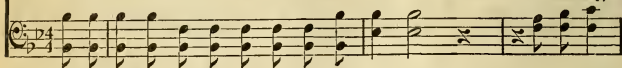
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

R. L. Blowers.



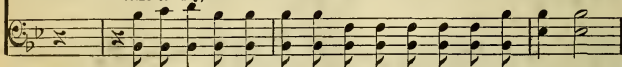
1. Do you hear the Savior's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sor-row, Day by day,
3. He a lone can give you par-don and sal - va-tion, Full and free,

Come to-day,

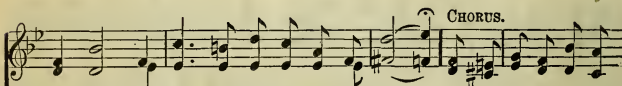
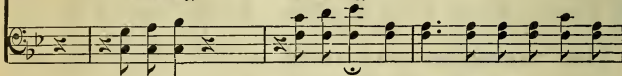


come to-day; He will wipe the teardrops now so swift-ly fall - ing,  
day by day; And in safe - ty lead you to that bright to - mor-row,  
full and free; "Who-so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion,

come to-day;

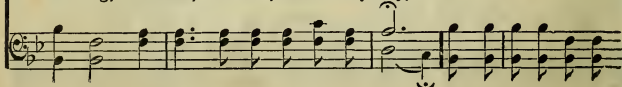


All a-way, all a-way; Come to Him now with all your  
All the way, all the way; His arms are o - pen to re-  
"Come to me, come to me;" Then wait no long-er, night is  
All a-way, all a-way;



CHORUS.

sor-row, No long - er turn from Him a - way;  
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way; List-en to His lov-ing  
fall - ing, Too late, too late, He soon may say;



# Come Today.

voice so sweet-ly call-ing, "Come to-day, come to-day, come to-day"

No. 149.

## Blessed Are They.

H. R. Trickett.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY FILLMORE BROS.  
USED BY PER.

Alfred Potters

1. Blessed are they who do His commandments, They shall claim the tree of life;
2. Blessed are they who do His commandments, They shall wear the robes of white;
3. Blessed are they who do His commandments, They shall stand before the throne;

In - to the cit - y they shall en - ter, They are vic - tors in the strife.  
Un - der the portals God shall lead them, They shall serve Him day and night.  
In - to the life of joy e - ter - nal, God shall claim them for His own.

### CHORUS.

Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed are they;  
Bless-ed are they who do His commandments, blessed are they, blessed are they;

In - to the cit - y they shall en - ter, Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are they.



Chas. Reign Scoville,

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCOVILLE &amp; SMITH.

De Loss Smith,

1. An - oth - er day's end - ed, the ser - mon is thro', And Christ's in - vi -  
 2. Oh, broth - er you're need - ed to help men a - rise; Your soul needs a  
 3. De - cide it to - night and for Christ take your stand, In ev - 'ry hard  
 4. The an - gels are wait - ing to bear home your name, Come glo - ri - fy

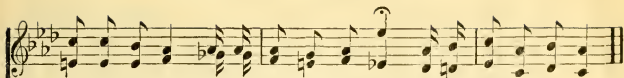
ta - tion is giv - en to you; "Con - fess be - fore men and es -  
 home o - ver there in the skies; The wrongs must be right - ed in  
 tri - al He'll give you His hand; Each vic - t'ry will help you and  
 Je - sus, don't put Him to shame; Be done with in - diff' - rence, ac -

cape sin's dark snare, With Fa - ther and an - gels my glo - ry you'll share."  
 ev - 'ry day strife, Be - fore you are wor - thy of e - ter - nal life.  
 strong er you'll be, A true Chris - tian sol - dier saved e - ter - nal - ly.  
 cept now His call, In life or in death, then, He'll save you thro' all.

## CHORUS.

'Tis a per - son - al call thro' His own bless - ed word, Will  
 you ac - cept now or re - ject your own Lord? The choice is with you, so

# The Master's Call.



do not de-lay, As you an-swer Him now, He will an-swer that day.



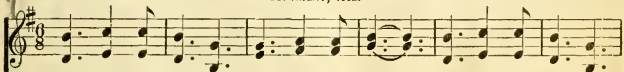
## No. 151.

## "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.  
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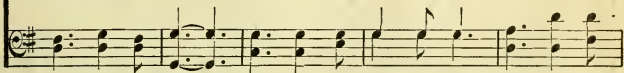
P. P. Bliss.



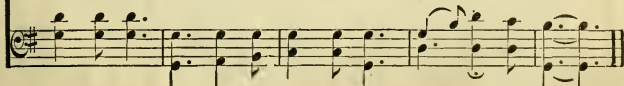
1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,  
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are  
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is



go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."  
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wanderer, come.  
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost!"

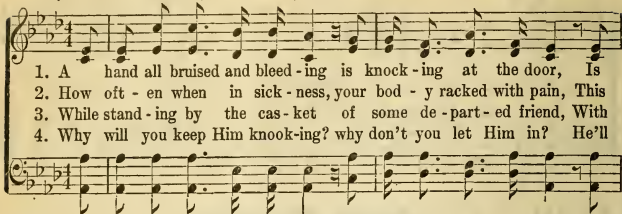


# No. 152. O Don't You Hear Him Knocking?

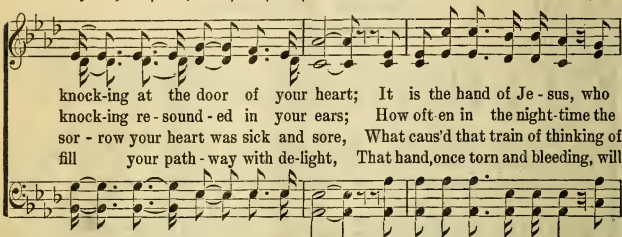
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JOHN J. HOOD.  
USED BY PER.

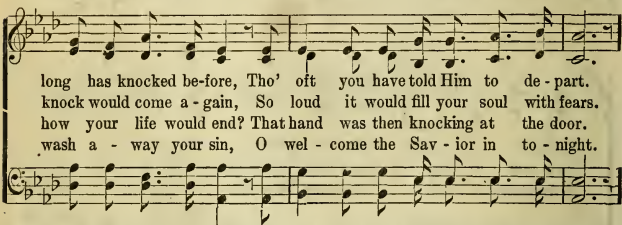
J. Howard Entwisle.



1. A hand all bruised and bleed - ing is knock - ing at the door, Is  
 2. How oft - en when in sick - ness, your bod - y racked with pain, This  
 3. While stand - ing by the cas - ket of some de - part - ed friend, With  
 4. Why will you keep Him knock - ing? why don't you let Him in? He'll

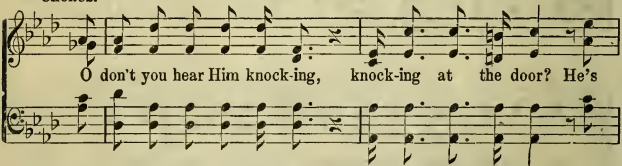


knock - ing at the door of your heart; It is the hand of Je - sus, who  
 knock - ing re - sound - ed in your ears; How oft - en in the night - time the  
 sor - row your heart was sick and sore, What caus'd that train of thinking of  
 fill your path - way with de - light, That hand, once torn and bleeding, will

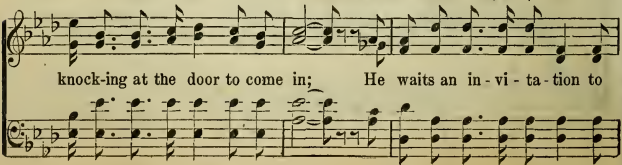


long has knocked be - fore, Tho' oft you have told Him to de - part.  
 knock would come a - gain, So loud it would fill your soul with fears.  
 how your life would end? That hand was then knocking at the door.  
 wash a - way your sin, O wel - come the Sav - ior in to - night.

## CHORUS.



O don't you hear Him knock - ing, knock - ing at the door? He's



knock - ing at the door to come in; He waits an in - vi - ta - tion to

# O Don't You Hear Him Knocking.

cross your threshold o'er, Then Je sus will save you from all sin.

## No. 153. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.  
USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing by the throne of God.  
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py gold-en day.  
Grace our spir-its, will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.  
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

### CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,

Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flow by the throne of God.

## No. 154.

## Are You Ready?

J. W. Slaughenhaupt.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY E. S. LORENZ.  
USED BY PER.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Soon the eve - ning shad - ows fall - ing, Close the day of mor - tal life;  
 2. Soon the aw - ful trump - et sound - ing, Calls thee to the judg - ment throne;  
 3. Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin - ger! Are you read - y—read - y now—  
 4. Price - less love and free sal - va - tion, Free - ly still are of - fered thee:

Soon the hand of death ap - pall - ing, Draws thee from its wea - ry strife.  
 Now pre - pare, for love a - bound - ing Yet has left thee not a - lone.  
 Read - y, should death's i - cy fin - ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?  
 Yield no lon - ger to temp - ta - tion, But from sin and sor - row flee.

## REFRAIN.

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y?

'Tis the Spir - it call - ing: Why de - lay? Are you read - y? Are you read - y?

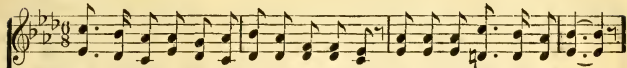
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Do not lin - ger long - er; come to - day.



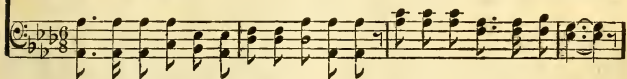
BY PER. THE WILL L. THOMPSON CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND CHICAGO, ILL.

W, L, T,

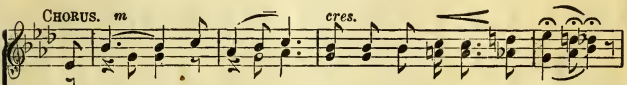
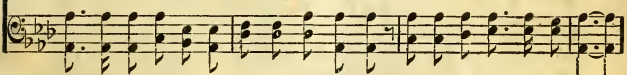
Will L. Thompson,



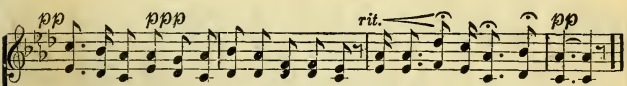
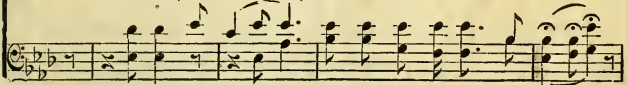
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the won-der-ful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;



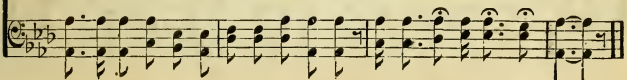
See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me.  
 Shad-ows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.



Come home, Come home; Ye who are wea-ry, come home,  
 Come home, Come home,



Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

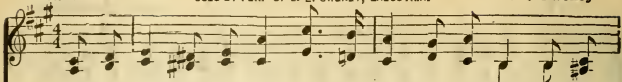


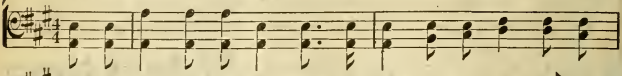
## Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt

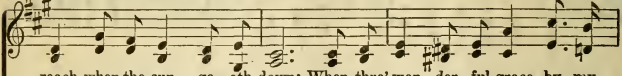
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY  
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweeney

- 
1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall
  2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me
  3. O what joy it will be, when His face I be - hold, Liv - ing

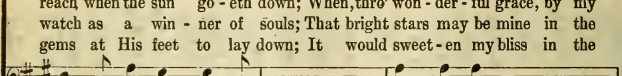


reach when the sun go - eth down; When, thro' won - der - ful grace, by my  
watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the  
gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the

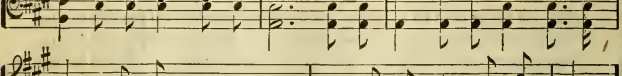


Sav - ior I stand, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?  
glo - ri - ous day When His praise like the sea bil - lows roll.  
cit - y of gold, Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

## CHORUS.



Will there be an - y stars, an - y stars in my crown, When at



eve - ning the sun go - eth down? . . . . . When I wake with the blest  
go - eth down?

# Will There Be Any Stars?

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?  
an - y stars in my crown?

No. 157.

## I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter.

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USED BY PER.

W. S. Weeden.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;

I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.  
World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.  
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.  
O the joy of full sal - va - tion, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.

### CHORUS.

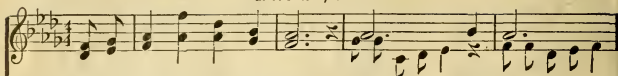
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur-ren-der all.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

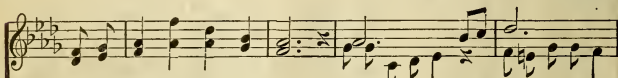
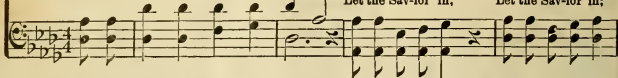
COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.  
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. O. Excell.



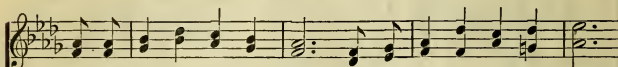
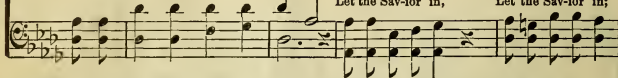
- |                                      |     |         |
|--------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| 1. There's a Strang-er at the door,  | Let | Him in; |
| 2. O - pen now to Him your heart,    | Let | Him in; |
| 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? | Let | Him in; |
| 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest  | Let | Him in; |

Let the Sav-ior in,      Let the Sav-ior in;

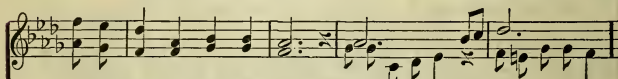
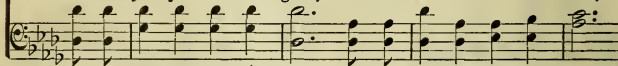


He has been there oft be - fore,	Let	Him in;
If you wait He will de - part,	Let	Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,	Let	Him in;
He will make for you a feast,	Let	Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in,      Let the Sav-ior in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone,	Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your friend,	He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at the door,	Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n,	And when earth ties all are riv'n,



Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son,	Let	Him in.
He will keep you to the end,	Let	Him in.
And His name you will a - dore,	Let	Him in
He will take you home to heav'n,	Let	Him in.

Let the Sav-ior in,      let the Sav-ior in;



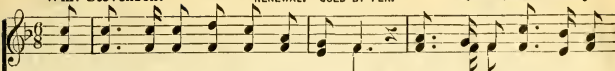
## No. 159.

## Jesus Will Help You.

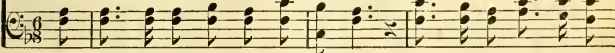

Wm. Stevenson.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.  
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.


Rev. Robert Lowry.



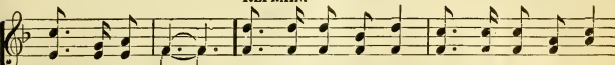
1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg - ing you now to draw  
 2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you  
 3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wan-d'r'er— Points you to man - sions on  
 4. There's dan - ger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the moments pass


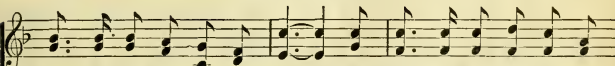
nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him; Je - sus will  
 die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior; Je - sus will  
 high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward; Je - sus will  
 by; If now you will come, there is mer - cy; Je - sus will




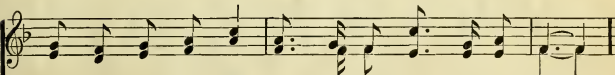
## REFRAIN.



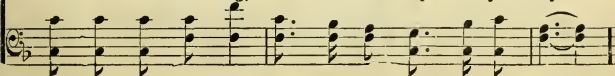
help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you,

Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and poor - est the

Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.





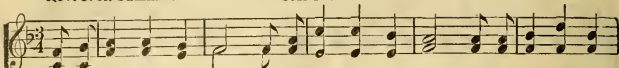
## No. 160.

## Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY D. B. TOWNER.  
USED BY PER.

D. B. Towner.



1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us  
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a  
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a  
al - tar we lay; For the fav - or He shows, And the joy He be -  
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will



## CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.  
tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.  
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's  
stows, And for all who will trust and o - bey.  
go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



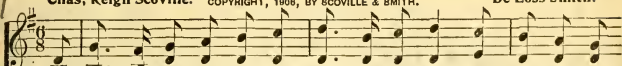
no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus But to trust and o - bey.




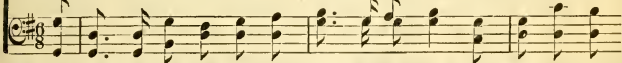
# No. 161. The Sunday School Lighthouse.

Chas. Reign Scoville. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCOVILLE & SMITH.

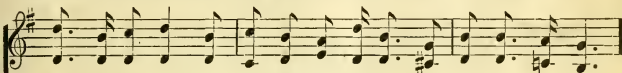
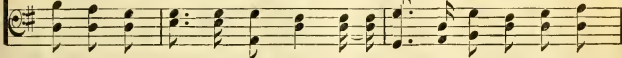
De Loss Smith.



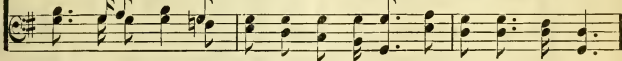
1. The Sun day School Lighthouse shines out on life's wave, It beams for all  
2. The chan-nels are nar-row, sin's break-ers are there, Life's o-cean is  
3. The work-ers are need-ed, the teach-ers are few, The Mas-ter, my  
4. Where Un-be lief's waves roll and storms are most fierce, The Sun-day School



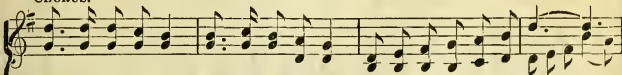
na-tions, their chil-dren to save; Thro' Cal-va-ry's cross and thro'  
strew'd with the wrecks of de-spair; Then build up, my broth-er, no  
broth-er, de-pends up-on you; Don't wait for some wast-ed life  
Lighthouse that dark gloom must pierce; 'Tis the gleam of that Star which at



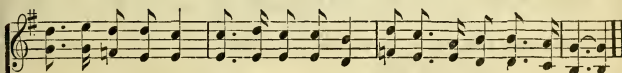
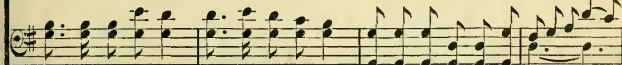
Beth-le-hem's cave The light shines from glo-ry with pow-er to save.  
time for de-lay, The Sunday School Lighthouse and save them to-day.  
wreck'd on the shoals, The Sunday School Lighthouse must save lives and souls.  
Beth-le-hem shone, The Sunday School Lighthouse will light the way home.



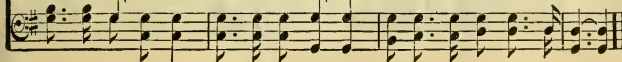
## CHORUS.



Sunday School Lighthouse, Sunday School Lighthouse, Send out thy gleam o'er the wave;  
Send thy gleam o'er the wave;



Sunday School Lighthouse, Sunday School Lighthouse, Help us the chil-dren to save.

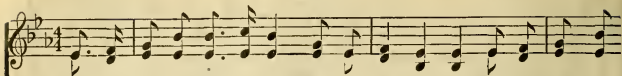


# No. 162. We Shall Gather 'Round the Throne.

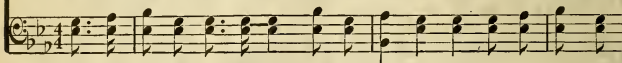
F. C. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.  
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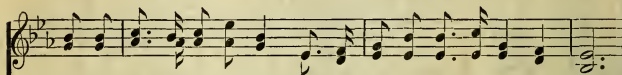
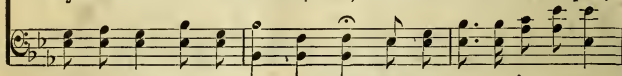
Frank. C. Huston.



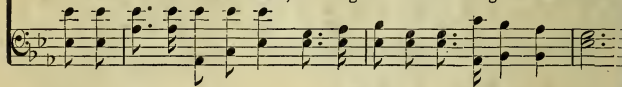
1. When our toil - ing here is o'er and we cross the tide, Where with Je - sus
2. Oh, the joys that there a - wait! nev - er more we'll roam, When at last with -
3. There are lov'd ones we will meet and we'll part no more, There we'll share com -
4. Let us then to Christ be true with a heart of love, Ev - er point - ing



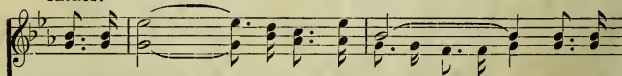
we shall be on the oth - er side; We shall sing up - on that shore,  
in the gate of our Fa - ther's home; With the glo - ri - fied we'll sing  
mun - ion sweet on that bliss - ful shore; There from sin and sor - row free,  
by our lives to that home a - bove; That when storms of life are past,



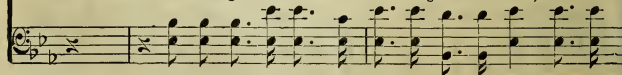
Prais ing Him for ev - er - more, When we gath - er 'round the great white throne.  
Prais - es to our Sav - ior King, When we gath - er 'round the great white throne  
We with Christ shall ev - er be, When we gath - er 'round the great white throne  
We shall reach that home at last, And be gather'd 'round the great white throne.



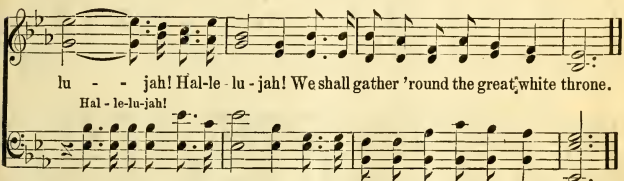
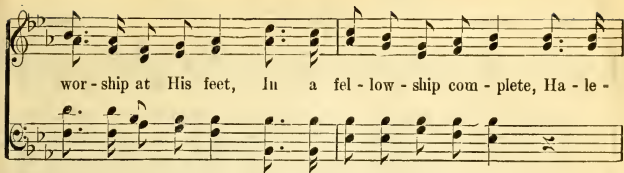
## CHORUS.



We shall gath - - er 'round the throne, . . . . . We shall  
We shall gath - er the great white throne,



## We Shall Gather 'Round the Throne,

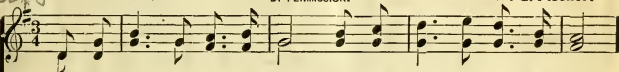


## No. 163. I Am Coming to the Cross.

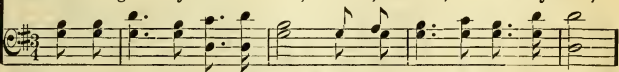
Wm. McDonald.

BY PERMISSION.

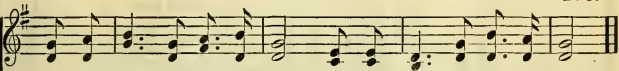
W. G. Fischer.



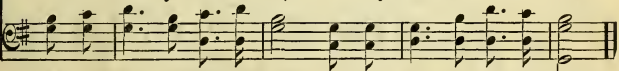
1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;



CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
D. C.



I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."  
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.



Humb - ly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus, saves, He saves me now.

4 In Thy promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied;  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.

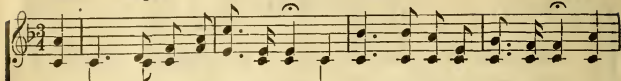
5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
Perfect in Him I am;  
I am every whit made whole;  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

## Bring Peace to My Soul.

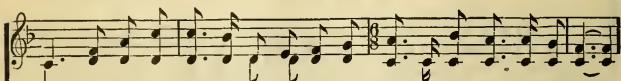
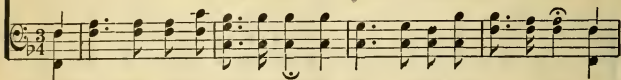
Helen L. Dungan.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
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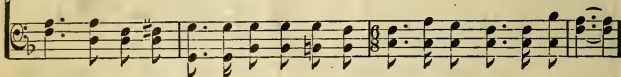
J. M. Dungan.



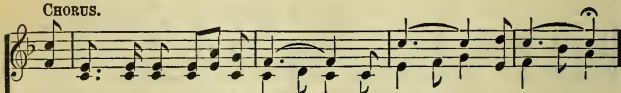
1. When earthly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No  
 2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I onward go; Sin's  
 3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No  
 4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's



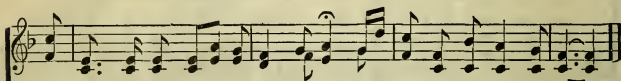
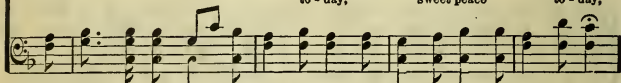
temp - est can my barque con-trol, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.  
 ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.  
 sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.  
 chang - es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.



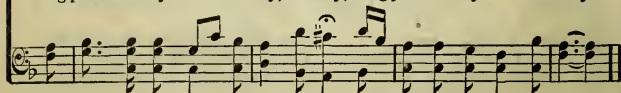
## CHORUS.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .  
 to - day, sweet peace to - day,



Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.





# No. 165.      Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PERMISSION OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT, EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are  
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est

end - ed, And part-ing days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,  
hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wan-d'ring,

Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.  
Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I'll fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

REFRAIN.

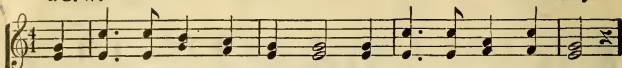
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,  
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.  
gen - tly home.

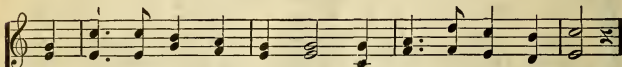
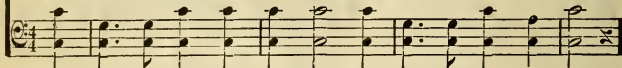
I. B. W.

(President Jas. A. Garfield's Favorite Hymn.)

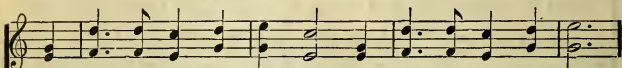
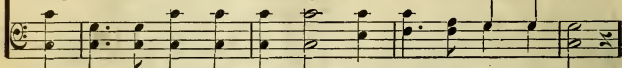
I. B. Woodbury.



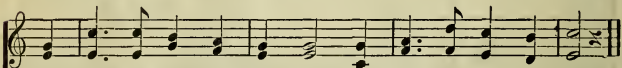
1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade,
2. Thrust in your sharp - ened sick - le, And gath - er in the grain;
3. Come down from hill and mount - ain In morn - ing's rud - dy glow
4. Mount up the heights of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;



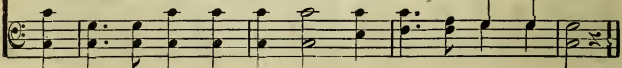
Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?  
 The night is fast ap - proach - ing, And soon will come a - gain;  
 Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;  
 Keep back no word of know - ledge That hu - man hearts should know;



Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?  
 The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain?  
 And come with strong - er sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,  
 Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion In serv - ice to the Lord,



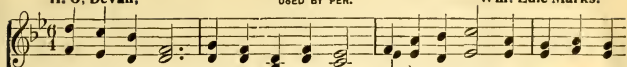
The gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?  
 Shall sheaves lie there un - gath - ered, And waste up - on the plain?  
 And pause not till the eve - ning Draws round its wealth of gold?  
 And then a gold - en chap - let Shall be thy just re - ward.



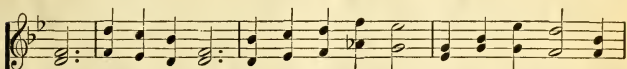
H. O. Devah,

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
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Wm. Edie Marks.

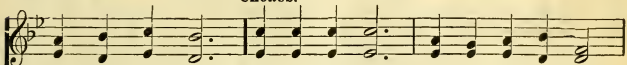


1. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a Sav - ior, ten-der and  
 2. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a faith - ful Shepherd and  
 3. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, Will you not let Him en - ter your

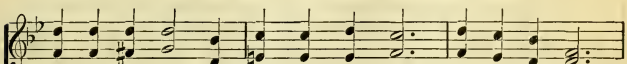


true; Je - sus, my King—how I a - dore Him, And He should be as  
 Guide; Sor - row He shares, bur - dens He light - ens, Ev - 'ry good thing by  
 heart? Peace He will give you with - out meas - ure, Bless - ing un - told, that

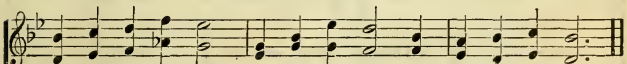
## CHORUS.



pre - cious to you.  
 Him is sup - plied. I have a friend— you ought to know Him,  
 will not de - part.



Will you not come and meet Him to - day? Wait - ing He stands,



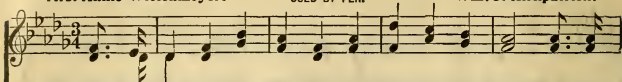
ten - der - ly plead - ing:— "I am the Life, the Truth and the Way."

# No. 168. When the Gurtains are Lifted.

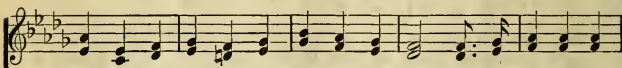
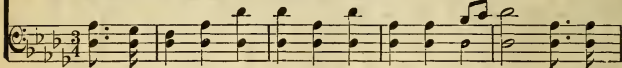
Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.  
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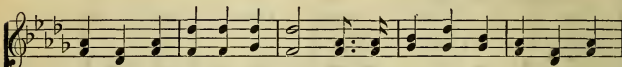
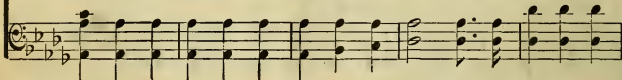
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



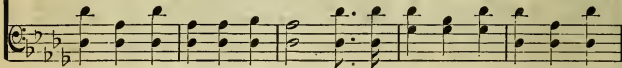
1. When the cur-tains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my
2. Will the heav-en-ly cit-y Burst full on my sight; And the
3. Now the fu-ture is hid-den, I see but a pace, Yet it
4. When His glo-ri-fied pres-ence Shall glad-den mine eyes, I'll be



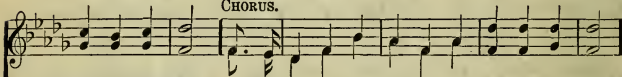
Lord with His an-gels Be wait-ing for me? Will He welcome my  
throne of His glo-ry, That giv-eth it light? Will the feet torn and  
may be I'm near-ing The end of the race; It will mat-ter but  
chang'd and be like Him, And with Him a-rise; And the hands hard with



com-ing, And crown me His own, With the saints of all a-ges, That  
wea-ry Reach pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weep-ing, The  
lit-tle, what chang-es may come, If my Lord with His an-gels Shall  
la-bor A vic-tor's palm raise; And the lips tuned to sor-row Sing



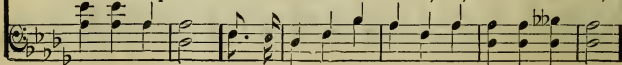
## CHORUS.



cir-cle His throne.

Sav-ior be-hold? When the curtains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see?  
welcome me home. *Last verse.*

an-thems of praise. When the curtains are lift-ed, Oh, this shall I see,



## When the Curtains are Lifted.



Will my Lord and His angels be waiting for me, Be wait - - ing,  
That my Lord and His angels are waiting for me, Are wait - - ing,  
Be waiting for me?  
Are waiting for me?

*ad lib.*

be wait - - ing, Will my Lord and His an-gels be waiting for me?  
are wait - - ing, That my Lord and His an-gels are waiting for me?  
be waiting for me?  
are waiting for me?

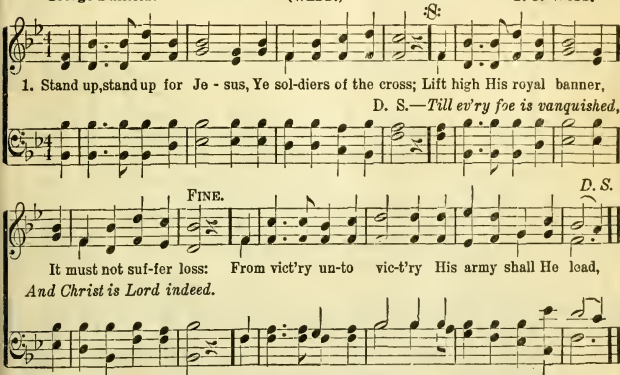
No. 169.

## Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield.

(WEBB.)

G. J. Webb.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner,  
D. S.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,

*FINE.* *D. S.*

It must not suf-fer loss: From vict'ry un-to vic-t'ry His army shall He lead,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day:  
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

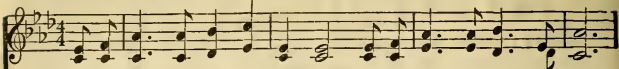
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.



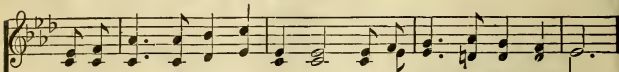
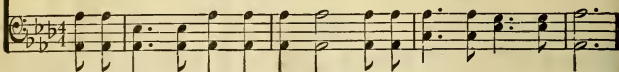
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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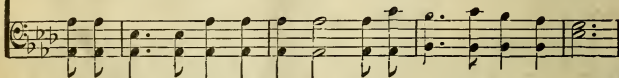
E. O. Excell.



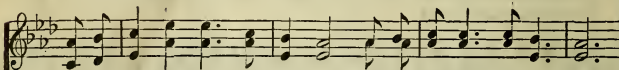
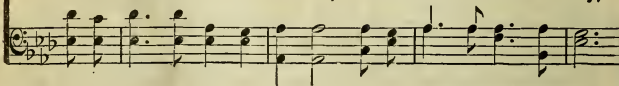
1. I am on the Gos - pel high-way, Press-ing for - ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin - ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free;
3. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore me, They have laid their ar - mor down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol - low, Just a few more days to roam;



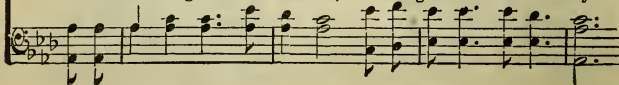
Where for me a rest re-main - eth In the home-land of the soul;  
 Tho' the way may be called nar - row, It is wide e-nough for me;  
 With the pil-grims and the mar - tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown;  
 But the way grows more de-light - ful As I'm draw-ing near - er home;



Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de - lay;  
 It was wide e-nough for Dan - iel, And for Da - vid in his day;  
 On this road they fought their bat-tles, Shouting vic - t'ry day by day;  
 When the storms of life are o - ver, And the clouds have rolled a - way,



I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old-fashioned way.  
 I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old-fashioned way.  
 I shall o - ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.  
 I shall find the gates of heav - en; In the good old-fashioned way.



CHORUS.

# The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

In the good old - fashioned way, In the good old - fashioned way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fashioned way.

*D. C.*

CODA.

Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.

## No. 171. ✕ Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Geo. N. Allen.

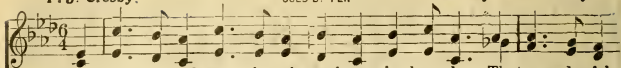
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free.
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.  
 Ye an - gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

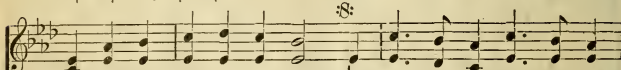
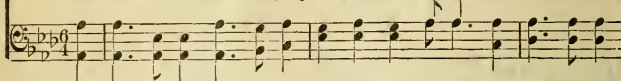
F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY THE BIGLOW-MAIN CO.  
USED BY PER

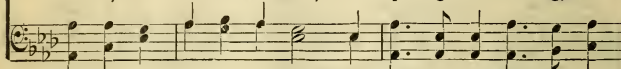
Arr. by Ira D. Sankey.



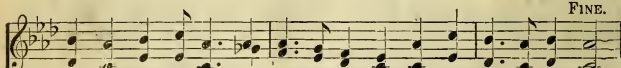
1. How dear to my heart, when the path-way is lone-ly, That won-der-ful
2. When chilled by the waves that are surg-ing a-round me, And clouds of af-
3. Tho' tried in the fur-nace, my faith shall not fal-ter, But, trust-ing in



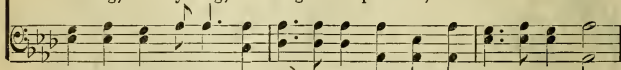
prom-ise of Je-sus my Lord, That mes-sage of mer-cy of  
 flie-tion like bil-lows may roll, I'll cling to His Word which can  
 Je-sus, the Cross I will bear; And hop-ing en-dur-ing, be-



D. S.—I will not for-sake thee My

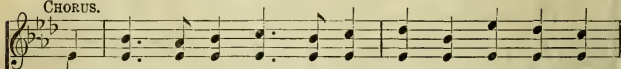


love and com-pas-sion, I read on the page of His own bless-ed word.  
 nev-er be bro-ken, And joy in the com-fort it brings to my soul.  
 liev-ing, o-bey-ing, I'll cling to His prom-ise, and rest in His care.

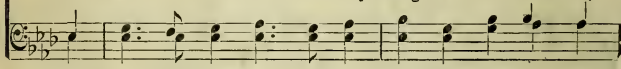


word hath de-clared it, I will not for-sake thee what-ev-er be-tide.

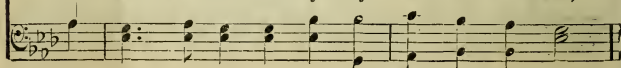
## CHORUS.



"Fear not I am with thee" Thy Strength and Re-deem-er,



The Rock where in safe-ty My own shall a-bide;



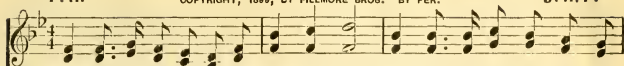
# No. 173. As Goes America, So Goes the World.

P. H.

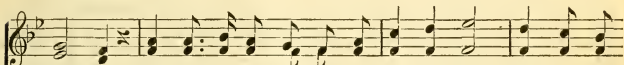
Dedicated to Joshiah Strong, D. D.

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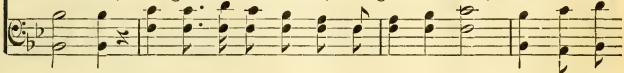
J. H. F.



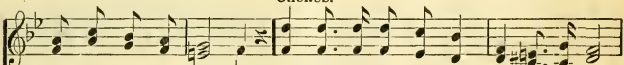
1. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here where the fight for truth is
2. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here freedom makes her last en-
3. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here lift we Christ, the light be-
4. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Fore-most and high-est is her



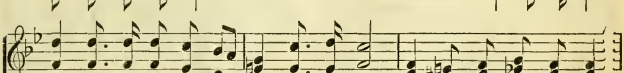
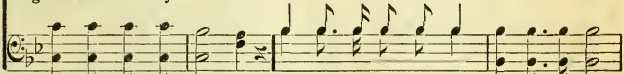
rag - ing; As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Here where the  
deav - or; As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Fails she, and  
stow - ing; As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Here serve we  
sta - tion; As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Lead - er and



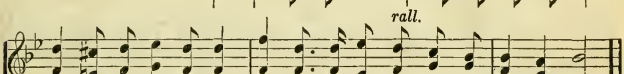
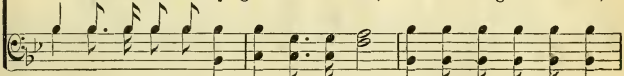
## CHORUS.



hosts are now en - gag - ing.  
all is lost for - ev - er. Stand thou for righteousness, peo - ple so blest,  
God in right - ful do - ing.  
guide to ev - 'ry na - tion.

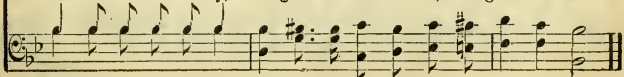


Win thou the vic - to - ry great - est and best; Lead on so grand and free,



*rall.*

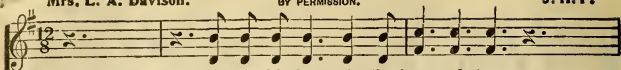
Na - tion of des - ti - ny, As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world.



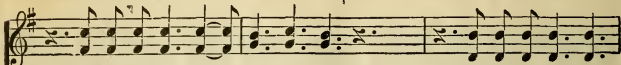
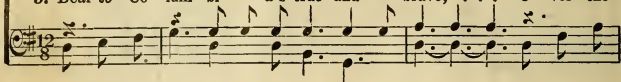
Mrs. L. A. Davison.

BY PERMISSION.

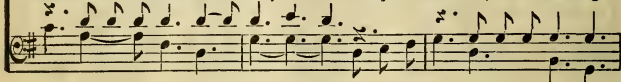
J. H. P.



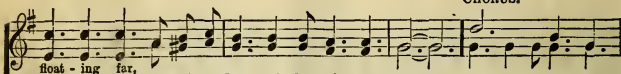
1. Beau-ti - ful flag of the brave and free, Emblem of  
 2. He-roes have lain with their dy-ing eyes, . . . . Gaz-ing with  
 3. Dear to Co-lum-bi-a's true and brave, . . . O-ver the



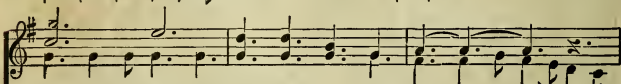
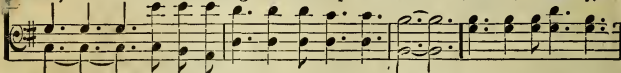
Em-blem of hope and lib-er-ty; Glad-ly we hail thee, float-ing  
 hope and lib-er-ty; . . . . Gladly we hail thee, float-ing  
 love on thy gor-geous dyes; . . . . Floating a-bove the gloom of  
 land and o'er the wave; . . . . Gladly we hail thee, float-ing



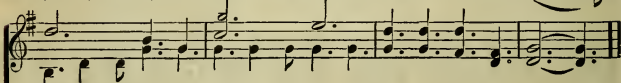
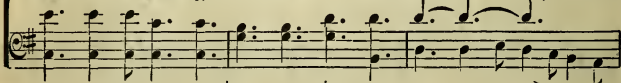
## CHORUS.



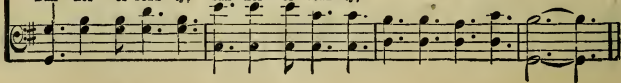
float-ing far,  
 far, . . . . Beau-ti-ful flag of the stripe and star.  
 war, . . . . Beau-ti-ful flag of the stripe and star. Ban-ner of  
 far, . . . . Beau-ti-ful flag of the stripe and star. Ban-ner of beau-ty.



beau-ty, Em-blem of the free, . . . .  
 Ban-ner of beau-ty, of the free, . . . .



Ban-ner of beau-ty, Flag of lib-er-ty. . . .  
 Ban-ner of beau-ty, ban-ner of beau-ty,





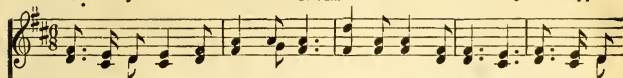
## No. 175.

## Nearer the Cross.

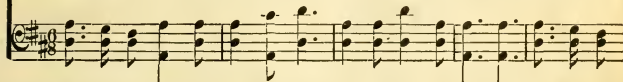
F. J. Crosby.

BY PER.

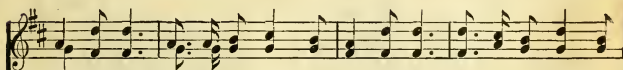
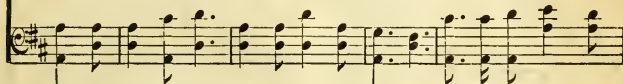
Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



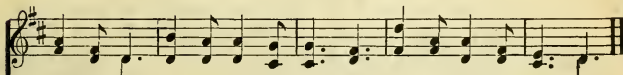
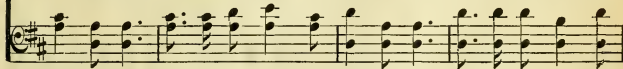
1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the



cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where  
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more  
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of



Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's  
clear I see Je-sus, who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I  
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I



wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.  
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.  
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.



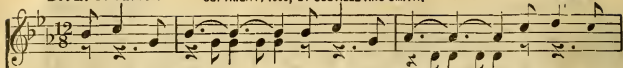
## No. 176.

## All For Me.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCOVILLE AND SMITH.

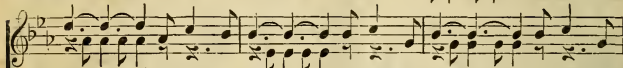
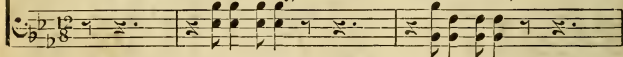
E. T. and F. H. Cassel.



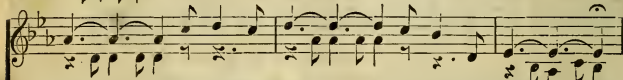
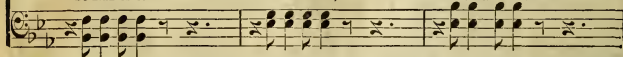
1. I look a-way, . . . . . a-cross the sea, . . . . . To Naz-er-
2. On mountains cold . . . . . and des-erts bare . . . . . His plead-ings
3. How oft up-on . . . . . His toil-some way . . . . . He fought the
4. With-in the gar-den's deep-est shade . . . . . In ag-o-
5. Be mine the crime, . . . . . be mine the blame, . . . . . That raised that

1. I look a-way,

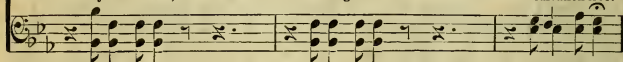
a-cross the sea,



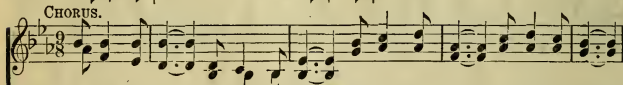
eth . . . . . of Gal-i-lee, . . . . . And there in faith . . . . . my Lord I  
 pierce . . . the mid-night air, . . . . . A-lone with God . . . . . and na-ture  
 temp-ter ev-'ry day, . . . . . And conquered sin . . . . . in mor-tal  
 ny . . . and gloom He pray'd, . . . . . Where all my guilt . . . . . on Him was  
 cru-el cross of shame, . . . . . But let me sound . . . . . His wondrous  
 To Naz-er-eth of Gal-i-lee, and then in faith



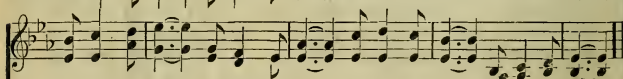
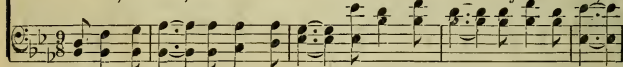
see . . . . . Who wrought for me . . . . . sal-va-tion free. . . . .  
 there, . . . He took my case . . . . . to heav'n in pray'r. . . . .  
 clay, . . . That I with Him . . . . . might live for aye. . . . .  
 laid, . . . He drank the cup . . . . . my sins had made. . . . .  
 fame. . . . And pub-lish ev-'ry-where His name. . . . .  
 my Lord I see, Who wrought for me salvation free.



## CHORUS.



For me, for me, how could it be That Christ should bear my sins for me,



And suf-fer, oh, so cru-el-ly That I might live e-ter-nal-ly.




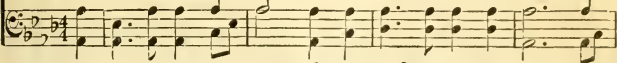
## I Love to Tell the Story.

Catherine Hankey.

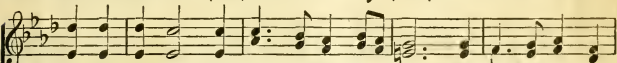
USED BY PER. OF W. G. FISCHER.  
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

William G. Fischer.

- 
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
  2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
  3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
  4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

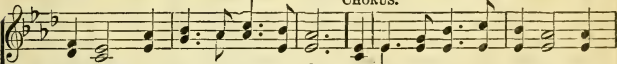


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to  
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to  
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to  
hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest, And when, in

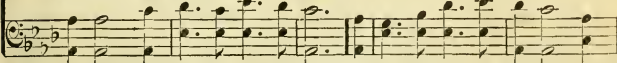


tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my  
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the  
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal -  
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

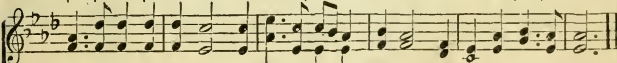
## CHORUS.



long - ings As noth - ing else can do.  
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill  
va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
sto - ry That I have loved so long.



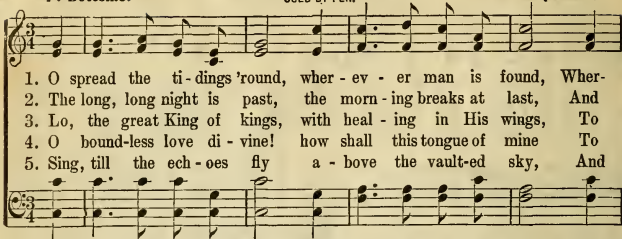
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



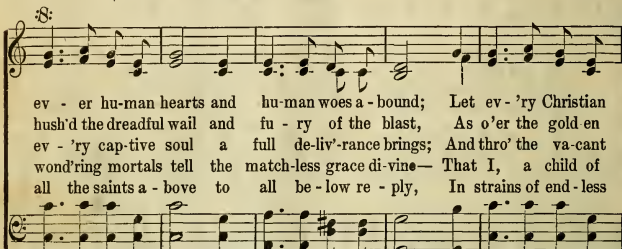
F. Bottome.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.  
USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

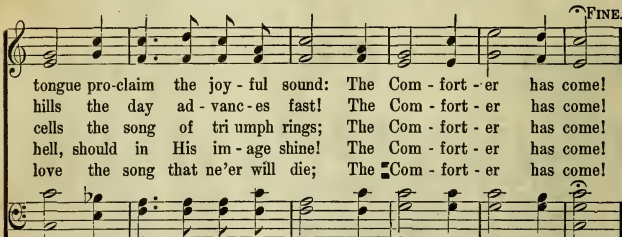


1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-  
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And  
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To  
 4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To  
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en  
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'-rance brings; And thro' the va-cant  
 wond'ring mortals tell the match-less grace di-vine— That I, a child of  
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings

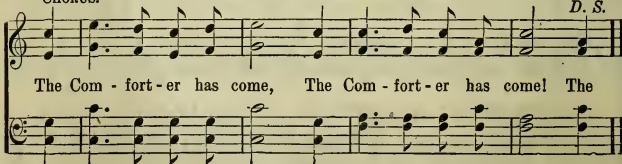


tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hills the day ad - vanc-es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 cells the song of triumph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 love the song that ne'er will die; The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D. S.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

# No. 179. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

C. C. Luther.  
DUET.

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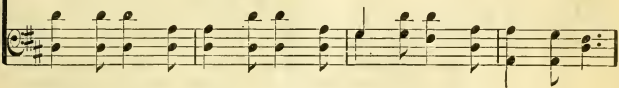
Geo. C. Stebbins.



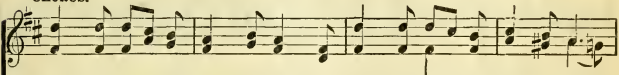
1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day.



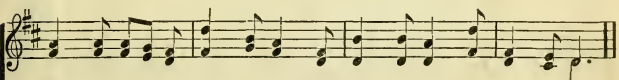
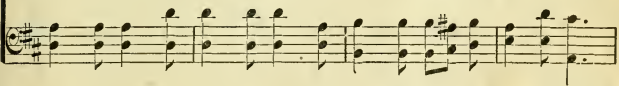
Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?  
But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.  
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.  
Ere the night of death o'er - take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.



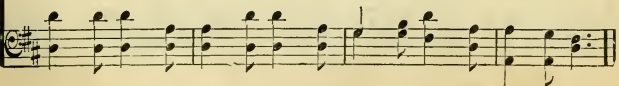
CHORUS.



"Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Must I meet my Sav - ior so?



Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go!





## No. 180.

## Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

BY PERMISSION.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -  
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to  
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this, I must hum - bly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast  
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -  
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans - ing, I

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 ev - er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 see Thy blood flow, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.  
 Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now

wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

## No. 181.

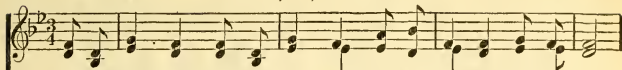
## The Inner Circle.

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meeting at Mount Vernon, in November 1898.

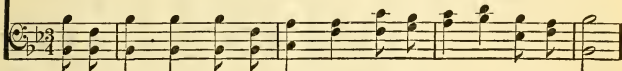
Flora Kirkland.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. S. WEEDEN.

W. S. Weeden.



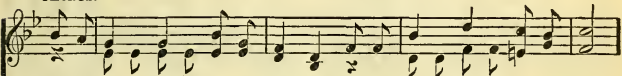
1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, "I have cho - sen you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went wher-e'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot stool kneeling, We, Thy chil-dren, hum-bly wait;



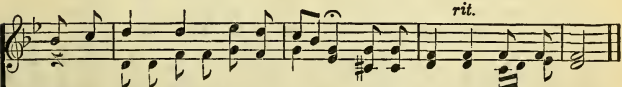
Does He tell you in com-mun-ion What He wish-es you to do?  
So to - day, we, too, may fol - low, On His lead-ing still in - tent.  
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.  
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.



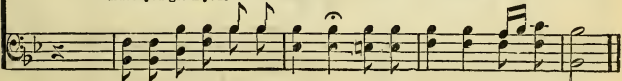
CHORUS.



Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?  
Are you in the Have you heard the



Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your all in all?  
Have you giv'n your



## Onward, Christian Soldiers.

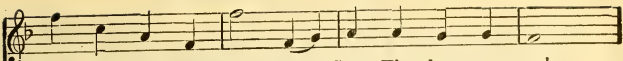
**E. O. Excell.**

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,  
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee;  
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God;  
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng,

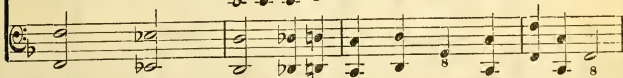
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.  
On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry!  
Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;  
Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri - umph song;

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; . . . .  
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise; . . . .  
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, . . . .  
Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King, . . . .

# Onward, Christian Soldiers.

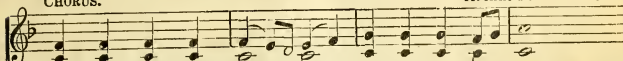


For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners gol  
Broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your an - thems raise.  
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

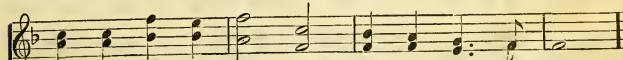


CHORUS.

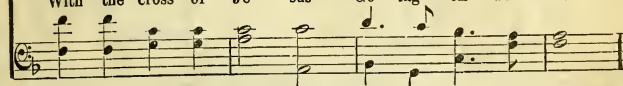
Arthur S. Sullivan.



On - ward, Christ-ian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



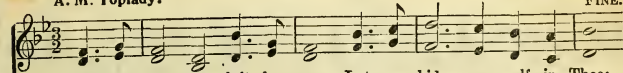
No. 183.

## Rock of Ages.

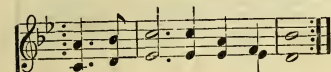
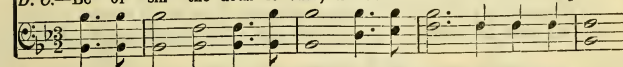
Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

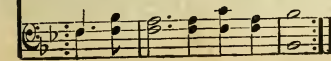
A. M. Toplady.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:  
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



{ Let the wa - ter and the blood, }  
{ From Thy wounded side which flow'd, }



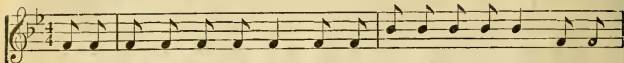
2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

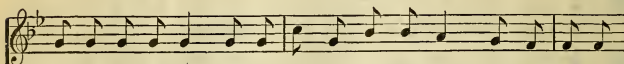
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

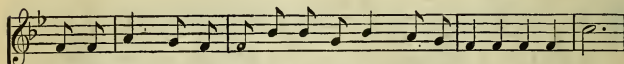
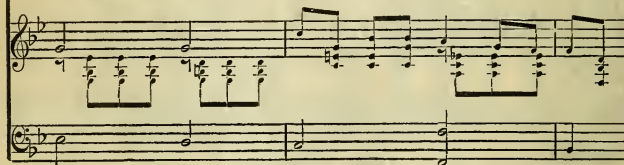
De Loss Smith.



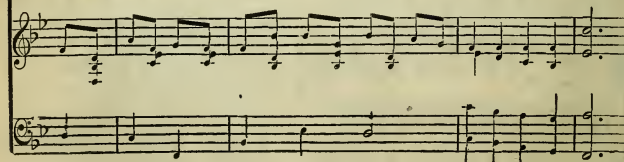
1. In the try - ing race of life, ma - ny souls we meet each day; Who have
2. There are those who wait in vain for a word of love and cheer, Sad, un-
3. Grop - ing in the vales of night, there are souls for whom He died; They are



wear - ied of the run and have fal - len by the way; We would like to  
 loved and lone - ly souls, pass - ing life on des - sert drear; You and I should  
 long - ing for the light, but no friend is near to guide; We would save these



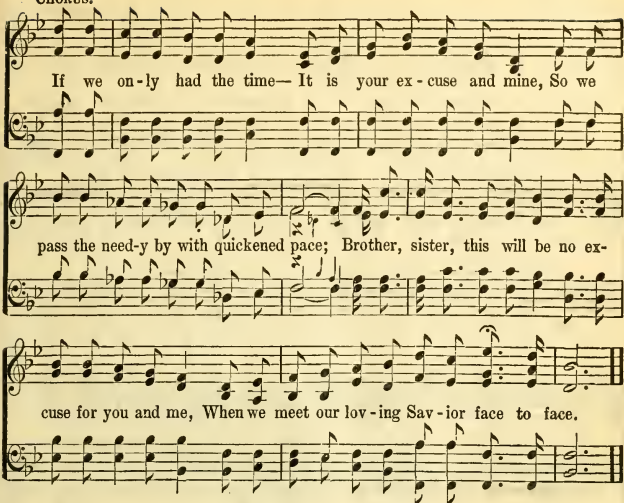
cheer their hearts, Like to com - fort them we say, If we on - ly had the time.  
 share their woes, Make their lives more pleasant here, If we on - ly had the time.  
 grop - ing souls, Lead them to the Sav - iors side, If we on - ly had the time.





## If We Only Had the Time.

CHORUS.



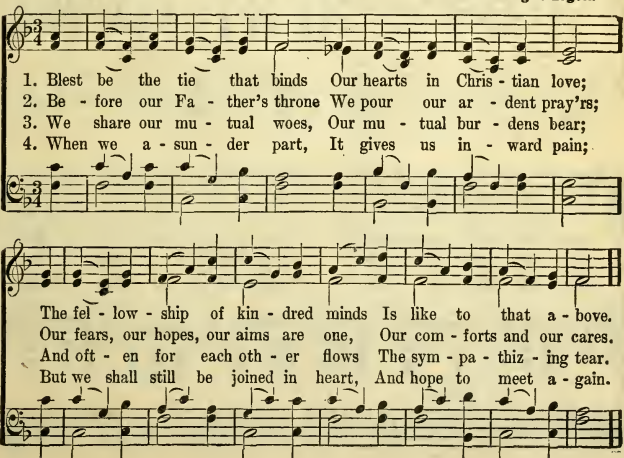
If we on-ly had the time— It is your ex-cuse and mine, So we  
pass the need-y by with quickened pace; Brother, sister, this will be no ex-  
cuse for you and me, When we meet our lov-ing Sav-ior face to face.

No. 185.

## Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

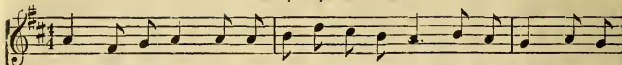
Hans George Naegell.



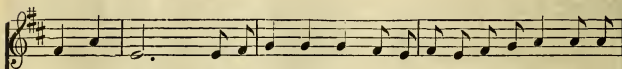
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;  
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;  
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;  
The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.  
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.  
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

## "Let Us Alone."

**Thos. P. Westendorf,**

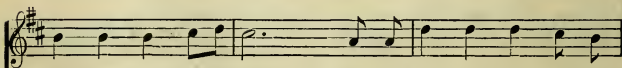
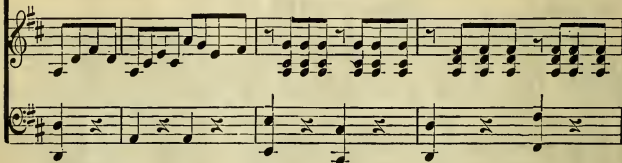


1. "Let us a-lone" hear the e - vil spir-its cry, As the voice of the
2. Still do we cling to the e - vil in our hearts, And we hear how the
3. Are you con-tent, oh! my broth-er, thus to iive, While the days and the



Sav - ior spake  
tempters laugh,  
years go by?

To the poor af - flict - ed, that stood so meekly by, Who the  
And we feel the sting of the quickly flying darts, As the  
Have you no de - sire for the pardon He can give, Are you

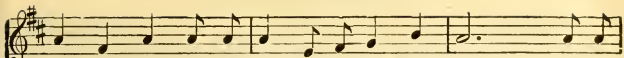


bands of sin would break;  
cup of death we quaff;  
will - ing thus to die?

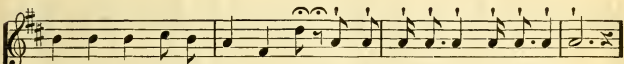
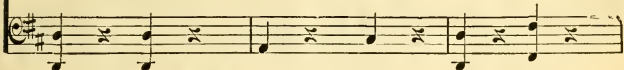
And they all came forth at His  
For our eyes are blind and we  
Bring your heart to Him, let Him



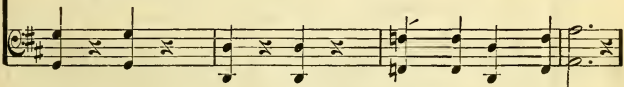
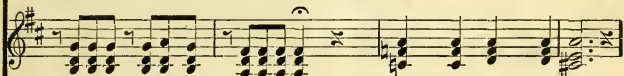
# "Let Us Alone."



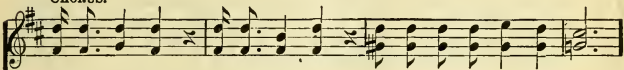
blest com-mand, And His won - drous pow'r was shown, For the  
can - not see How for sin He would still a - tone, How His  
make it whole, Let Him take a - way the stain, That is



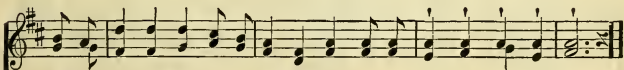
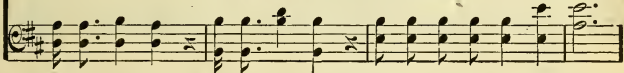
blind did see and the lame did walk, While the spir-its said "Let us a-lone."  
life He gave that we might be free, While the spir-its said "Let us a-lone."  
weigh-ing down un - to death your soul, With this cry of "Let us a-lone."



## CHORUS.



"Let us a - lone," "Let us a - lone," "What have we to do with Thee?"



'Tis the old, old cry as in sin we die, While His help would make us free.

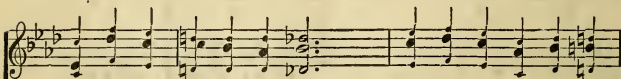
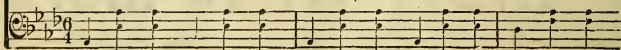


Chas. Reign Scoville.

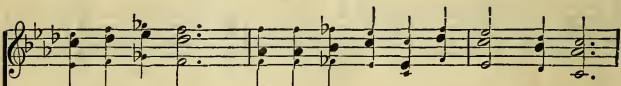
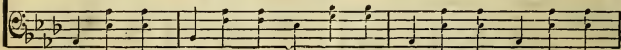
De Loss Smith,



- |                                                        |                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. I know the hope which the Chris - tians pos - sess, | Gives joy and    |
| 2. Homes are so hap - py where this hope doth hold,    | They'll live up  |
| 3. Some day I'll rise to that world all un - known,    | See Je - sus     |
| 4. Friends will be there whom we loved long a - go,    | Where crys - tal |



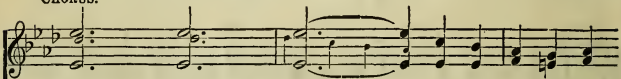
com - fort thro' all earth's dis - tress;	In yon - der coun - try, that's
yon - der on streets of pure gold;	Death cannot harm them, they're
seat - ed up there on His throne;	And see the cleft that was
riv - ers for - ev - er will flow;	They shall be like Him, no



free from all stains,	We'll live for - ev - er where Je - sus reigns.
free from His chains,	Life is e - ter - nal, for Je - sus reigns.
made for my stains,	Blest Rock of A - ges, King Je - sus reigns.
earth scar re - mains,	Transform'd for - ev - er for, Je - sus reigns.



## CHORUS.



Je - - - sus reigns is the mes - sage the  
 Je - sus our Sav - ior for - ev - er will reign



# Jesus Reigns.

an - gels de - clare; . . . . Je - sus  
the an - gels de - clare; All of earth's ran - somed His

reigns, . . . all the ransom'd His glo - ry shall share;  
glo - ry shall share,

Je - - sus reigns, . . . . He's the  
He is the light of that cit - y so fair,

light of that cit - y so fair, Oh, that will be heav - en and  
(After 4th verse.) Oh, Thine is the king - dom and

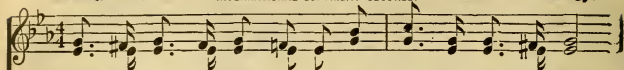
glo - ry for - ev - er where Je - sus reigns. . . .  
glo - ry for - ev - er where Je - sus reigns. . . .  
Je - sus reigns.



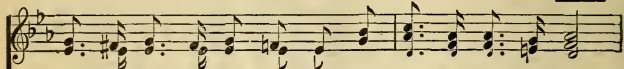
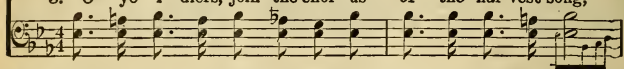
Eben Rexford.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

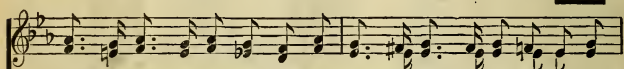
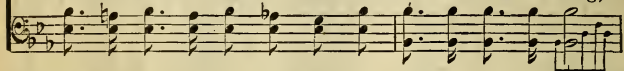
Samuel W. Beasley.



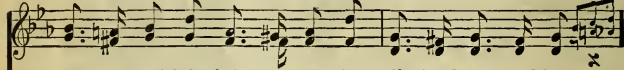
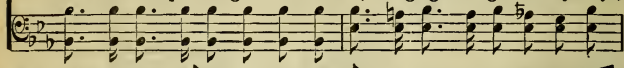
1. Lo! all read - y for the gath'r-ing God's great harvest stands;
2. "Great the need, but few have answered," hear the Master say;
3. O ye i - dlers, join the chor - us of the har-vest song,



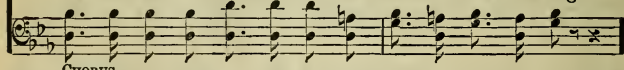
Hark! the reapers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;  
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?  
Let its mus - ic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;



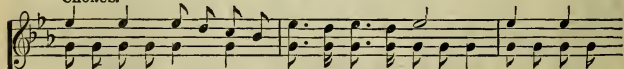
Hear you not the call for work-men sounding o - ver hill and val-ley?  
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His harv-est,  
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean-ing in the by-ways,



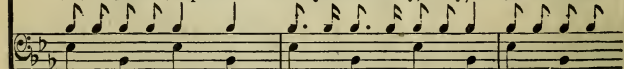
An - swer quick-ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands  
An - swer "Master, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."  
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weakest strong.



CHORUS.

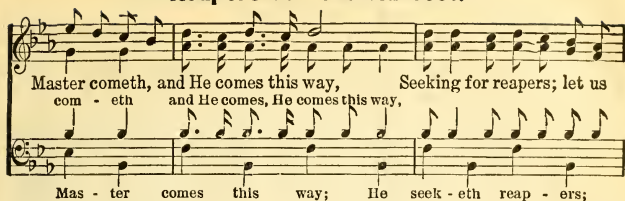


Lo! the harvest ripe and ready stands today;      See, the  
Lo! the harv-est ripe and      ready stands today, today;      See the Master



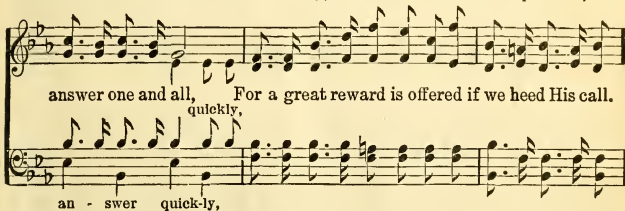
Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See, the

# Reapers for the Harvest.



Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers; let us  
com - eth and He comes, He comes this way,

Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;



answer one and all, For a great reward is offered if we heed His call.  
quickly,

an - swer quick-ly,



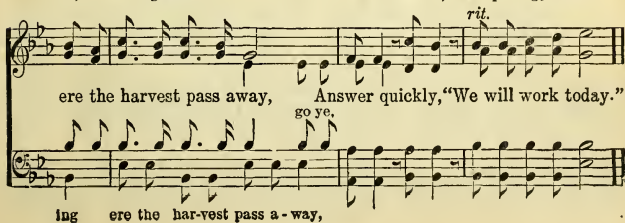
Awake, awake, the harvest waits on ev'-ry hill and plain;  
See, the har-vest waits on ev - 'ry hill, on hill and plain;

See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;



Go, and gather in the sheaves of golden grain; Reaping and binding  
Go and gather in the sheaves of gold-en grain, quickly;

Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind-



ere the harvest pass away, Answer quickly, "We will work today."  
go ye,

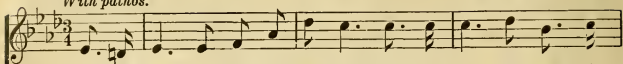
ing ere the har-vest pass a - way,

# No. 189. X 'Twas Rum that Spoiled my Boy.

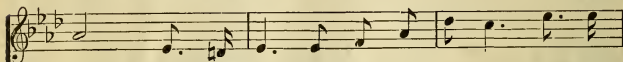
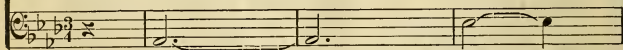
Rev. L. F. Cole.  
With pathos.

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BY PER.

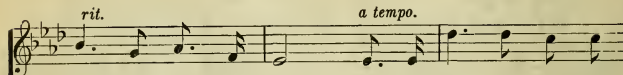
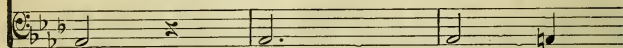
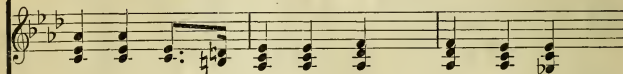
T. Martin Towne,



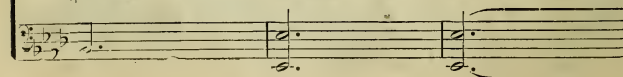
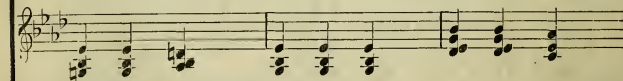
1. I have seen a moth-er weep-ing, O'er a lit - tle pal - lid
2. I have known a moth-er wait-ing, Wait-ing while the years rolled
3. I have seen a moth-er pac-ing On the shore where breaks the
4. Gaze in - to the eyes cher - u - bic; Rain your kiss - es on his



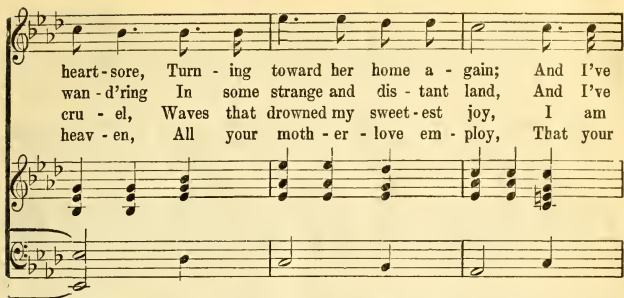
face; I have seen her kiss the fore-head, Seen the  
by, Start - ing from her dreams at mid - night, Wait - ing,  
sea, Plead - ing with the storm - y wa - ters, "Give, oh,  
cheek; Clasp him fond - ly to your bo - som, Feel the



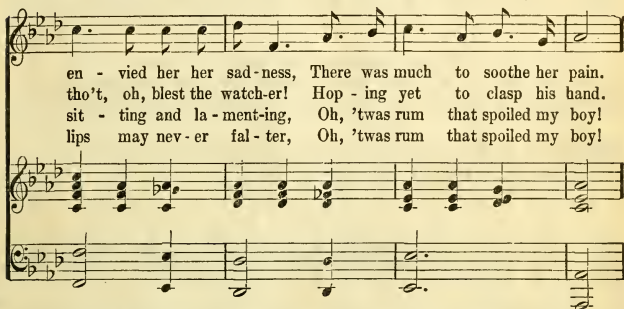
last, sad, fond em - brace; I have seen her heav - y,  
watch - ing ea - ger - ly, For her boy, long lost and  
give my boy to me!" But by waves by far more  
thrill you can - not speak; Link your - self to God and



# 'Twas Rum that Spoiled my Boy.

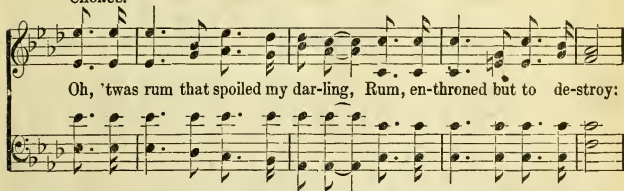


heart-sore, Turn - ing toward her home a - gain; And I've  
wan - d'ring In some strange and dis - tant land, And I've  
cru - el, Waves that drowned my sweet - est joy, I am  
heav - en, All your moth - er - love em - ploy, That your

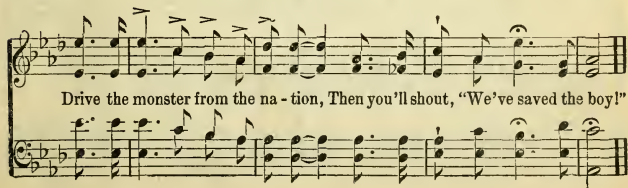


en - vied her her sad-ness, There was much to soothe her pain.  
tho't, oh, blest the watch-er! Hop - ing yet to clasp his hand.  
sit - ting and la - ment-ing, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!  
lips may nev - er fal - ter, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!

## CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my dar-ling, Rum, en-throned but to de-destroy:



Drive the monster from the na - tion, Then you'll shout, "We've saved the boy!"

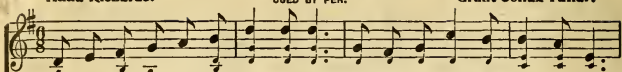
## No. 190.

## Praise to Jehovah!

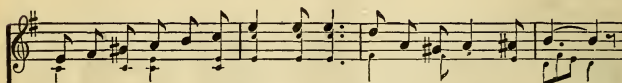
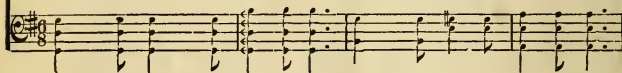
Anna Richarde.

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USED BY PER.

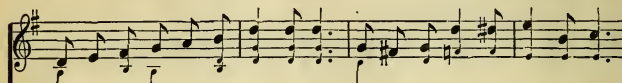
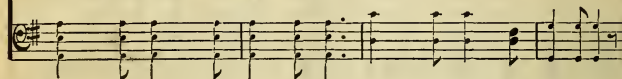
Grant Colfax Tullar.



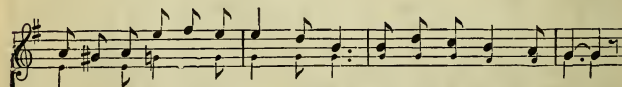
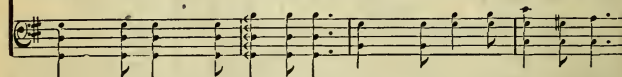
1. Praise to Je - ho - vah, the King of kings, Bring as a gift of grate - ful love,  
 2. Thou who hast found at the throne of grace, Answers of peace to earn - est pray'r;  
 3. Thou who hast prov-en His prom-ise true, Prom-ise of help in time of need,



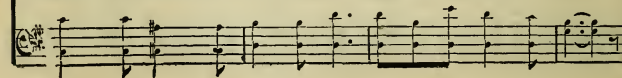
Praise far ex - cell - ing our high-est pow'rs, Rings thro' the courts a - bove.  
 Tell of the love in Thy Sav-ior's face When thou didst seek Him there.  
 Prom-ise of guidance, of strength, of grace, Prom - ise of cap - tive freed.



Yet from His glo - ry He looks to-day, Looks with a glance of love di - vine;  
 Tell of it lov-ing-ly o'er and o'er, Tell it till oth - er pil - grims go,  
 Tell of the word He hath kept with thee, Tell it till oth - er pil - grims go,



Out from the shad-ows and clouds of earth, Let the bright praise-light shine.  
 La - den with bur - dens to Him for rest, Him who doth love us so.  
 Straight to the prom-ise-ful - fill - ing One, Heav - en - ly peace to know.



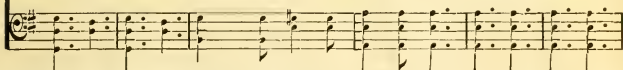


## Praise to Jehavah!

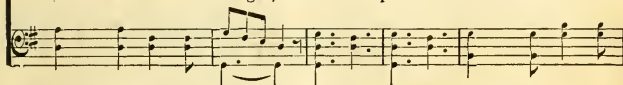
CHORUS.



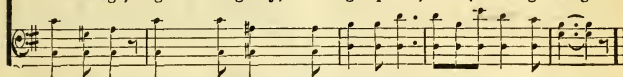
Praise Him! praise Him! Tell of His mer - cy pass - ing tho't, Praise Him! praise Him!



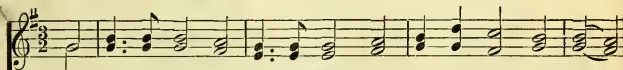
Tell what His love hath wrought, Praise Him! praise Him! Till all the wide cre-



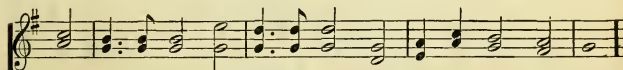
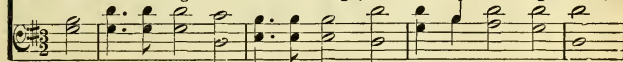
a-tion rings, Rings with His glo-ry, whom angels praise, Je-sus, the King of kings.



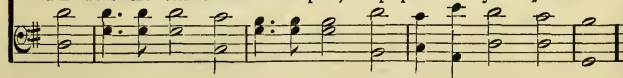
## No. 191.      Am I A Soldier of the Cross?



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour - age Lord;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace; To help me on to God?  
I'll bear the toil en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy Word.



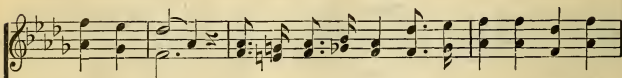
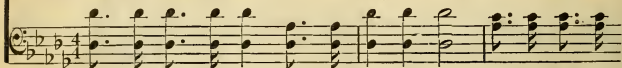
Geo. O. Webster.  
*Boldly.*

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USED BY PER.

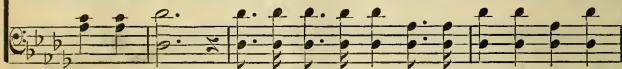
Grant Colfax Tullar.



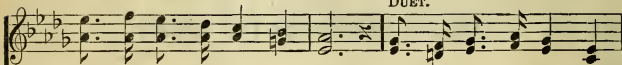
1. An - gel voices join'd in a sweet re - frain Ech - o o'er Ju -
2. Chil - dren's voices join in the song so sweet, Sung by an - gels
3. Spread the bless - ed news all the earth a - round, Told by an - gels



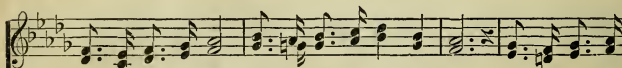
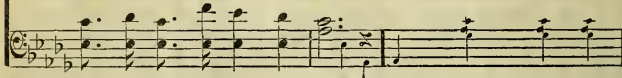
de - a's hills, Her - ald - ing a Sav - ior in glad - some strain That  
long a - go; List - ning to their mus - ic our glad hearts beat With  
in their song; Tell the lost and stray - ing where - ev - er found, And



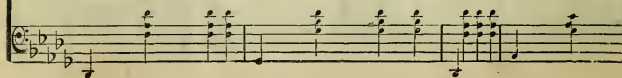
DUET.



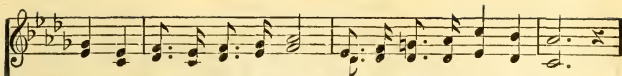
all the earth with mus ic fills; Tell - ing low - ly shep - herds  
joy which must in song o'er flow; Ti - dings, hap - py ti - dings,  
spread the bless - ed news a - long. How in won - drous mer - cy



of a babe new - born, Cradled now in Beth - le'm's stall, Com - ing from the  
of a Sav - ior's birth, Coming down from heav'n a - bove; Ti - idngs, hap - py  
God a Sav - ior gave, How the an - gels sang for joy, Her - ald - ing a



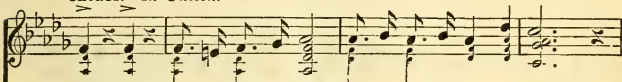
## The Angel Chorus.



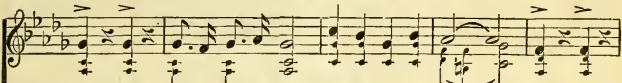
glo - ry on that Christmas morn Christ the might-y Lord of all.  
ti - dings, to the sons of earth, Ti-dings of God's wondrous love.  
Sav - ior strong to seek and save, Let their song our hearts em-ploy.



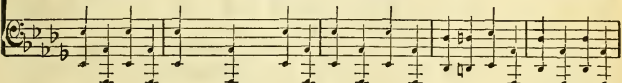
CHORUS. *In Unison.*



Hark! hark! hear the cho - rus ring, How the voi - ces sweet-ly chime;

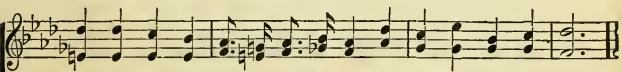
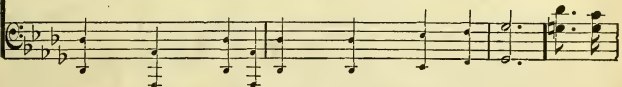


Hail! hail! to the Sav-ior-King, And the Christmas time; . . . Joy! joy!

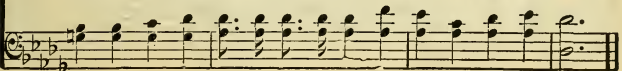


*Parts.*

floods the world with light, Fills the earth with sweet-est song, As the



sons of men take up the mighty strain, The glad joy notes pro-long.

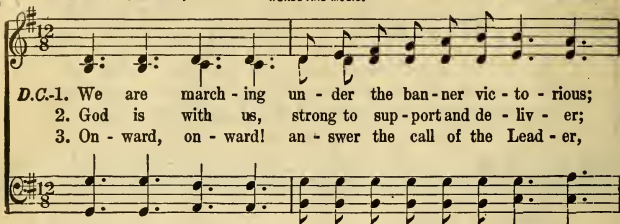


## The Song of Triumph.

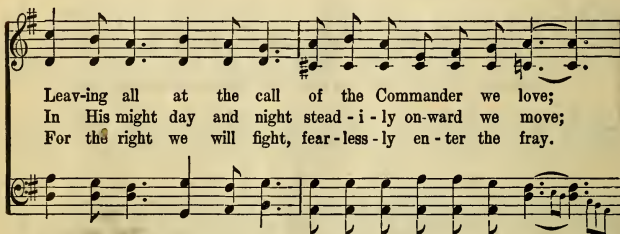
Charlotte G. Homer,

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

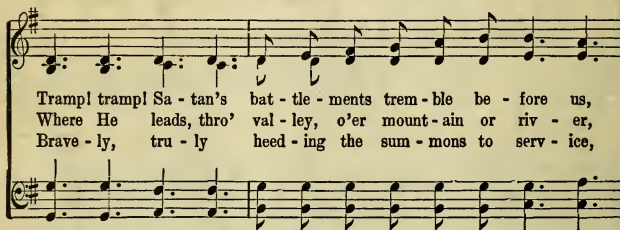
Chas. H. Gabriel.



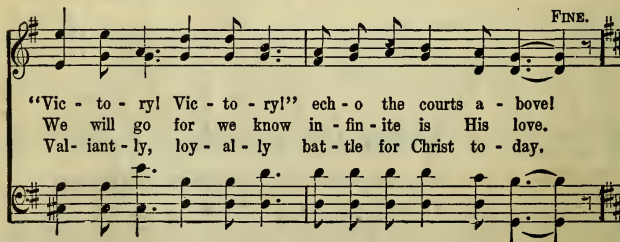
D.C.-1. We are march - ing un - der the ban - ner vic - to - rious;  
 2. God is with us, strong to sup - port and de - liv - er;  
 3. On - ward, on - ward! an - swer the call of the Lead - er,



Leav - ing all at the call of the Commander we love;  
 In His might day and night stead - i - ly on - ward we move;  
 For the right we will fight, fear - less - ly en - ter the fray.



Tramp! tramp! Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments trem - ble be - fore us,  
 Where He leads, thro' val - ley, o'er mount - ain or riv - er,  
 Brave - ly, tru - ly heed - ing the sum - mons to serv - ice,



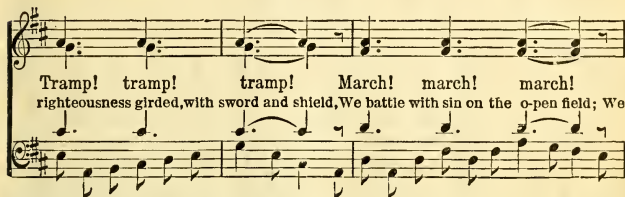
FINE.  
 "Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry!" ech - o the courts a - bove!  
 We will go for we know in - fin - ite is His love.  
 Val - iant - ly, loy - al - ly bat - tle for Christ to - day.

# The Song of Triumph.

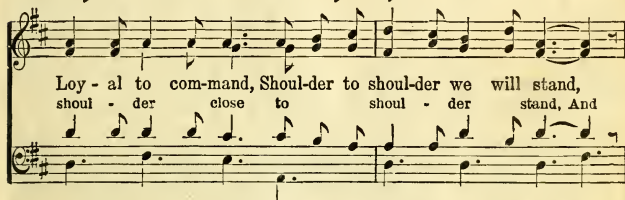
CHORUS.



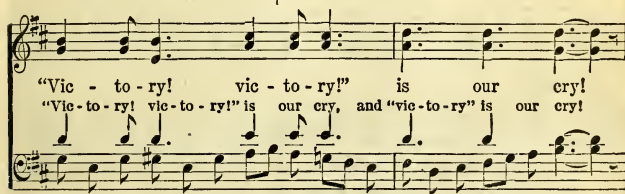
Strong to meet the foe, On to the field we brave-ly go,  
Strong in faith we brave - ly go, With



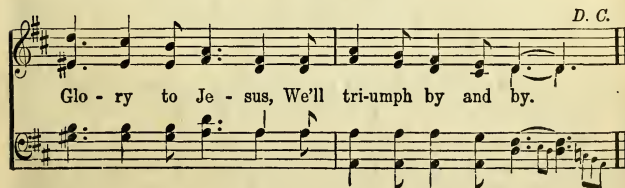
Tramp! tramp! tramp! March! march! march!  
righteousness girded, with sword and shield, We battle with sin on the o-pen field; We



Loy - al to com-mand, Shoul-der to shoul-der we will stand,  
shoul - der close to shoul - der stand, And



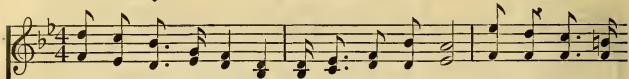
"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" is our cry!  
"Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!" is our cry, and "vic-to-ry" is our cry!



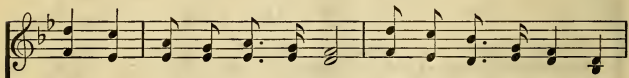
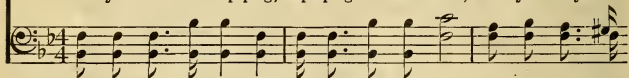
Glo - ry to Je - sus, We'll tri-umph by and by.

*D. C.*

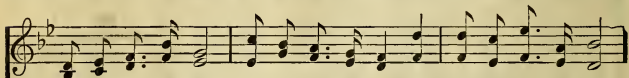
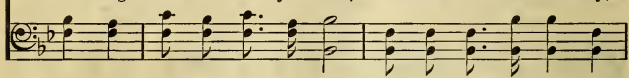




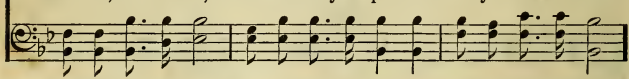
1. Je - sus soft - ly calls you, Sin - ner, come just now; Won't you to Him
2. Lis - ten to Him call - ing, Call - ing, friend, for thee; Don't re - ject His
3. Soon you will be slip - ping, Slip - ping o'er the brink; Now you may be



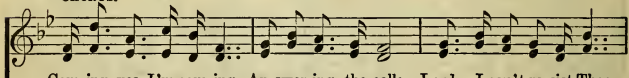
hark - en, To His sov - 'reign bow? He will be your Sav - ior,  
 plead - ing, To the Sav - ior flee; He is wait - ing for you,  
 stand - ing Clos - er than you think; An - swer to Him man - ly,



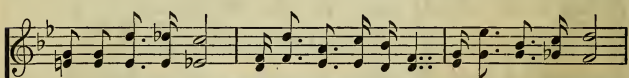
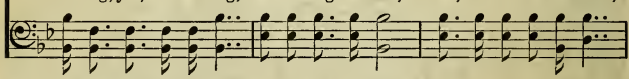
Lov - ing friend and guide; You can trust Him ev - er, 'Twas for you He died.  
 Come, O come to - day; Do not shrink nor wav - er, Trust in Him al - way.  
 Sav - ior, here am I; Let Him be your pi - lot When you come to die.



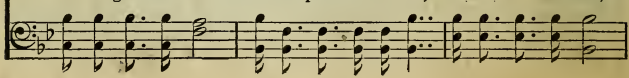
## CHORUS.



Com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing, An - swer - ing the call; Lord, I can't re - sist Thee,



Now I give Thee all. Make me pure and no - ble, Fit me for the test;



## The Savior Calls.

In the clos - ing scenes of life, Give to me Thy rest.

**No. 195.**

## Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Low in a man-ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won - der - ful  
2. An - gels de - scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant - ed a ten - der and  
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and

Sav - ior was born, There was none to re - ceive Him, none to believe Him, None but the  
si - lent re - frain; Then a won - der - ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the  
Sav - ior of all; I will love Thee for - ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for

### CHORUS.

an - gels were watch - ing that morn.  
Shepherds on Beth - le - hem's plain.  
me make Thy bed in a stall.

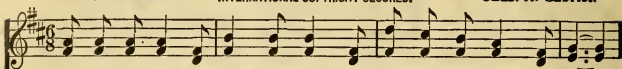
No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle babe in His bed.

## Gather We Here.

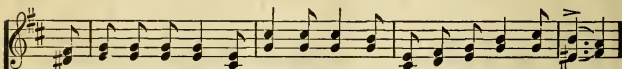
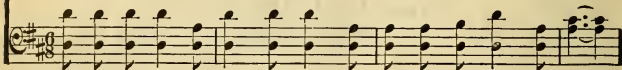
**John R. Clements.**

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S. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

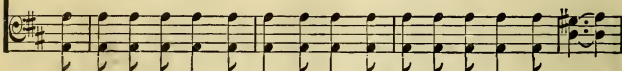
**Chas. H. Gabriel.**



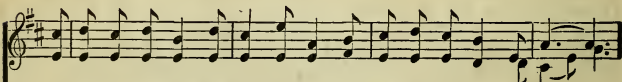
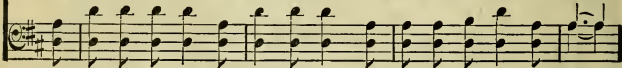
1. Gath-er we here to praise the Lord, And tell of His love and pow'r;
2. Gath-er we here to learn His will, To know what for each He's planned;
3. Gath-er we here to press His cause, To hearts to His love un-known;



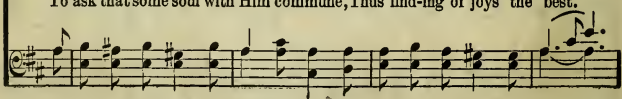
With heart and with voice in sweet ac-cord, To wait in His courts this hour.  
To learn from His word His way un - til We leave our days in His hand.  
To bid ma - ny more o - bey His laws, And Him as their Sav - ior own.



We sing of a love so wondrous true It suffered past all com-  
pare;  
To make for our lives a trust-ful place In calm or in storm to hide;  
To pave the way for His entrance soon, To hearts that are now un-blest.



A love beyond depths e'en angels knew; Which heaven was glad to share.  
All safe un - til we be - hold His face, When reach'd is the other side.  
To ask that some soul with Him commune, Thus find-ing of joys the best.



# Gather We Here.

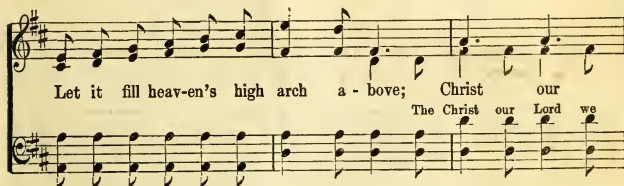
## CHORUS.



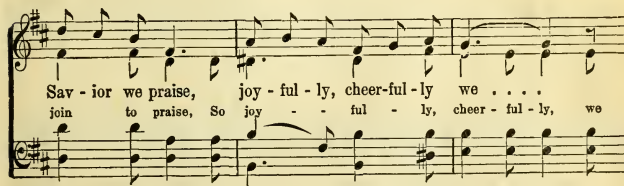
Sing the beau - ti - ful song, Tell of the Sav - ior's  
Sing the beau - ti - ful song, the song, That tells of love, the



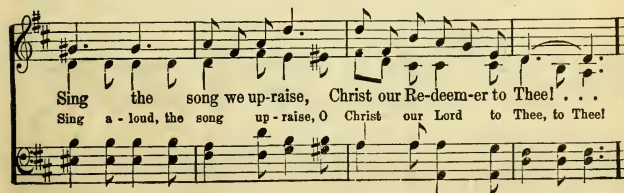
love; . . . . Speed the mes - sage a - long,  
Sav - ior's love; O speed, O speed the mes - sage a - long, And



Let it fill heav-en's high arch a - bove; Christ our  
The Christ our Lord we



Sav - ior we praise, joy - ful - ly, cheer-ful - ly we . . . .  
join to praise, So joy - - ful - ly, cheer - ful - ly, we



Sing the song we up-raise, Christ our Re-deem-er to Thee! . . .  
Sing a - loud, the song up - raise, O Christ our Lord to Thee, to Thee!

### No. 197. The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

**P. P. Bliss.**

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

USED BY PER.

De Loss Smith.

1. It was mid-night in the val-ley, and the camp was dark and still
2. When the faint and fear - ful thousands had re-turned at God's command,
3. Christian sol-diers, be not fear-ful, on - ward with your cap-tain go;

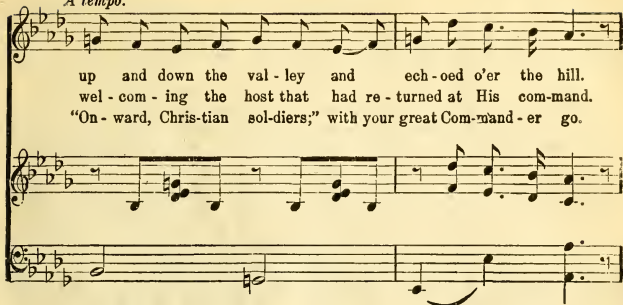
Where the slumb'ring hosts of Mid-ian lay a-long the slop-ing hill,  
By the chos-en few and faith-ful vic - t'ry came to Gideon's band;  
Ev - er "look-ing un - to Je - sus" you shall con-quer ev - 'ry foe.

When a blind-ing flash of torch-es, and a trumpet loud and shrill, Rang  
Hear them giv-ing God the glo-ry as a-round the camp they stand, All  
He has triumphed, take your trumpet, let the world your vic-t'ry know; Sing



# The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

*A tempo.*

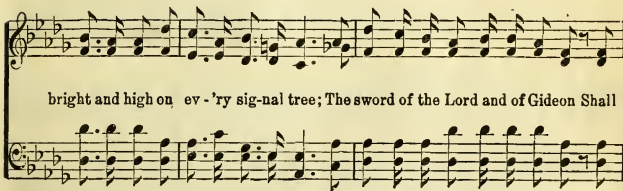


up and down the val - ley and ech - oed o'er the hill.  
wel - com - ing the host that had re - turned at His com - mand.  
"On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers;" with your great Com - mand - er go.

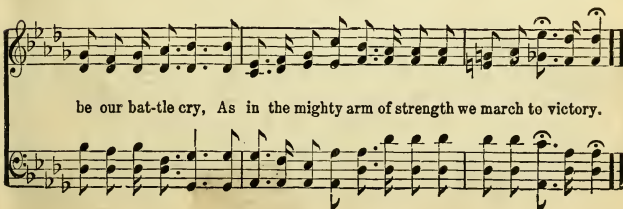
CHORUS. *ff*



Blow ye the trumpet, for the Lord has made us free, Your blazing lamps raise



bright and high on ev - 'ry sig - nal tree; The sword of the Lord and of Gideon Shall

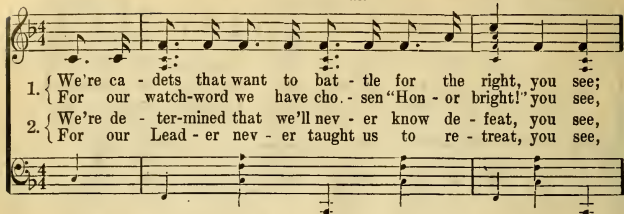


be our bat - tle cry, As in the mighty arm of strength we march to victory.

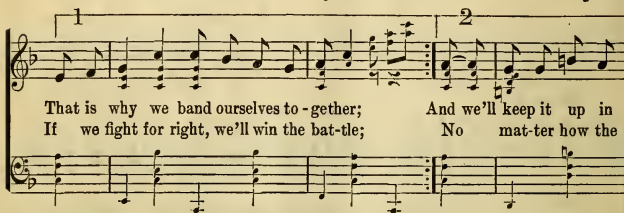
C. B. A.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

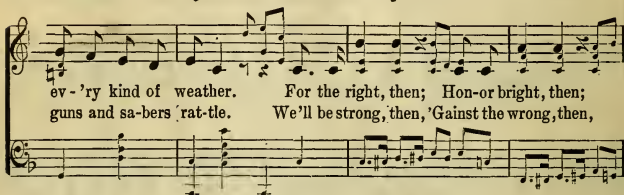
Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.



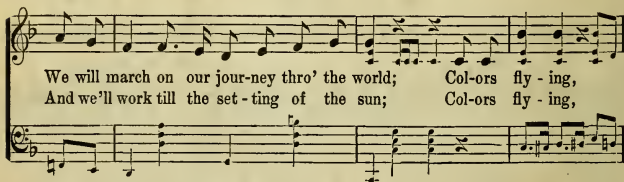
1. { We're ca - dets that want to bat - tle for the right, you see;  
For our watch-word we have cho - sen "Hon - or bright!" you see,  
2. { We're de - ter-mined that we'll nev - er know de - feat, you see,  
For our Lead - er nev - er taught us to re - treat, you see,



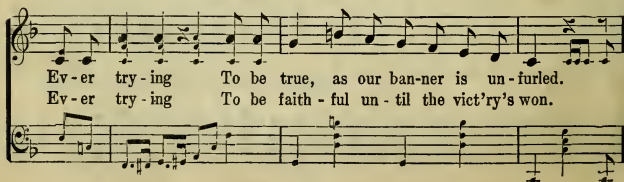
That is why we band ourselves to - gether; And we'll keep it up in  
If we fight for right, we'll win the bat-tle; No mat-ter how the



ev - 'ry kind of weather. For the right, then; Hon-or bright, then;  
guns and sa-bers 'rat-tle. We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then,



We will march on our jour-ney thro' the world; Col-ors fly - ing,  
And we'll work till the set-ting of the sun; Col-ors fly - ing,



Ev - er try - ing To be true, as our ban-ner is un - furled.  
Ev - er try - ing To be faith - ful un - til the vict'ry's won.

# Sunday-School Cadets.

CHORUS.

{ Then see us march-ing as to war, With purpose steady, Our hearts are  
{ Our gallant Lead-er goes be- [Omi]

read-y; fore; Then see us march! We're the Sunday-School cadets!

No. 199.

## I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy  
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness  
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

CHORUS.  
precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing  
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

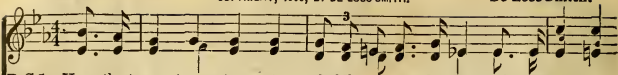
## No. 200.

## The King's Army.

James Rowe.

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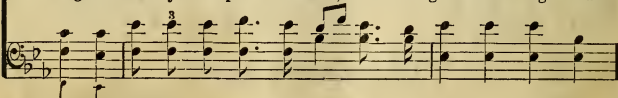
De Loss Smith.



D.C.1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, boldly we march along, With a stead - y  
 2. With no tho't of fear or dan - ger we on - ward go, Ev - er read - y,  
 3. Tho' the fight be long, we nev - er will turn or yield, For our bless - ed



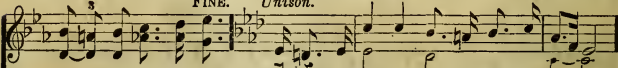
step, and hearts that are true and strong; To our might - y Lead - er  
 will - ing anx - ious to meet the foe; For our Lead - er's crown bright  
 King will safe - ly our spir - its shield; He will give us strength and



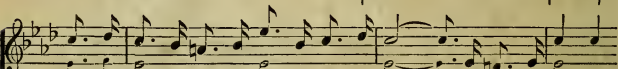
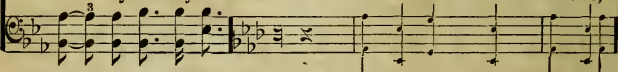
faith - ful our lives will be, For we know that He leads us  
 gems we will strive to win In our fight with the hosts of  
 cour - age for ev - 'ry need, And re - ward us at length for



FINE. Unison.



onward to vic - to - ry. We've joined the ar - my of the King of Glo - ry,  
 darkness and doubt and sin. With Je - sus ev - er go - ing on be - fore us,  
 ev - 'ry wor - thy deed. We mean to fol - low Him where'er He leads us,

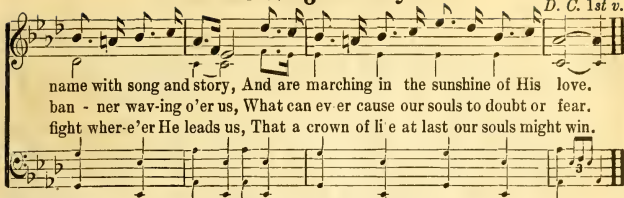


And our loy - al - ty to Him we mean to prove; . . . With joy we laud His  
 Sending back to us sweet mes - sag - es of cheer, . . . And with the gos - pel  
 And to help Him rid the world of doubt and sin; . . . For Him we'll toil and



# The King's Army.

*D. C. 1st v.*



name with song and story, And are marching in the sunshine of His love.  
ban - ner wav-ing o'er us, What can ever cause our souls to doubt or fear.  
fight wher-e'er He leads us, That a crown of li'e at last our souls might win.

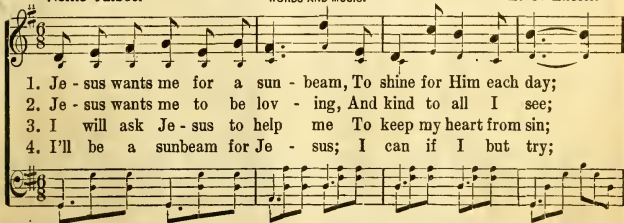
No. 201.

# I'll Be a Sunbeam.

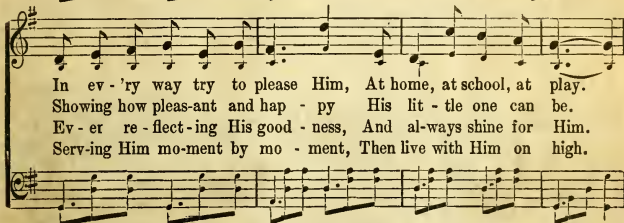
Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

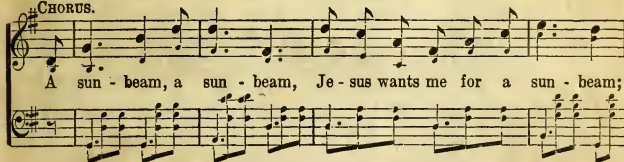


1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;  
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;  
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;  
4. I'll be a sunbeam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

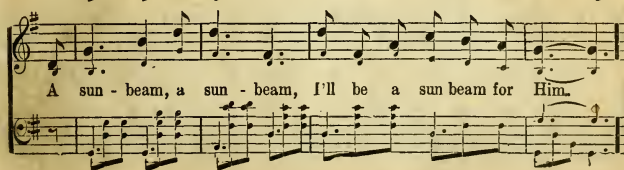


In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.  
Showing how pleas - ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.  
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.  
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun beam for Him.



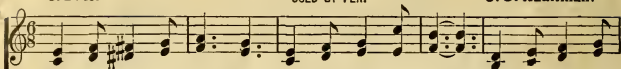
## No. 202.

## Keep in Touch With Jesus.

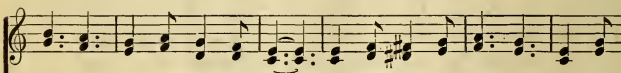
C. S. K.

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USED BY PER.

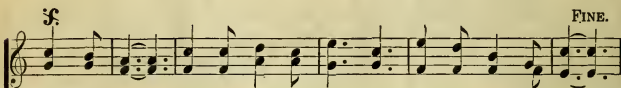
C. S. Kauffman.



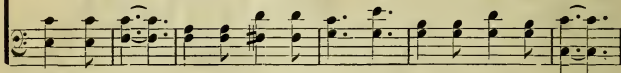
1. Would you be a vic - tor O - ver ev - 'ry foe, Con - quer ev - 'ry
2. Ma - ny hearts are bro - ken— Oft an ach - ing breast Waits the mes - sage
3. Would you be a bless - ing All a - long the way, Would you be pos -
4. Would you have com - mun - ion With your Lord each day, Have a bless - ed



tri - al In this world be - low; O - ver - come temp - ta - tions That each  
spok - en That will give it rest; You per - haps can bring them Joy and  
sess - ing Per - fect love each day, Let the Ho - ly Spir - it O - ver -  
un - ion With Him all the way; Pray - ing with - out ceas - ing, Learn - ing

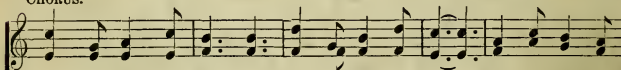


day you meet? Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.  
peace com - plete, Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.  
come de - feat, Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.  
at His feet, Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.

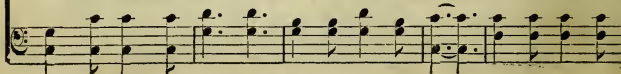


D.S.-foe you meet, Keep in touch with Je - sus, He will keep you sweet.

## CHORUS.

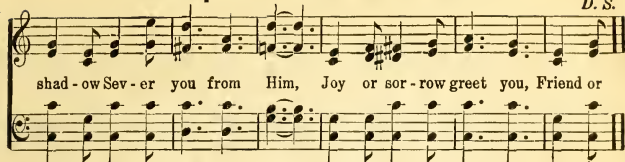


Keep in touch with Je - sus, Tho' the path be dim; Let no cloud or



# Keep in Touch With Jesus.

*D. S.*



shad - ow Sev - er you from Him, Joy or sor - row greet you, Friend or

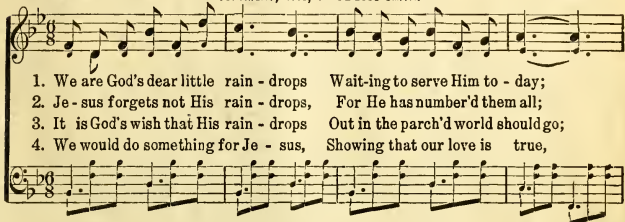
No. 203.

## Raindrops of Mercy.

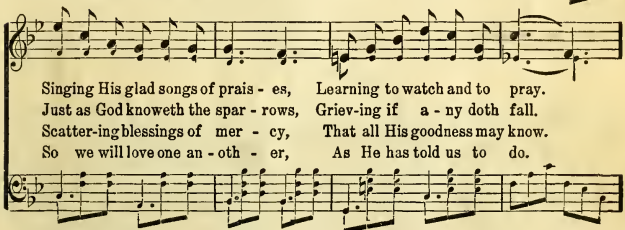
Laura M. Moore.

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De Loss Smith.

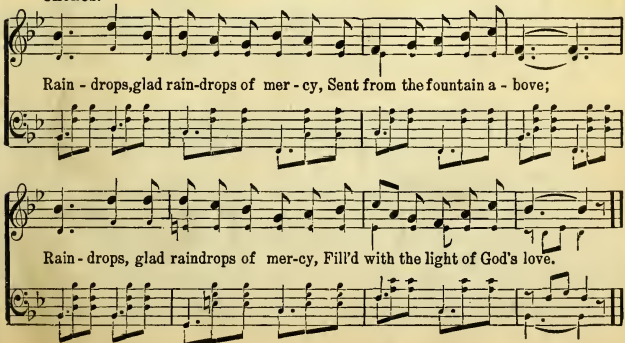


1. We are God's dear little rain - drops Wait-ing to serve Him to - day;  
 2. Je - sus forgets not His rain - drops, For He has number'd them all;  
 3. It is God's wish that His rain - drops Out in the parch'd world should go;  
 4. We would do something for Je - sus, Showing that our love is true,



Singing His glad songs of prais - es, Learning to watch and to pray.  
 Just as God knoweth the spar - rows, Griev-ing if a - ny doth fall.  
 Scatter-ing blessings of mer - cy, That all His goodness may know.  
 So we will love one an - oth - er, As He has told us to do.

CHORUS.



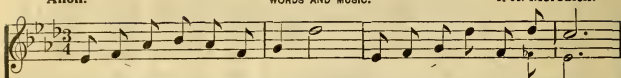
Rain - drops, glad rain-drops of mer - cy, Sent from the fountain a - bove;  
 Rain - drops, glad raindrops of mer-cy, Fill'd with the light of God's love.

# No. 204. All Thy Works Shall Praise Thee.

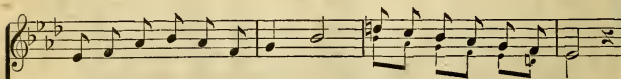
Anon.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

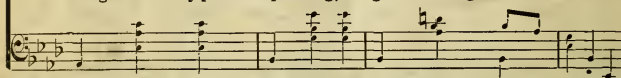
I. H. Meredith.



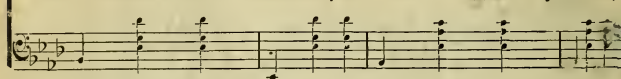
1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a-dore Him; Praise Him an - gels in the height!
2. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious, Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;
3. Wor - ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing, Lord, we of - fer un - to Thee;



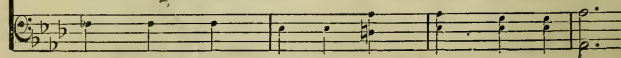
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and light!  
God hath made His saints vic - to - rious, Sin and death shall not pre - vail.  
Young and old Thy praise ex - press - ing, In glad hom - age bend the knee.



Praise the Lord for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed!  
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His pow'r pro - claim!  
All the saints in heav'n a - dore Thee, We would bow be - fore Thy Throne;



Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid - ance hath He made.  
Heav'n and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name!  
As Thine angels serve be - fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done.



# All Thy Works Shall Praise Thee.

\* REFRAIN.

We will a - dore Him and His prais-es sing, Gladly we hail Him

as our Lord and King, Tell out the sto - ry of His dy - ing

love, Price-less re - demp - tion 'tis the gift of God a - bove.

\* Teach melody of chorus before playing upper part on the instrument. If desired girls may either hum or sing the upper part. If hummed sing a sustained tone for each two measures.

No. 205.

## I'm Going Home.

Wm. Hunter.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; No pain, nor death can en - ter there;  
2. My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky;  
3. Let oth - ers seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, o'er waves o'er-flow,

CHO.-I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!

D. C. for Chorus.

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.  
When from this earth - ly pris - on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.  
Be mine a hap - pier lot to own, A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

To die no more, to die no more; I'm go - ing home to die no more!

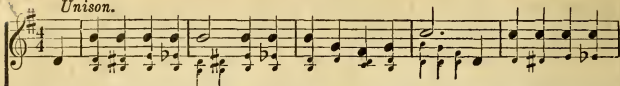
# No. 206. Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield.

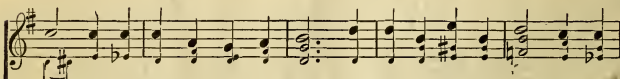
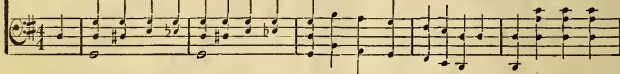
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Adam Geibel.

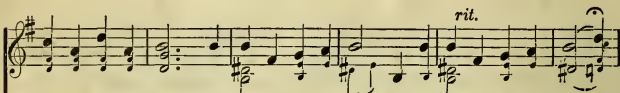
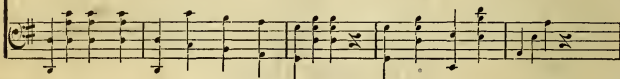
*Unison.*



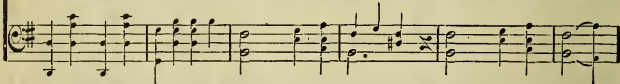
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His  
con - flict, In this His glo - rious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him" A -  
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each  
bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A



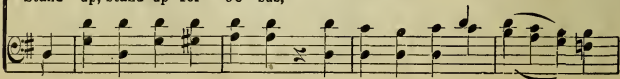
ar-my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed  
gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose.  
piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.  
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign eter - nal - ly.



CHORUS. *Harmony.*



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift  
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,





# Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus.

high his roy - al ban - ner, it must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

No. 207.

## Gethsemane.

Written by Dr. Scoville while at the Garden of Gethsemane in 1900.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Chas. Reign Scoville,

De Loss Smith.

1. There is a place to Christians dear, To Cal-v'ry's hill 'tis ver - y near;
2. When sorrow's heaviest, friends may sleep, Your aching heart the lone watch keep;
3. Then troub-led heart, do not de - spair, Tho' dark the night, come here in pray'r;
4. For joy that is be-fore you then, Go to your cross, de-spise its shame;

O suf-fring One, 'twas more to Thee, The gar - den of Geth-sem - a - ne.  
 When morning brings too much for thee, Your cup take to Geth-sem - a - ne.  
 For an - y task you'll strengthen'd be Thro' pray'r in our Geth-sem - a - ne.  
 In worlds un-end - ing you shall be Like Je - sus of Geth-sem - a - ne.

### CHORUS.

O spot di-vine, so dear to me, Where Je - sus bled in ag - o - ny;  
 When bur-dens seem too great for thee, Go, friend, to your Geth-sem - a - ne.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. "Vic-to-ry!" is the song ech-o-ing loud and long From the re-  
 2. "Vic-to-ry!" o-ver sin, Pow-er and zeal to win Souls to the

deemed of ev-'ry na-tion; Let the cho-rus ring Of the conq'ring  
 light from dark-ness drear-y Doth He free-ly give All who will re-

King Who hath brought so great sal-va-tion; Vic-to-ry to His name,  
 ceive, And the work is nev-er wea-ry; Vic-to-ry for the right,

Who a Re-deem-er came un-to His own, to be re-ject-ed! Yet to  
 Patience to win the fight Faith-ful-ly day by day, He gives us; Our De-

day He lives, And a bless-ing gives, Tho' de-nied, re-viled, neg-lect-ed.  
 fence is He, And will ev-er be Till in glo-ry He re-ceive us.

## Victory.

Sing the sto - ry, Tell His glo - ry Un - til earth re - ech - oes with His praise!  
 [Sing, O sing! sing, O sing!

Come be - fore Him! Laud, a - dore Him, Loud an - thems of joy let us raise.  
 Sing, O sing! sing, sing!

## No. 209. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer.

USED BY PER. OF OLIVER DITSON CO.

Lowell Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours; Work while the  
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright - est  
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright

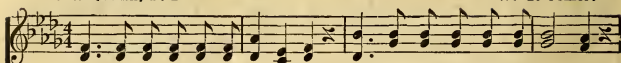
dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs, Work when the day grows bright - er,  
 hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute,  
 tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.  
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.  
 Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

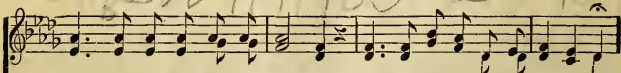
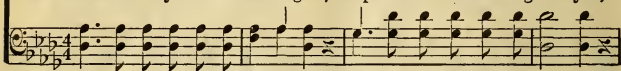
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J. E. Rankin, D. D.

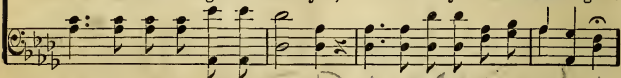
W. G. Gomer.



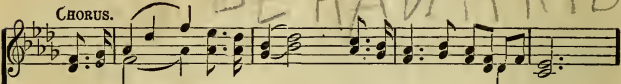
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,



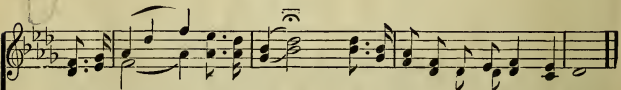
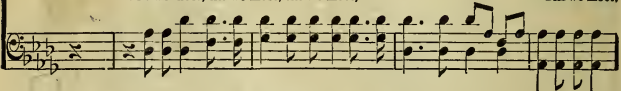
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Put His arms un - fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



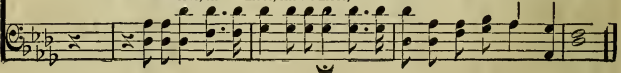
CHORUS.



Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet,  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,



Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



# Favorite Hymns

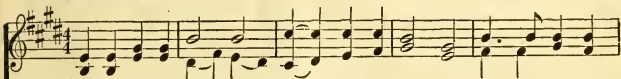
No. 211.

Holy. Holy, Holy,

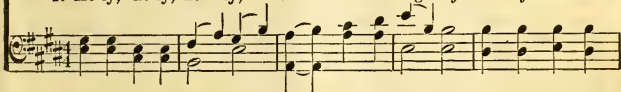
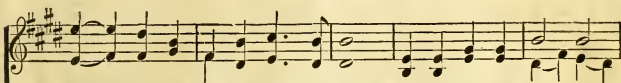
Reginald Heber.

(NICEA.)

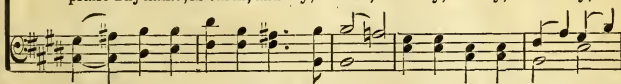
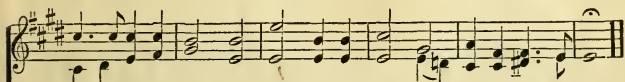
John B. Dykes,



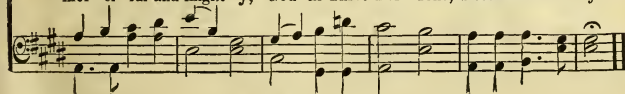
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their  
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of  
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 gold - en crowns a round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim  
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!  
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

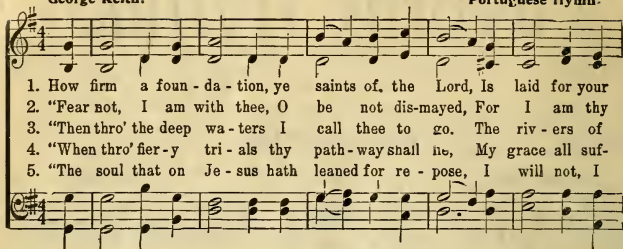
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ever-more shalt be.  
 there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.  
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!



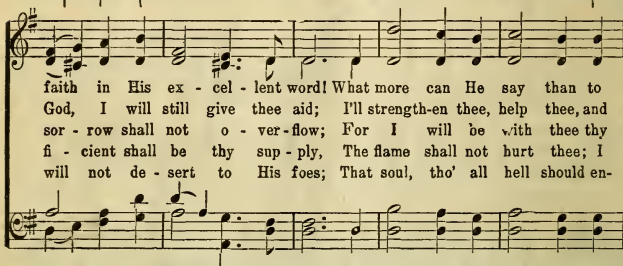


George Keith.

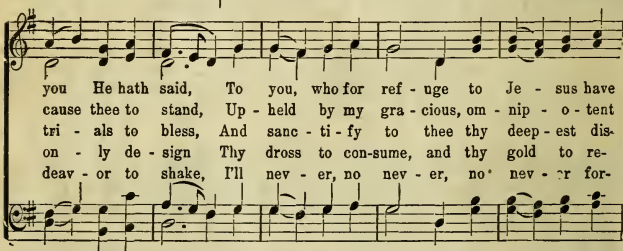
Portuguese Hymn.



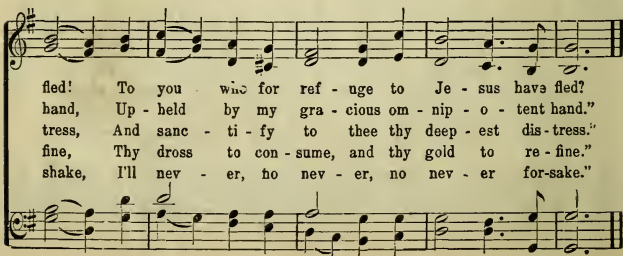
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of, the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy  
 3. "Then thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go. The riv - ers of  
 4. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall be, My grace all suf -  
 5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to  
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and  
 sor - row shall not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy  
 fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I  
 will not de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-



you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have  
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent  
 tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -  
 on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re -  
 deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for -

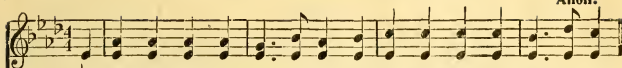


fied! To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
 hand, Up - held by my gra - cious om - nip - o - tent hand."  
 tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."  
 fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine."  
 shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake."

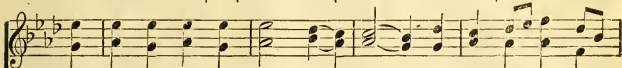
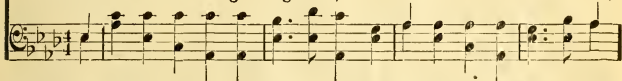
## No. 213.

## On Zion's Glorious Summit.

Anon.



1. On Zi-on's glo-rious sum-mit stood A numerous host redeem'd by blood!
2. Here all who suf-fered sword or flame For truth, or Je-sus' love-ly name,
3. While ev-er-last-ing a-ges roll, E-ter-nal lov-shall feast their soul,



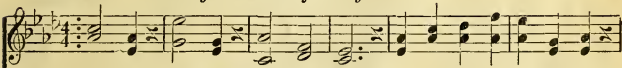
They hymned their King in strains di-vine; I heard the song, and  
Shout vic-t'ry now and hail the Lamb, And bow be-fore the  
And scenes of bliss, for-ev-er new, Rise in suc-ces-sion



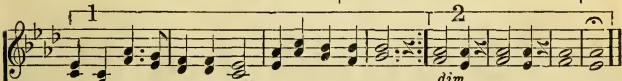
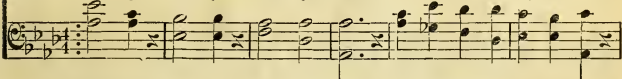
strove to join, I heard the song, and strove to join.  
great I AM, And bow be-fore the great I AM.  
to their view, Rise in suc-ces-sion to their view.



**SANCTUS.** *To be sung at the close of the Hymn.*



Ho-ly ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of hosts, on high a-dored!



Who like me Thy praise should sing, O Almighty King! *dim.* Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly.



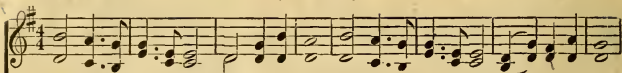
## No. 214.

## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

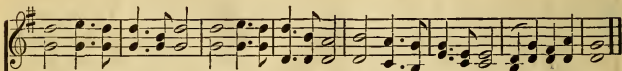
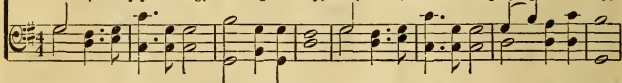
Sarah F. Adams.

(BETHANY.)

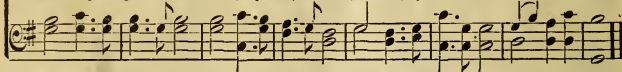
Lowell Mason.



1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
 An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
 Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!



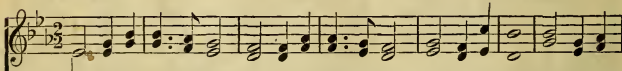
## No. 215.

## My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

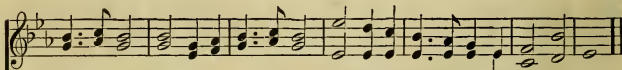
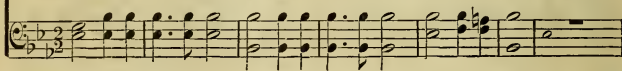
Ray Palmer.

(OLIVET.)

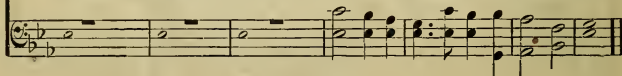
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Savior



while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!  
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!  
 turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.  
 then, in love, Fear and distrust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul!



## No. 216.

## There is a Fountain.

Unknown.

William Cowper,

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,  
And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, . . . . . }  
D. C. And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, . . . . .

2 FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.

## No. 217.

## Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliot.

(WOODWORTH.)

Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my-soul of one dark blot,  
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

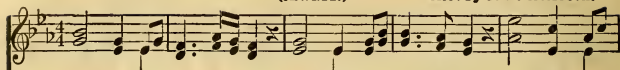
5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

## No. 218.

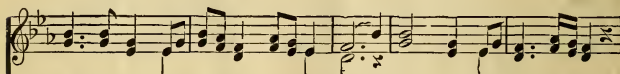
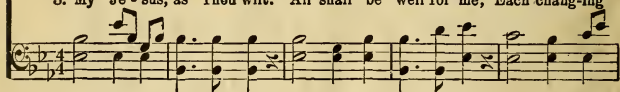
## My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

(JEWETT.)

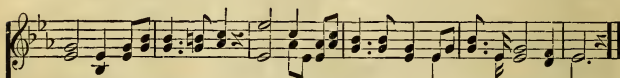
Arr. by J. P. Holbrook.



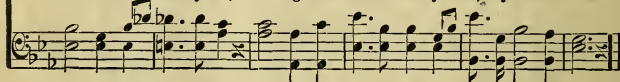
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing



hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy  
 star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
 fut - ure scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,



Con-duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And sor-row'd oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death "My Lord, Thy will be done."

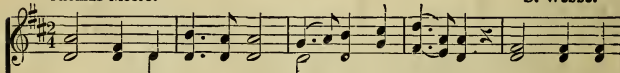


## No. 219.

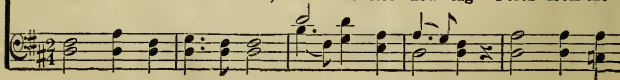
## Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

S. Webbe.

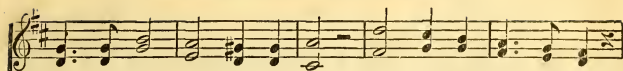


1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

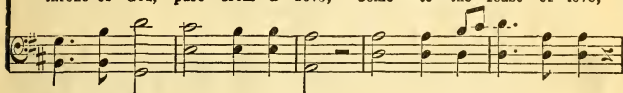




## Come, Ye Disconsolate.



mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,  
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com - fort - er,  
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;



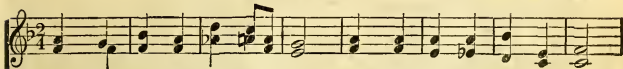
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.  
ten - der-ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.  
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.



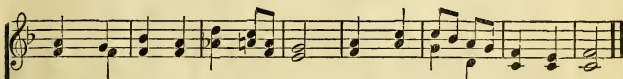
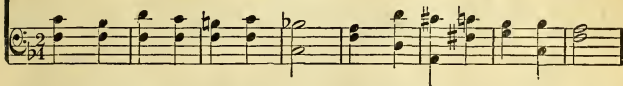
## No. 220. Softly Now the Light of Day.

(SEYMOUR.)

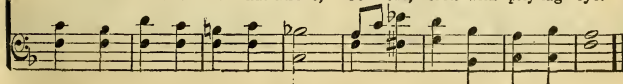
Von Weber.



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Nought es - capes with - out, with - in,
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.  
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.  
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.  
Then from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity-ing eye.



# No. 221.      O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth.

(MENDEBRAS.)

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On Thee, the high and lowly,  
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright, }

Thro' a-ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,  
 The light first had its birth;  
 On thee, for our salvation,  
 Christ rose from depth of earth;  
 On thee, our Lord victorious,  
 The Spirit sent from heav'n;  
 And thus on thee, most glorious,  
 A triple light was given.

3 Today on weary nations  
 The heavenly manna falls;  
 To holy convocations  
 The silver trumpet calls,  
 Where gospel light is glowing  
 With pure and radiant beams,  
 And living water flowing  
 With soul-refreshing streams.

# No. 222.      A Charge to Keep I Have.

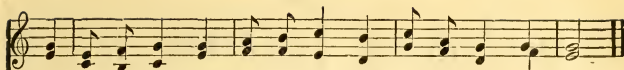
C. Wesley,

(BOYLSTON.)

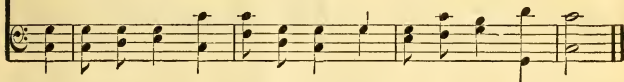
Lowell Mason,

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,  
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil;  
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;  
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

## A Charge to Keep I Have.



A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
Oh, may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.  
And oh, thy ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.  
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

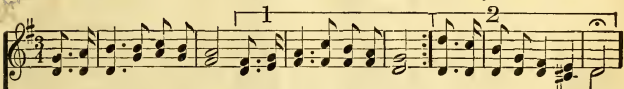


## No. 223. Safely Through Another Week.

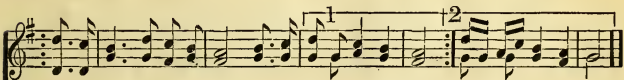
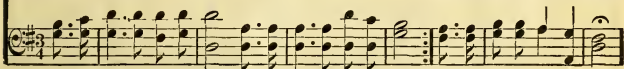
John Newton.

(SABBATH MORN.)

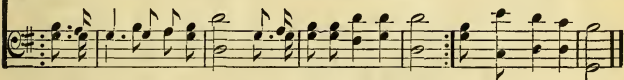
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. { Safely thro' an-oth-er week, God has bro't us on our way; }  
Let us now a blessing seek, . . . . . } Walking in His courts today.
2. { While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, }  
Show thy rec-on-cil-cd face, . . . . . } Take away our sin and shame;



Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.  
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.



3 Here we come Thy name to praise;  
Let us feel Thy presence near;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in Thy house appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief to all complaints;  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above.

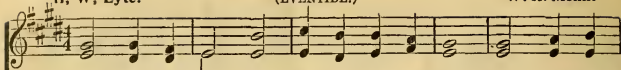
## No. 224.

## Abide With Me.

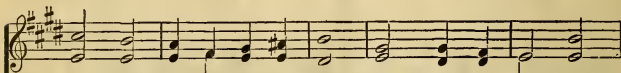
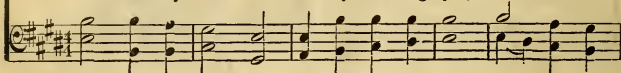
H. W. Lyte.

(EVENTIDE.)

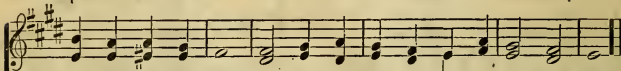
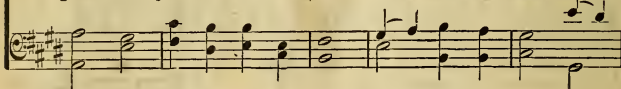
W. H. Monk.



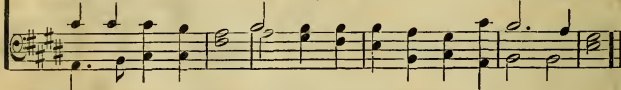
1. A - bid with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the



- deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self, my  
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks and



- fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bid with me!  
 all a - round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bid with me!  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bid with me!  
 earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!

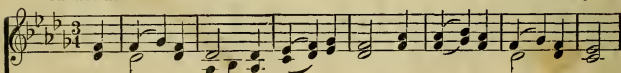


## No. 225.

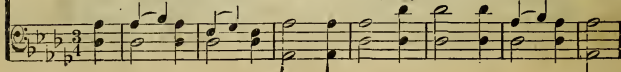
## Dark Was the Night.

Unknown.

J. H. Tenney.



1. Dark was the night and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid;
2. "Fa - ther, re - move this bit - ter cup, If such Thy sa - cred will;
3. Go to the gar - den, sin - ner; see Those pre - cious drops that flow,
4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear; Thy Fa - ther's will o - bey;



## Dark Was the Night.

His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down; In ag - o - ny He pray'd.  
 If not, con - tent to drink it up, Thy pleas - ure I ful - fil."  
 The heav - y load He bore for thee— For thee He lies so low.  
 And when temp - ta - tions press thee near, A - wake to watch and pray.

No. 226.

## Praise the Lord.

J. Kempthorne.

Lowell Mason.

1. Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns, a-dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken; Worlds His might-y voice o - beyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious; Nev - er shall His prom-ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His pow'r pro-claim;

Sun and moon, re-joyce be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.  
 Laws which never shall be brok-en, For their guidance He hath made.  
 God hath made His saints victorious; Sin and death shall not pre-vail.  
 Heav'n and earth, and all cre-a - tion, Laud and mag-ni - fy His name.

Sun and moon, rejoyce before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Hal - le - lu-jah! A - men, A - men, A - - - men.  
 A - men, Hal - le - lu-jah! A - men, A - men, A - men.



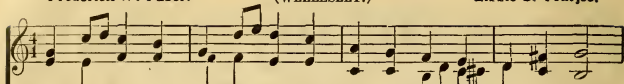
## No. 227.

## There's a Wideness.

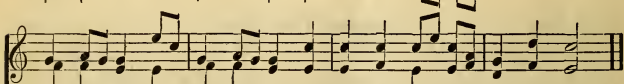
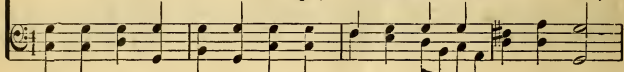
Frederick W. Faber.

(WELLESLEY.)

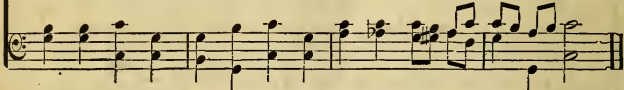
Lizzie S. Tourjee.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;  
 2. There is wel-come, for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;  
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;  
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His Word;



There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.  
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.  
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

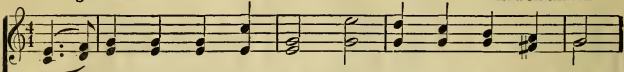


## No. 228.

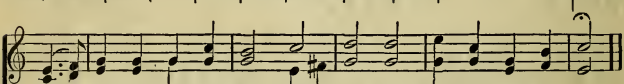
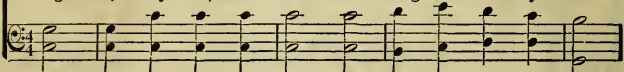
## My Soul Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath.

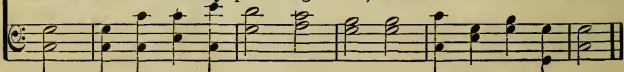
Lowell Mason.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a-rise;  
 2. Oh, watch, and, fight and pray! The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;  
 3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down;  
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!



The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.  
 Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.  
 The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain thy crown,  
 He'll take thee at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode.



## No. 229.

## Sun of My Soul.

John Keble.

(HURSLEY.)

Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,  
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;  
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.  
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.  
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

## No. 230.

## Majestic Sweetness.

Samuel Stennett.

(ORTONVILLE.)

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with  
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is  
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis - tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He

radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow; His lips with grace o'er-flow.  
 He than all the fair, That fill the heav'nly train; That fill the heav'nly train.  
 bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief; And car - ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
 And all the joys I have;  
 He makes me triumph over death,  
 He saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive  
 Such proofs of love divine,  
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
 Lord, they should all be Thine.

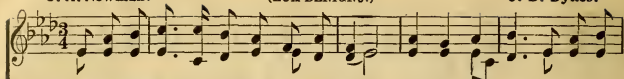
## No. 231.

## Lead, Kindly Light.

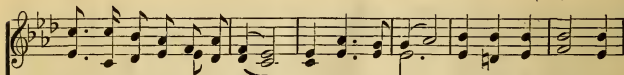
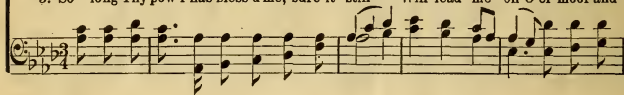
J. H. Newman.

(LUX BENIGNO.)

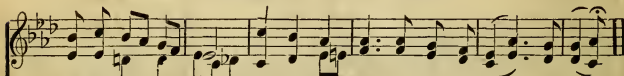
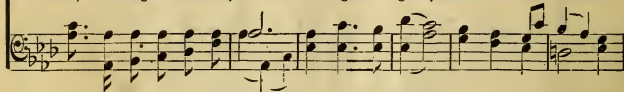
J. B. Dykes.



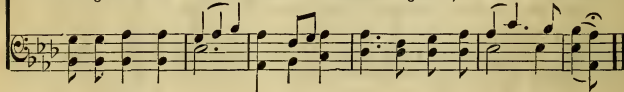
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



- dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those



- do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.  
 an - gel fac - es smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while!



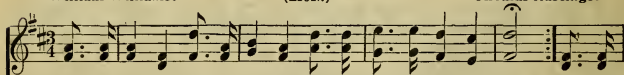
## No. 232.

## Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

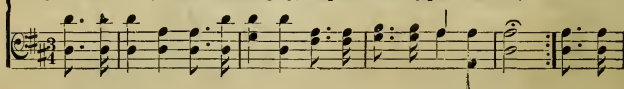
William Williams.

(ZION.)

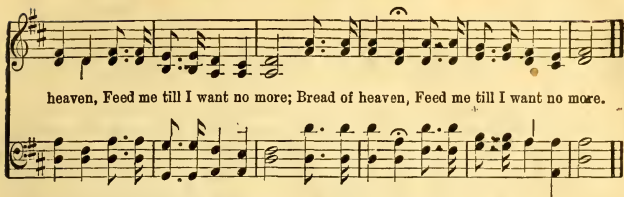
Thomas Hastings.



1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; } Bread of  
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'rful hand; }



## Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.



2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current;  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

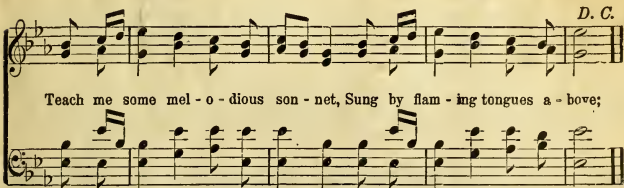
No. 233.

## Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

(NETTLETON.)

John Wyeth.  
FINE.



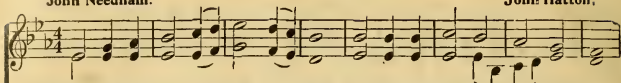
2 Here I'll rise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'll come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
DAILY I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee,  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

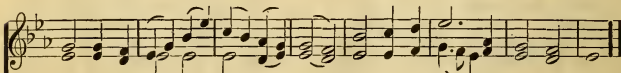
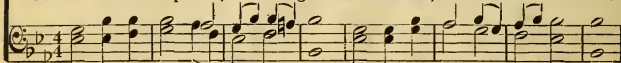
## No. 234. Awake, My Tongue, Thy Tribute Bring.

John Needham.

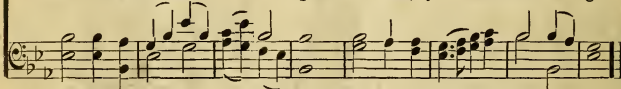
John Hatton.



1. A - wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
2. How vast His knowledge! how profound! A deep where all our thot's are drown'd;
3. Thro' each bright world a-bove, be - hold Ten thousand thousand charms un-fold;
4. But in re-demp-tion, O what grace! Its wonders, O what tho't can trace!



Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love.  
The stars He num-bers, and their names He gives to all those heav'nly flames.  
Earth, air, and might-y seas com - bine To speak His wis - dom all di - vine.  
Here wis-dom shines for-ev - er bright: Praisd Him, my soul, with sweet de - light.

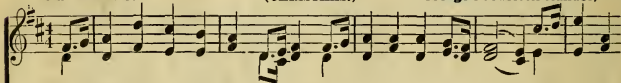


## No. 235. While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.

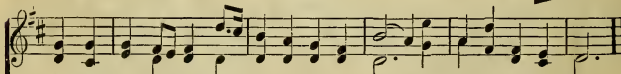
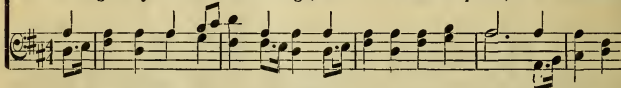
Nahum Tate.

(CHRISTMAS.)

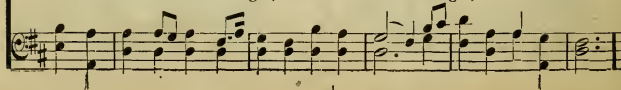
George Frederick Handel,



1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an - gel
2. "To you in Da-vid's town this day, Is born of Da-vid's line, The Sav-ior,
3. The heav'n-ly babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played, All mean-ly
4. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good will hence-



of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a - round, And glo-ry shone a - round.  
who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign.  
wrapp'd in swathing bands And in a manger laid, And in a man-ger laid."  
forth from heav'n to men Be - gin, and nev-er cease! Be - gin, and nev-er cease!"





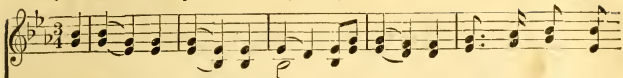
## No. 236.

## O Could I Speak.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

(ARIEL.)

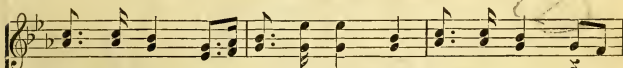
Mozart.



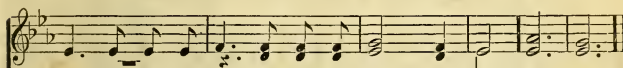
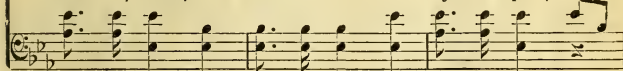
1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the  
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the  
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of  
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will



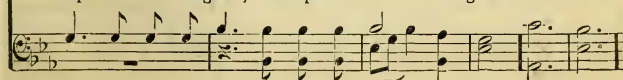
glo-ries forth Which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the  
 dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath Di-vine: I'd sing His glo-rious  
 love He wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne: In loft-iest songs of  
 bring me home, And I shall see His face, Then with my Sav-ior,



heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In  
 right-eous-ness, In which all-per-fect, heav'n-ly dress, My  
 sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days Make  
 Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-



notes al-most Di-vine, In notes al-most Di-vine.  
 soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.  
 all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.  
 umph-ant in His grace, Tri-umph-ant in His grace. A-men.

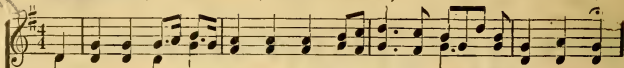


# No. 237. Awake, My Soul, In Joyful Lays.

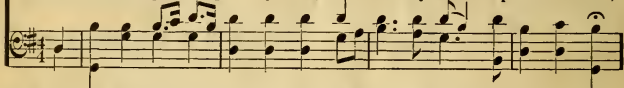
Samuel Medley.

(LOVING KINDNESS.)

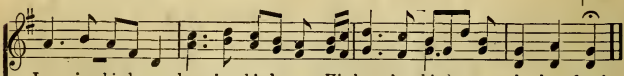
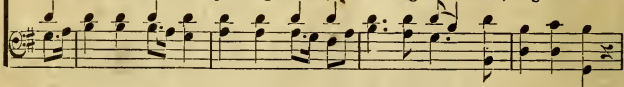
Anon.



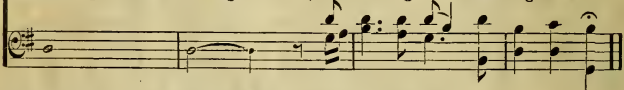
1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not withstanding all;
3. When trouble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
4. Soon shall I pass the gloom - y vale; Soon all my mor - tal pow'rs must fail;



He just - ly claims a song from me: His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate: His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!  
 He near my soul has al - ways stood: His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how good!  
 Oh, may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing kind - ness, sing in death!



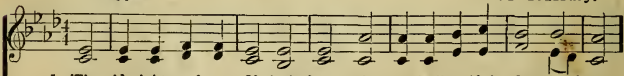
Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!  
 Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!  
 Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how good!  
 Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness sing in death!



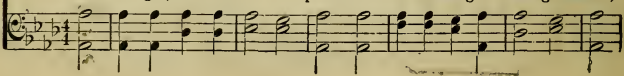
# No. 238. 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.

W. W. Tappan.

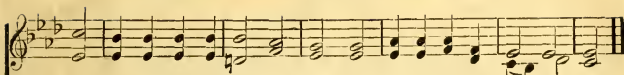
Wm. B. Bradbury.



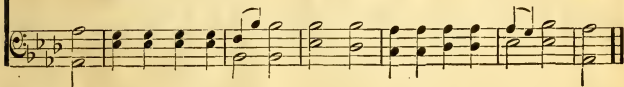
1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol - ive's brow, The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone;
2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re - moved, The Sav - ior wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth - ers guilt The man of sor - rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis mid-night, and from oth - er plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;



# 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.



'Tis mid-night, in the gar - den now The suf - fring Savior prays a - lone.  
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.  
Yet, He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.  
Un - heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.



## No. 239.

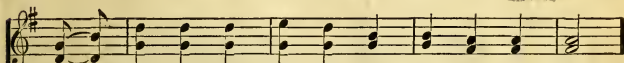
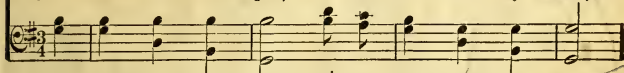
## Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay,

J. J. Husband.



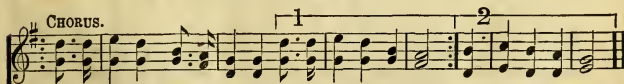
1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love,



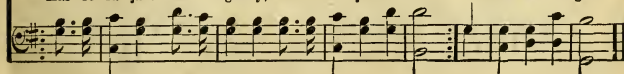
For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.  
Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.  
Who has borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.  
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.



### CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.



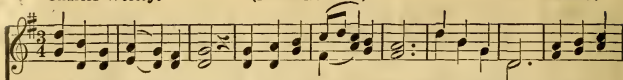
## No. 240.

## Come, Thou Almighty King.

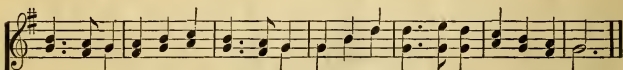
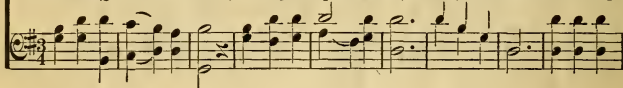
Charles Wesley.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

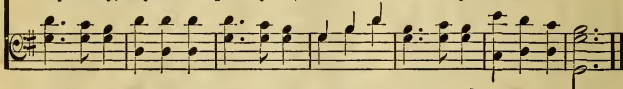
Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend: Come, and Thy
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence, ever-more! His sov'reign



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days!  
 people bless, And give Thy word success; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!  
 maj - es - ty, May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!



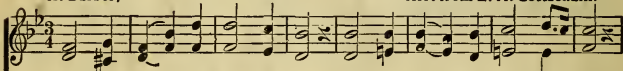
## No. 241.

## Prince of Peace.

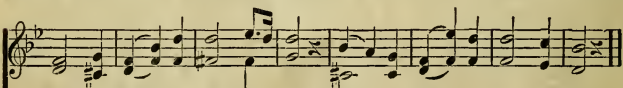
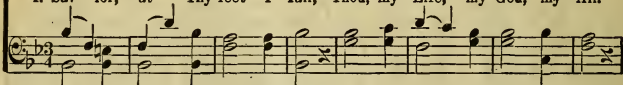
H. Barber,

USED BY PER. OF OLIVER DITSON . . .

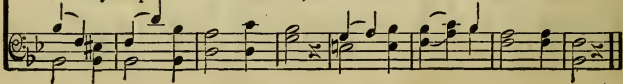
Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk.



1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this trug-gling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O - pened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
4. Sav - ior, at Thy feet I fall; Thou, my Life, my God, my All.



Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease; Hush my Spir - it in - to peace.  
 Peace I ask— but peace must be, . Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.  
 Chase these doubtings from my heart—Now Thy per - fect peace im - part.  
 Let Thy hap - . ser - vant be, One for - ev - er - more with Thee.

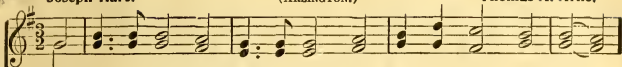


## No. 242. The Night Before His Death.

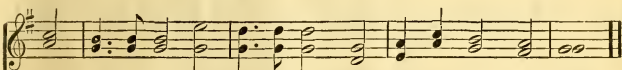
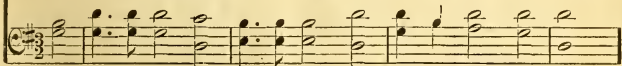
Joseph Hart.

(ARLINGTON.)

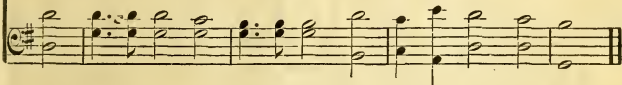
Thomas A. Arne.



1. That dread-ful night be - fore His death, The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem - ber Thee;
3. Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sa - cred sign To our re - mem-brance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee,



Did, al - most with His dy - ing breath, This sol - emn feast or - dain.  
 Help each redeemed one to re - peat—For me He died, for me.  
 We eat the bread and drink the wine, But think on no - bler things.  
 To sing, Ho - san - na to the Lamb, The Lamb that died for me.



## No. 243. The Rock That Is Higher Than I.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O, sometimes the shadows are deep,<br/>             And rough seems the path to the goal,<br/>             And sorrows, sometimes how they weep<br/>             Like tempests down over the soul.</p> | <p>2 O, sometimes how long seems the day,<br/>             And sometimes how weary my feet;<br/>             But toiling in life's dusty way,<br/>             The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet!</p> |
| <p>CHO.-O, then, to the Rock let me fly,<br/>             To the Rock that is higher than I;<br/>             O, then, to the Rock let me fly,<br/>             To the Rock that is higher than I.</p>      | <p>3 O, near to the Rock let me keep,<br/>             If blessings or sorrows prevail;<br/>             Or climbing the mountain way steep,<br/>             Or walking the shadowy vale.</p>          |

## No. 244. The Sweet By and By.

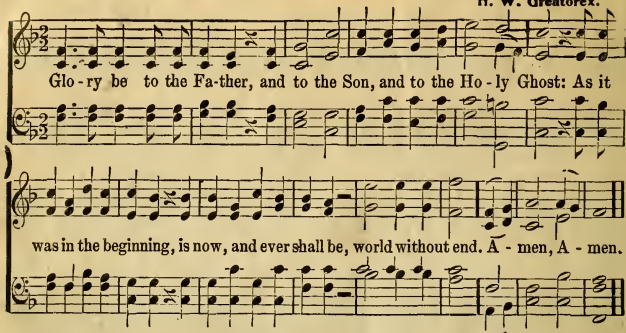
- |                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 There's a land that is fairer than day,<br/>             And by faith we can see it afar;<br/>             For the Father waits over the way,<br/>             To prepare us a dwelling place there.</p> | <p>2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore<br/>             The melodious songs of the blest,<br/>             And our spirits shall sorrow no more,<br/>             Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.</p> |
| <p>CHO.-In the sweet by and by,<br/>             We shall meet on that beautiful shore;<br/>             In that sweet by and by,<br/>             We shall meet on that beautiful shore.</p>                 | <p>3 To our bountiful Father above,<br/>             We will offer our tribute of praise,<br/>             For the glorious gift of His love,<br/>             And the blessings that hallowed our days</p>    |



## No. 245.

## Gloria Patri.

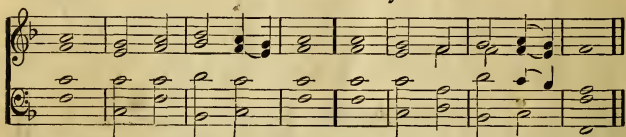
H. W. Greatorex.



Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

## No. 246.

## The Lord's Prayer.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-  
give | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || For Thine is the  
kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

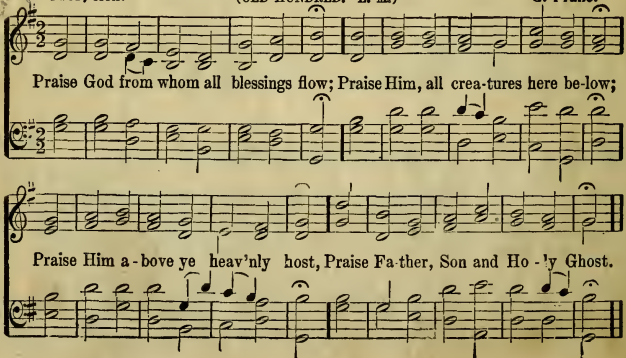
## No. 247.

## Doxology.

Thos. Ken.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

G. Franc.



Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;  
Praise Him a-bove ye heav'nly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

1 And she shall bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus for it is He that shall save His people from their sins.

2 Now all this is come to pass that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord through the prophets saying,

3 Behold the virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son and they shall call his name Immanuel; which is, being interpreted, God with us. (Matt. 1:21-23.)

4 Wherefore also God highly exalted him and gave unto him the name which is above every name;

5 That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth,

6 And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. (Phil. 2:9-11)

7 And whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through Him. (Col. 3:17.)

8 And now I am no more in the world, and these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father keep them in thy name which thou hast given me that they may be one, even as we are.

9 While I was with them, I kept them in thy name which thou hast given me; and I guarded them and not one of them perished, but the son of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled. (John 17: 11-12.)

10 And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch. (Acts 11:26.)

11 Then Agrippa said unto Paul, with but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian. (Acts 26:28.)

12 Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

13 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. (Matt. 28:19-20.)

14 For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named. (Eph. 3: 14-15.)

15 Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God in this name. (1 Pet. 4:16.)

16 Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you or were ye baptized into the name of Paul?

17 I thank God that I baptized none of you, save Crispus and Gaius;

18 Lest any man should say that ye were

baptized into my name. (1 Cor. 1:13-15.)

19 Do not they blaspheme the honorable name by which ye are called? (Jas. 2:7.)

20 Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake. (Ps. 115:1.)

21 But when they believed Phillip preaching good tidings concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women. (Acts 8:12.)

22 And in none other is there salvation; for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved (Acts 4:12.)

## 249

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

1 Neither for these only do I pray, but for them also that believe on me through their word;

2 That they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us: that the world may believe that thou didst send me. (Jno. 17:21-22)

3 And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd. (Jno. 10:16)

4 I therefore the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called.

5 With all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love;

6 Giving diligence to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

7 There is one body, and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling

8 One Lord, one faith, one baptism.

9 One God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all. (Eph. 4:1-6.)

10 For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ.

11 For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free; and were all made to drink of one Spirit. (1 Cor. 12:12-14.)

12 Now I beseech you, brethren, through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfected together in the same mind and in the same judgment.

13 For it hath been signified unto me concerning you, my bretheren, by them which are of the household of Chloe, that there are contentions among you.

14 Now this I mean, that each one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ.

15 Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were you baptized in the name of Paul? (I Cor. 1:10-13.)

16 Only let your manner of life be worthy of the gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you or be absent, I may hear of your state, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one soul striving for the faith of the gospel. (Phil. 1:27.)

17 I was constrained to write unto you exhorting you to contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints. (Jude 3.)

18 And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and the prayers. (Acts 2:42.)

19 Behold how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! (Ps. 133:1.)

250

## FAITH.

1 Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen (Heb. 11:1.)

2 But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. (Heb. 11:6.)

3 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

4 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

5 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? (Rom. 10:13-15.)

6 And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned. (Mark 16:15-16.)

8 But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women. (Acts 8:12.)

9 And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house; and many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized. (Acts 18:8.)

10 Sirs, what must I do to be saved?

11 And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

12 And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house.

13 And he took them the same hour of

the night, and washed their stripes, and was baptized, he and all his, straightway.

14 And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house. (Acts 16:30-34.)

15 And the brethren immediately sent away Paul and Silas by night unto Berea: who coming thither went into the synagogue of the Jews.

16 These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether these things were so.

17 Therefore many of them believed; also of honourable women which were Greeks, and of men, not a few. (Acts 17:10-12.)

18 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

19 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

20 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. (Jno. 3:16-18.)

21 For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. (I John 5:4.)

251

## REPENTANCE.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not. (Matt. 11:20.)

2 Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. (Matt. 13:3.)

3 And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. (Luke 24:47.)

4 Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?

5 Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. (Acts 2:37-38.)

6 I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. (Luke 5:32.)

7 And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent. (Acts 17:30.)

8 And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?

9. Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance and long suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? (Rom. 2:3-4.)

10 Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. (Acts 8:22.)

11 The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonah; and, behold, a greater than Jonah is here. (Luke 11:32.)

12 The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but this long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. (II Peter 3:9.)

13 I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance. (Luke 15:7.)

252

## CONFESSION.

1 Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God. (1 John 4:15.)

2 But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach:

3 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

4 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. (Rom. 10:8-10.)

5 Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

6 But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. (Mat. 10:32-33.)

7 He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels. (Rev. 3:5.)

8. These words spake his parents, because they feared the Jews: for the Jews had agreed already that if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. (John 9:22.)

9 Nevertheless among the chief rulers also many believed on him; but because of

the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue. (John 12:42.)

10 For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God. (Rom. 14:11.)

11 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

12 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

13 And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. (Phil. 2:9-11.)

253

## PRAYER.

1 And it came to pass, when MOSES held up his hand that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed.

2 But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. (Ex. 17:11-12.)

3 And JACOB was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.

4 And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

5 And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and has prevailed. (Gen. 32:24, 26, 28.)

6 ELIJAH was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months.

7 And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth fruit. (Jas. 5:17-18.)

8 NEHEMIAH: O Lord, I beseech thee, now thine ear be attentive to the prayer of thy servant, and to the prayer of thy servants, who desire to fear Thee, O Lord, and prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant. And grant him mercy in the sight of this man. (Neh. 1:11.)

9 DAVID: I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

10 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles. (Ps. 34:4, 6.)

11 Now when DANIEL knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house;



(now his windows were open in his chamber toward Jerusalem;) and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime. (Dan. 6:10.)

12 JESUS: And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt. (Matt. 26:39.)

13 And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. (Luke 22:43.)

14 There was a certain man in Caesarea called CORNELIUS, a centurion of the band called the Italian band.

15 A devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and PRAYED TO GOD ALWAYS.

16 He saw a vision evidently, about the ninth hour of the day, an angel of God coming in to him, and saying unto him, Cornelius.

17 And when he looked on him, he was afraid, and said, What is it, Lord? And he said unto him, Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. (Acts 10:1-4.)

18 CHURCH: Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the CHURCH unto God for him.

19 And, behold the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell from off his hands. (Acts 12:5-7.)

20 APOSTLES: These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, for the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren. (Acts 1:14.)

21 DISCIPLES: And when they had prayed, the door was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and they spake the word of God with boldness. (Acts 4:31.)

22 L AND SILAS: And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto the Lord: and the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed. (Acts 16:25-26.)

24 JAMES: Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. (James 5:16.)

1 And he, when he is come, will convict the world, in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

2 Of sin, because they believe not on me;

3 Of righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye behold me no more;

4 Of judgment, because the prince of this world hath been judged. (Jno. 16:8-11.)

5 Nevertheless I tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. (John 16:7.)

6 But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. (John 14:26.)

7 Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak, and he will show you things to come. (Jno. 16:13.)

8 Jesus therefore said to them again, Peace be unto you: as the Father hath sent me, even so send I you.

9 And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Spirit: (John 20:21-22.)

10 And, behold, I send the promise of my father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high. (Luke 24:49.)

11 And being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me.

12 For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.

13 But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. (Acts 1:4, 5, 8.)

14 And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

15 And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

16 And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.



17 And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. (Acts 2:1-4.)

18 Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?

19 Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.

20 For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

21 Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added to them about three thousand souls. (Acts 2:37-39, 41.)

22 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

## 255 COMMUNION.

1 And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.

2 And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer:

3 For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

4 And he took the cup, and gave thanks and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves:

5 For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.

6 And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me.

7 Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.

8 But, behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table.

9 And truly the Son of man goeth, as it was determined; but woe unto that man by whom he is betrayed! (Luke 22:14-22.)

10 Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.

11 Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

12 For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

13 He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.

14 As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.

15 This is that bread which came down from heaven; not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.

16 These things said he in the synagogue, as he taught in Capernaum. (Jno. 6:53-59.)

17 For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread:

18 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

19 After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

20 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, you do shew the Lord's death till he come.

21 Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.

22 But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.

23 For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

24 Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, tarry one for another.

25 And if any man hunger, let him eat at home; that ye come not together unto condemnation. And the rest will I set in order when I come. (I. Cor. 11:23-34.)

## 256 CONVERSION OF THE EUNUCH

1 And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert.

2 And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship,

3 Was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Isaiah the prophet.

4 Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.

## 262 THE TWELVE MEN OF EPHESUS.

1 And it came to pass, that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus; and finding certain disciples,

2 He said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

3 And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism.

4 Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus.

5 When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

6 And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied.

7 And all the men were about twelve. (Acts 19:1-7.)

## 263 THE BEATITUDES.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. (Matt. 5:1-12.)

13 Whosoever therefore shall break one

of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

14 For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. (Matt. 5:19-20.)

## 264 LOVE.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. (I. Cor. 13:1-7.)

8 And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love. (I. Cor. 13:13.)

## 265 PSALM I.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

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SONGS  
OF THE  
KING